THE American Scholar

SUMMER 1972 Price $1.75

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH
The Premise of Meaning

WILLIAM J. HARRIS
The Militant Separatists in the White Academy

HERBERT J. MULLER
Education for the Future

LEON WURMSER
Drug Abuse: Nemesis of Psychiatry

JANICE LAW TRECKER
The Suffrage Prisoners

Recommended Summer Reading
by Members of the Editorial Board

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New from Yale

The Politics of Electoral College Reform

by Lawrence D. Longley and Alan G. Braun

with a Foreword by Senator Birch Bayh

In this presidential election year, a book about the electoral college system is especially timely and important. The authors examine how the present system was established, how it works, and how it conceivably might fail. Beginning with a detailed examination of the presidential elections of 1960 and 1968, they proceed to describe and assess the various reform proposals and come out convincingly in favor of the direct vote plan. Finally, the events surrounding electoral reform activities in the late 1960s are carefully reconstructed to show the uncertain prospects for reform of the electoral college in the future. "I warmly welcome this thought-provoking and needed edition."—Senator Birch Bayh

A Yale Fastback, 11 $2.95 cloth $10.00

The Foreign Policy System of Israel

Setting, Images, Process

by Michael Brecher

In this wide-ranging inquiry into a foreign policy system in action, Michael Brecher examines the total web of relationships involved in the formulation and execution of Israel's foreign policy. Central to the book is an exploration of how the decision makers view their environment and the effect this has on foreign policy choices. ". . . a model for the analysis of any country's foreign policy system . . . makes an important contribution to the systematic study of comparative foreign policy."—Peter G. Bock

$17.50

Civil Disobedience and Political Obligation

A Study in Christian Social Ethics

by James F. Childress

Too often it has been assumed that civil disobedience requires no justification in the wake of revolutionary violence. While observing that such resistance usually occurs in situations where objectivity is difficult to attain, Mr. Childress insists that intellectual justification is necessary. Supporting his analysis with specific examples which range from Thoreau to Gandhi to the Catonsville 9, he has written an exploratory examination of this phenomenon in the light of theological-ethical reasoning.

Yale Publications in Religion, 16 $7.95

Young Philip Sidney, 1572-1577

by James M. Osborn

Although Sir Philip Sidney is usually studied today as a literary giant, in his lifetime he was seen as a brilliant young aristocrat, a budding protagonist in diplomatic and state affairs. This biography of Sidney's formative years is based on a large body of hitherto unknown documents and provides a penetrating re-examination of his significant role on the stage of European history. With the same investigative insights shown in his earlier books, Mr. Osborn has produced fresh interpretations and key details concerning Sidney's early life.

Elizabethan Club Series, 5 $25.00

Yale University Press New Haven and London

in Canada: McGill-Queen's University Press

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IS IT AGREED THAT **APOLLO** IS TRULY THE WORLD'S FINEST MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS?

First you must weigh the issue.

Take the recent Frick Collection issue. Over two pounds, and 445 pages of finely coated stock. And on those pages, what fare for the avid art lover!

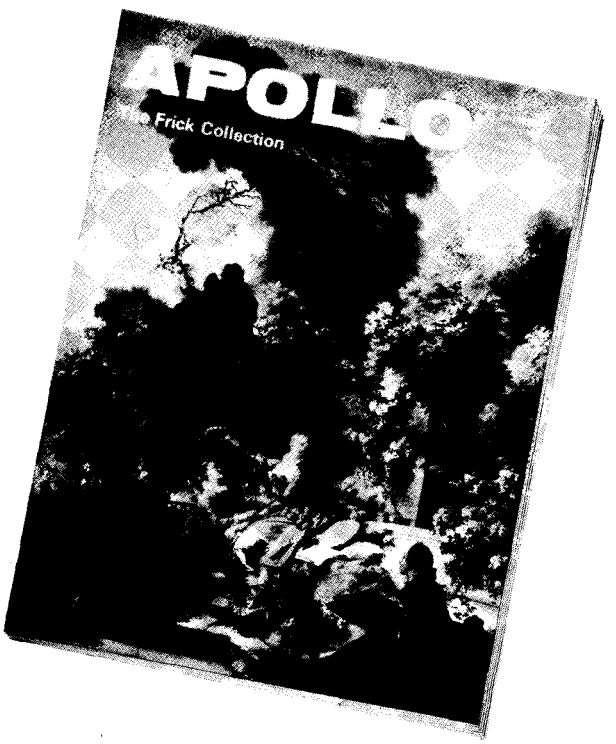
Here was vast coverage of one of America's most famous private museums. Over 100 illustrations, many of them in colour, engraved by diligent English craftsmen were devoted to bringing the works of the Frick to life on Apollo's pages. Denys Sutton, Editor of Apollo and well-known art historian, critic, and lecturer, provided a deeper penetration into the Frick's already-famous *paintings and objets d'art in* his Editorial.

Published in London, Apollo has been long considered the ultimate authority in its field. Now, as circulation climbs here, it is being acclaimed by more and more Americans.

The finest galleries in the world advertise on its pages. Current exhibitions, auction prices, and Art book reviews appear in all monthly editions. Articles by writers like John Pope Hennessy and Kenneth Clark span the civilizations of ancient Greece to the complex movements of our own century.

Weigh an issue of Apollo.

It's one of the best ways art lovers throughout the world speak to each other.



For sample copy send $2.50 to address below

AS

APOLLO *The International Magazine of Art and Antiques*
C/O Kerr and Associates
1211 Conn. Ave. N.W. Washington D.C. 20036

SPECIAL 15% DISCOUNT
FOR READERS OF THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

☐ Payment for $32.00 enclosed
(Regular price $37.50, $4.00 single copy)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New From Chicago

T. S. ELIOT'S INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT, 1922-1939

John D. Margolis

Eliot's editorship of the *Criterion* and his uncollected prose, including lectures, book reviews, as well as previously unpublished letters to Marianne Moore, John Middleton Murry, Gertrude Stein, and others, form the basis of this study. Mr. Margolis examines the three most significant conversions in Eliot's career: from the despair of *The Waste Land* to Anglo-Catholicism; from his acceptance of the New Criticism to writing social and religious criticism; and from composing poetry to writing for the popular stage.

1972 xx, 226 pages $9.50

DEMOCRATIC HUMANISM & AMERICAN LITERATURE

Harold Kaplan

Examines the force that gave rise to the great literary works of America's nineteenth-century classic writers—Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Melville, Cooper, Poe, Whitman, Twain, and James. Mr. Kaplan sees their complex and polarized democratic consciousness as seminal in the imaginative tradition they generated.

1972 272 pages $12.00

INVISIBLE COLLEGES

Diffusion of Knowledge in Scientific Communities

Diana Crane

In this valuable contribution to the sociology of knowledge, Professor Crane investigates the phenomenon of the "invisible college." She focuses on small groups of highly productive scientists who share the same fields of study, communicate with one another, and thus monitor the rapidly changing structure of knowledge in their fields.

1972 224 pages $9.00

G. STANLEY HALL

The Psychologist as Prophet

Dorothy Ross

This work presents a comprehensive biography of G. Stanley Hall and an intellectual history of late nineteenth-century America. Mrs. Ross examines the combination of scientific enthusiasm and anti-theological fervor that accompanied the founding of psychology as an academic speciality in America by Hall and William James. She shows that Hall's pioneering ventures emerged from intense conflicts in his nature.

1972 xix, 485 pages $12.75

The University of Chicago Press

5801 South Ellis Avenue Chicago 60637

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE

American Scholar

A QUARTERLY FOR THE INDEPENDENT THINKER

PUBLISHED FOR GENERAL CIRCULATION BY PHI BETA KAPPA

In the right state the scholar is *Man Thinking*
—EMERSON

EDITORIAL BOARD

RENATA ADLER
JACQUES BARZUN
DANIEL BELL
KENNETH B. CLARK
ROBERT COLES
RICHARD ELLMANN
JOHN HOPE FRANKLIN
PETER GAY

WILLIAM JOVANOVICH
ROBERT MOTHERWELL
DANIEL P. MOYNIHAN
HENRY A. MURRAY
SAUNDERS REDDING
WILLIAM M. ROTH
WILLIAM STYRON
JOHN ARCHIBALD WHEELER

HIRAM HAYDN, *Editor*
ROSEMARY PARK, *Consulting Editor*
HARLOW SHAPLEY, *Consulting Editor*
RENÉ DUBOS, *Contributing Editor*
MARY MOORE MOLONY, *Managing Editor*
CAROL B. BRANN VIOLA W. SHEEHAN

DOROTHY KERR, *Director of Circulation and Promotion*
CARLEY STRAUGHAN SARA PIDGEON

Advertising Representative: KERR & ASSOCIATES, 1211 Connecticut Avenue, N.W., Suite 520, Washington, D. C. 20036. Telephone: 202-296-1478.

Published quarterly since 1932 by the United Chapters of Phi Beta Kappa. Printed by The William Byrd Press, Inc., 2901 Byrdhill Road, Richmond, Virginia 23205. Second-class postage paid at Richmond, Virginia. Copyright © 1972 by the United Chapters of Phi Beta Kappa.

Send all change of address notices, undeliverable copies, subscription orders and other mail to *Editorial and Circulation Offices:* 1811 Q Street, N.W., Washington, D. C. 20009.

Subscription Rates: $1.75 a copy, $6.50 one year, $11.00 two years, $15.00 three years, foreign and Canadian $.75 a year additional for postage.

Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by return postage. No responsibility is assumed for their loss or injury, or for the views expressed in articles published.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To the Maginot Line

The Politics of French Military Preparation in the 1920's

Judith M. Hughes

The decision to build the Maginot Line has usually been considered a tragic mistake. By setting France's security measures against the backdrop of the country's interlocking human and material dilemmas, Mrs. Hughes shows that the "wrong" calculations were unavoidable, and the reasoning behind them was coherent.

Harvard Historical Monographs, 64. $9.00

Old Hatreds and Young Hopes

The French Carbonari against the Bourbon Restoration

Alan B. Spitzer

A clandestine, conspiratorial movement, the French Carbonari arose in the early 1820's with the aim of overthrowing Louis XVII. Mr. Spitzer traces the movement from plots to trials, showing how it developed and why. He relates the conspiracy as well to other secret societies and radical movements in the early 19th century.

Harvard Historical Monographs, 63. $12.50

Sisters of Liberty

Marseille, Lyon, Paris and the Reaction to a Centralized State, 1868-1871

Louis M. Greenberg

Mr. Greenberg offers the first real exploration of the 1871 Paris insurrection as part of the nationwide struggle for municipal and departmental liberties, bringing to the fore the Commune's relationship to the broader historical problem of the consolidation and future character of the Third Republic.

"Quite well written."—*New York Times Review*

Harvard Historical Monographs, 62. $12.00

HARVARD

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS, 79 GARDEN STREET, CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS 02138

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

Volume 41 *Summer, 1972* Number 3

CONTENTS

THE DESPAIRING OPTIMIST *René Dubos* 344

A Kind of Sound, *Poem* *Melville Cane* 352

The Premise of Meaning *Archibald MacLeish* 357

Poems *Hagiwara Sakutarō* 363

The Militant Separatists in the White Academy *William J. Harris* 366

Education for the Future *Herbert J. Muller* 377

Sunday, *Poem* *John Updike* 389

The Mad Shoemaker, *Poem* *John Batki* 390

Household, *Poem* *Philip Booth* 391

Drug Abuse: Nemesis of Psychiatry *Leon Wurmser* 393

For You, *Poem* *Calvin Forbes* 408

The Suffrage Prisoners *Janice Law Trecker* 409

On March 23, John Ashbery (Reading His Poems), *Poem* *Alexandra Grilikhes* 424

LETTER FROM EUROPE *Anthony Burgess* 425

REAPPRAISALS

Emerson: A Contemporary Reconsideration *Earl Rovit* 429

A Sense of Direction, *Poem* *Linda Pastan* 438

SIGHTINGS

The Context of *A Clockwork Orange* *Charles Thomas Samuels* 439

ART AND LETTERS

Myth, Man and Memoirs: The Case of André Malraux *Stephen E. Bornstein* 444

THE REVOLVING BOOKSTAND

Reviews by *Robert Langbaum, George P. Garrett* and *Hugh Ormsby-Lennon* 460

Recommended Summer Reading by Members of the Editorial Board 474

THE READER REPLIES 491

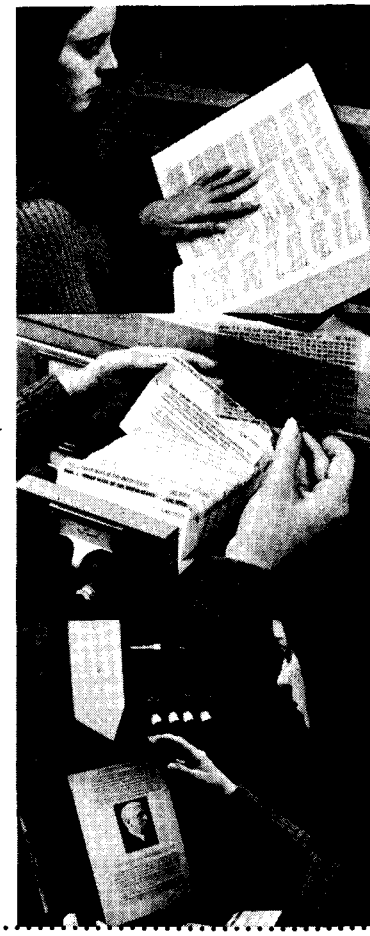
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At your fingertips... an American Studies resource equalled only by the greatest libraries of the world!

THE MICROBOOK® LIBRARY OF AMERICAN CIVILIZATION

A definitive, 19,000-volume collection of early Americana fully cataloged, and including the revolutionary Biblioguide™ Index



Now, through the economy of Microbook technology, the most significant of the writings that have recorded the history and defined the future of America are available to all college students and faculty regardless of the size or location of the institution. Not buried away in the stacks but instantly accessible in a single 30-drawer card catalog file.

The *Library of American Civilization* covers more than three centuries of printed material up to 1914. It includes the collected writings of distinguished Americans as well as many of their personal records. There are narratives of travel through the continent, standard biographies, works of fiction, poetry, essays, speeches, collections of original papers and documents, and significant runs of more than sixty periodicals—a total of more than 6,500,000 pages of material selected by 52 distinguished scholars in the field of American studies. Much of this work, until now, has been unavailable outside major centers of learning and large metropolitan libraries.

The Library provides balanced coverage of every aspect of American history: political, economic, social, cultural, scientific and technological. It offers opportunity for study in areas other than "history" by showing the origins and developments of drama, art, economics, law and many other subjects.

The Microbook System

The *Library of American Civilization* is in Microbook form—a system that involves precision photographic reproduction of entire libraries on 3" x 5" film cards, or fiche. Up to 1,000 pages can be reproduced on a single card, although any book of more than 100 pages is on its own fiche for greater convenience. This principle of unitization permits the fiche to be stored, cataloged and circulated as one would a book.

The Library comes complete with five sets of book-form Author, Title, and Subject Catalogs, ten sets of the same Catalogs in fiche form, and . . .

The BIBLIOGUIDE™ Index

The Biblioguide Index is one of the most remarkable access tools ever devised for library use. It indexes the entire collection under 565 topics or themes of interest to students of American history and related studies. Each theme is introduced by a headnote describing the range and scope of references to be found thereunder, followed by an average of 220 citations of whole books, parts of books *and relevant periodical literature*. There are roughly 125,000 references to help the user identify exactly the material he is seeking. Five book-form Biblioguide Indexes, and ten in fiche-form, accompany each Library.

Catalog cards are available as an optional extra.

Convenience, as with no other library

A Microbook Desk Reader, which clearly projects the fiche image on an 8½" x 12" screen in normal room light, is provided at no additional cost with each Library. A lightweight Portareader is also available. This reader, with a bright 7" x 10" screen, can be used in the library, in the dormitory, or in a professor's office.

So there you have it. A complete basic library for your American studies programs, at a price you can afford, fully cataloged and indexed and ready to use the day you receive it.

For a free copy of the 20-page booklet, *The Microbook Library Series*, containing information on the *Library of American Civilization* and other Microbook Libraries, please mail the coupon at the right.

◀ Photos courtesy of Library of Congress.

Library Resources Inc.

An ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA Company
301 East Erie Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611

To: Library Resources Inc., Dept. L-14
301 East Erie Street
Chicago, Illinois 60611

Please send your booklet, *The Microbook Library Series*, containing information on the *Library of American Civilization* and other Microbook Libraries.

Name_____

Title_____

Institution or Organization_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip Code_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Despairing Optimist

RENÉ DUBOS

The first International Conference on the Human Environment is due to meet in Stockholm during June, 1972, under the auspices of the United Nations. As judged from the preliminary program of the conference, it is not likely that the official delegates will have much, if any, time to discuss the pleasant aspects of the environment—landscapes or seascapes, mountains or valleys, parks or flower gardens, cottages or historic mansions. They will concern themselves instead with air and water pollution, shortages of natural resources used in industry, the crowding in human settlements, the baffling medical and economic problems created everywhere by the thousand devils of the ecological crisis. It would seem that the U.N. conference will give official sanction to the present trends of usage that deprive the word environment of all pleasurable connotations.

One century ago, the environmental movement had begun in a mood of joyful expectancy very different from the serious, matter-of-fact atmosphere one would expect to find at the Stockholm meeting. In March, 1872, President Grant signed into law a bill submitted by Congress making Yellowstone a national park—the first large tract of wilderness anywhere in the world thus to be protected against commercial exploitation and other threats of alteration by man. Curiously enough, it was as a park rather than as a specimen of wilderness or of nature that the law took notice of Yellowstone. Neither Congress nor the president had much interest in the unique geological or biological characteristics of the region; nor were they concerned with protecting it as a potential source of natural resources. What had caught the fancy of a few explorers, then of the general public, was the odd magnificence of the site. When the huge panoramas of Yellowstone Valley painted by Thomas Moran were shown in the East, they produced such a sensation that two of them were bought by the government at a cost of ten thousand dollars—a very handsome price for the time. One of them now hangs in the Department of the Interior, the other in the Smithsonian Institution.

Although the National Park Act was historically the first official step identified with the conservation movement, the spirit in which this step was taken by Congress was far different from the ideals that now guide public concern with nature. The reports of the two expeditions organized to explore Yellowstone in 1870 and 1871 emphasized the picturesque splendor of the region rather than its value as wilderness. One of the members of the 1870 group, Lieutenant Doane, wrote in his diary of the "overpowering" beauty of the site "transcending the visions of Moslem's paradise." The explorers naturally described the geysers, lakes and waterfalls as wonders of nature. But what surprised them most, and literally enchanted them, was the unexpected parklike appearance of the area. The vegetation and natural land forms evoked for them classical humanized landscapes; the geysers appeared as fountains, the terraced hot

RENÉ DUBOS' column appears regularly in the SCHOLAR. He is the author of many books, including most recently *Mirage of Health, So Human an Animal* and *Reason Awake: Science for Man.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

springs as part of the landscape in gardens of Italian villas. They were especially impressed by some of the stratified sedimentary and volcanic rock formations, which they interpreted as the ruins of grandiose castles, fortresses, ramparts, turrets or minarets. Speaking of a "huge rock that bore resemblance to an old castle," one of the early explorers confided to his diary, "We could almost imagine that it was the stronghold of some baron of feudal time and that we were his retainers." The "Garden of the Gods" in Colorado Springs was soon to elicit the same kind of childlike admiration for its pseudoarchitectural oddities. Where we extol wilderness, the nineteenth-century lovers of the nature of the Far West tried to imagine the remnants of a lost civilization created by a race of giants in a god-made park.

Yellowstone thus was designated national property not because of any strong desire to save wilderness or nature but rather because its parklike appearance gave it recreational potentialities. As stated in the Act of Congress, the site was highly suitable "for the benefit and enjoyment of the people." Nathaniel Pitt Langford, who was a member of the 1870 expedition and who became the first park superintendent, suggested in his journal, later published under the title *The Discovery of Yellowstone National Park*, that Yellowstone Lake would soon "be adorned with villas and the ornaments of civilized life. . . . The march of civil improvement will reclaim this delightful solitude, and garnish it with all the attractions of cultivated taste and refinement." He was obviously hoping that Yellowstone would eventually become as fashionable as the Mediterranean Riviera.

The puerile admiration of our ancestors for the parklike appearance of Yellowstone is more readily understood when we remember that, from the beginnings of time, men have been frightened by the impenetrable forest and by any form of wilderness.

The Plymouth pilgrims regarded the region around Provincetown Harbor as an "heidious and desolate wilderness full of wild beastes and wild men." And for the New England Puritan, the primeval forest long continued to be full of terror, the site of evil and witchcraft. When the original settlers and then the new immigrants began to move westward, one of their dominant urges was to cut down the forest, not necessarily for its timber but because they longed for the safety and comfort of cultivated fields and teeming cities. There are consequently good historical reasons for the fact that the laws which launched the conservation movement first expressed concern for humanized nature rather than for the protection of wilderness. The first national parks stood for the natural equivalents in America of the great English estates and other manifestations of ideal scenery.

It is a far cry from the semiaesthetic concern that motivated the creation of Yellowstone Park in 1872 to the ecological and economic preoccupations that generated the 1972 U.N. conference. But the range covered by these two events—from preservation of a particular aspect of nature for the sake of its recreational value to the management of the earth as a whole for the sake of public health and prosperity—constitutes only one segment of the total spectrum of environmental concern.

Assyrian kings maintained large natural reserves in which to satisfy their passion for hunting large animals, especially lions. In contrast, most preindustrial people protect certain mountains, lakes, rocks, trees and other landmarks because they regard them as the holy abodes of their gods.

During the eleventh and twelfth centuries in England, immediately after the Conquest, the royal forests covered almost one-third of the land, and could be considered as natural parks where animals were protected from outsiders. But the protection was in reality for the "princely delight and pleasure" of the king and his entourage, who had the exclusive privilege of the hunt. Similar situations existed, of course, in most other parts of the world. Progressively, however, the shortage of good timber, and some awareness of water pollution, generated in many places a more

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sophisticated scientific management of forests, lakes and streams. The protection of the Hudson watershed was one of the factors that justified making the Adirondacks a national forest.

Throughout history, men of power and wealth have manipulated nature to create immense parks and gardens for their personal pleasure and even more to symbolize their exalted status; the gardens of Kubla Khan, the park of Versailles; the great English estates are known less for the landscape artists who designed them than for the noble personages whose names they celebrate. In the nineteenth century, however, the environmental degradation in the industrial cities changed the focus of environmental concern. When Frederick Law Olmsted and Calvert Vaux designed Central Park in New York, their primary motivation was their belief that contact with nature was essential to the health of the urban people. In Olmsted's words, "The larger share of the immunity from pestilence and of the improved general health and increased length of life which civilized towns have lately enjoyed is due . . . to the larger spaces open to the sunlight and fresh air." The creation of Central Park was widely criticized on the ground "that the rich did not need the park and the poor would abuse it." Olmsted defended the enterprise, not only because of its intrinsic merit, but also because, in contrast to the famous parks and gardens of the past, Central Park would constitute, according to him, an enduring symbol of democratic achievement.

It was with this democratic ideal in mind that Olmsted traveled over much of the United States, designing public parks, participating in a crusade to clean up the unsightly mess at Niagara Falls, and urging that the Yosemite Valley, the Mariposa groves and other beautiful sites be protected from spoilage and made part of an extensive chain of playgrounds for the use of the people.

As mentioned earlier, national parks were established at first on the basis of the picturesque quality of the site and of their potential value as playgrounds rather than for the protection of wilderness. By the 1890s, however, the public had begun to respond to John Muir's advocacy of wilderness as creative of an atmosphere in which man could experience solitude and reestablish contact with unspoiled nature. In 1892, Muir became the first president of an organization for "preserving the forests and other natural features of the Sierra Nevada Mountains," which eventually was called the Sierra Club. The conservation philosophy thus outgrew the search for god-made parks and became largely identified with the defense of America's remaining wilderness.

Throughout its history, the environmental movement has experienced a tension between two conflicting tendencies, on the one hand to preserve natural conditions and on the other to utilize nature for human ends. In 1897, for example, the National Audubon Society was founded to preserve the nation's heritage of wild bird life. And, in 1885, there had been created within the Department of Agriculture a new service with the telling designation *"economic* ornithology," which eventually became the Fish and Wildlife Service. The internal incoherence in the environmental movement resulting from the conflict between the preservation and utilization tendencies is symbolized by the disagreement between the two leading apostles of conservation in the United States at the turn of the century—John Muir and Gifford Pinchot. Their disagreement was so fundamental that it ended in enmity.

As a young forester, Pinchot had fallen under the spell of the white-bearded John Muir who had become legendary in the western woodlands for his feelings of oneness with all of nature. Master and disciple shared a love of wilderness. But while they were discussing man's relation to nature during a camping trip on the rim of the Grand Canyon, there developed between their ways of thinking a chasm as deep and wide as the one spreading below them. Muir wanted to keep wilderness as free as possible from human intervention; for him

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"What a fool you are, Paul Douglas. Here you are challenging the most powerful political organization in the country without any money and with only one pair of pants."

WITH THESE WORDS to himself, an impecunious college professor set out on the campaign trail that was to lead to eighteen years in the U.S. Senate and one of the most distinguished careers in American politics.

Independent, outspoken, usually fighting alone against the establishment and the machine, Paul Douglas has been in the forefront of the battles for civil rights, ecology, tax reform, truth in lending, anti-poverty legislation, and many other vital issues.

In this astonishingly honest book, he tells it as he saw it—from filibusters to fund-raising, from convention maneuvers to the stranglehold of seniority rule.

This would be a remarkable view of how democracy works in America, at any time. In an election year, it should be read by every voter before he goes to the polls.

"When a future generation speaks of 'Douglas of Illinois,' they will have Paul Douglas not Stephen Douglas in mind."
—SIDNEY HYMAN,
Chicago Sun-Times Showcase

"Will rank with the great American biographies of our time."
—SENATOR WILLIAM PROXMIRE

Some characteristic comments from Douglas:

RICHARD NIXON
"On Election Day the character assassins triumphed. Jerry [Voorhis] was defeated, and Nixon was launched. . . . With characteristic forgiveness, Jerry offered the victor help . . . Nixon never apologized for the type of campaign waged on his behalf."

LYNDON JOHNSON
"To Johnson, the Senate was a circus and he was the ringmaster, putting the animals through their paces by the lure of the carrot and the sharp crack of the whip."

HARRY TRUMAN & HUBERT HUMPHREY
"Truman later claimed that he had originated the civil-rights plank and pushed it through the convention. Great are the powers of self-deception. It was Humphrey and his supporters who, against the opposition of Truman's followers, carried the day."

EDWARD KENNEDY
"Ted has shown his mettle many times. . . . He has had his difficulties . . . but I still feel drawn to the man. . . . He has turned out to be a very good senator."

CHARLES PERCY
"He had shown himself a master of the selling arts of public relations. He was, in fact, just the candidate for suburbia and middle-class youth: a kind of Horatio Alger in a Brooks Brothers suit."

The Memoirs of **Paul H. Douglas**
IN THE FULLNESS OF TIME

16 pages of photographs $13.50 HBJ **HARCOURT BRACE JOVANOVICH**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

conservation meant that man should have the opportunity to come in contact with unspoiled nature and thus recapture the wholeness from which he had been wrenched away by his reasoning, calculating, technological mind. In contrast, Pinchot was chiefly concerned with making the best possible use of the earth's resources for man's needs; for him the problem of conservation was to ensure that soils be protected, yields sustained, forests harvested rather than felled, the variety and richness of nature secured by careful husbandry. Whereas Muir worshiped nature as a poetical other-than-human world, Pinchot wanted to manage it with foresight but for the practical end of utilizing and husbanding its resources for posterity.

In 1898, Pinchot was appointed United States Forester and shortly after became an influential member of Teddy Roosevelt's cabinet. He thus had the opportunity to lay the groundwork for soil conservation, for range management, and for what would later become the Tennessee Valley Authority. John Muir did not achieve political power but he left behind a succession of dedicated crusaders who are continuing his fight for the preservation of the remaining wilderness. Ironically, Muir's disciples are also acting as defenders of Pinchot's contributions to the environmental movement, since protection of the wilderness is now acknowledged to be an essential aspect of resource management.

The Muir-Pinchot controversy was as unreasonable as it was unfortunate, because the preservation of wilderness is compatible with the conscientious husbandry of humanized nature. Deserts, high mountains, precipitous coastlines can survive undisturbed while agricultural lands are managed scientifically and wastelands are reclaimed, as has been done by the Tennessee Valley Authority. In fact, the tacit acceptance of both the preservation and utilization attitudes can be seen in the writings and activities of two other apostles of conservation in the United States—George Perkins Marsh and Aldo Leopold.

While traveling through the countries of Southern Europe and the Near East in the middle of the nineteenth century, Marsh became convinced that the deterioration of their lands and the decadence of their civilizations were the consequences of poor agricultural and ecological practices. His book *Man and Nature,* first published in 1864 and revised in 1874 under the title *The Earth as Modified by Human Action,* became the first comprehensive statement of a policy for soil conservation; it has remained to date one of the most enlightened and convincing. Marsh, however, was not primarily interested in the preservation of wilderness. In fact, he forcefully stated in a passage that is rarely quoted, "The life of man is a perpetual struggle with external Nature. It is by rebellion against her commands and the final subjugation of her forces alone that man can achieve the nobler ends of his creation. . . . Wherever he fails to make himself her master, he can but be her slave." Thus, even earlier than Pinchot, Marsh was an exponent of the doctrine that conservation meant making the wisest possible use of the earth's resources for man's needs. But he was also ahead of his time in realizing that there were compelling reasons for preserving as much wilderness as possible: "It is desirable that some large and easily accessible region of American soil should remain as far as possible in its primitive condition, at once a museum for the instruction of students, a garden for the recreation of lovers of nature, and an asylum where indigenous trees . . . plants . . . beasts may dwell and perpetuate their kind."

In contrast to Marsh, Leopold's primary intellectual and emotional commitment was to wildlife and to undisturbed wilderness. He was one of the founders of the Wilderness Society and in 1924 was influential in securing government approval for the protection of America's first wilderness area at the head of the Gila River in New Mexico. But his wilderness religion was less "pure" or at least more tolerant than that of John Muir. The land ethic which Leopold preached in his popular book *A Sand County Almanac* applied to cultivated land as well as to undisturbed nature. After he became professor at the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE INTELLECTUALS AND THE POWERS

and Other Essays

Edward Shils

Revised for this collection, Edward Shils's essays on intellectuals have arisen from his concern with intellectuals, their work, their institutions, and their relations with society, culture, and the nonintellectual segments of mankind.

1972 (August) *388 pages* *Cloth $12.50*

THE SERENGETI LION

A Study of Predator-Prey Relations

George B. Schaller

George Schaller spent three years in Serengeti National Park observing wildlife. The result is the most intensive study ever made of the lion. Mr. Schaller provides abundant data on all aspects of lion behavior, including its social system, population dynamics, hunting behavior, and predation patterns. *Wildlife Behavior and Ecology* series

1972 (August) *472 pages + 24 pages of illustrations* *Cloth $12.50*

THE SOUTHERN LADY

From Pedestal to Politics 1830-1930

Anne Firor Scott

"This well-written, soundly documented study of upper-and middle-class southern women fills a gap in scholarship and makes a most welcome addition to social and cultural history."—*The Journal of American History* Cloth edition (1970), $5.95.

1972 (August) xv, 247 pages

Paper $2.45

FOUR FARCES BY GEORGE FEYDEAU

Translated and with an Introduction by Norman R. Shapiro

"A worthy candidate for the recent National Book Award translation award. . . . These translations are as light as air."—*New York Times Book Review* "Professor Shapiro writes well about the edge of madness that Feydeau's characters are always so periously skirting. . . . His versions read easily. It is greater achievement that they seem actable."—*Times Literary Supplement* Cloth edition (1970), $12.00.

1972 (August) liv, 346 pages

Paper $2.95

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

University of Wisconsin, he and all members of his family made it a ritual to plant thousands of pine trees on a ruined farm he had bought, thus creating a man-made forest and thereby helping the miserable and exhausted land to acquire a new life.

It is easy to believe a priori, purely on emotional grounds, that wilderness should be preserved wherever possible. But in reality, it is difficult to give convincing scientific reasons for the view that natural ecological systems must be maintained in an undisturbed state. Nature will go on even if whooping cranes, condors, showy orchids or redwoods are exterminated—just as it has gone on after the extinction of the wild pigeon, the American chestnut, and the millions of other species that have vanished from the earth in the course of time.

Environments spoiled by smogs, pesticides or strip mining are not destroyed thereby but rather become different by evolving in new ecological directions determined by these stresses. We may not like the aesthetic and economic consequences of these alterations, but we can be sure that the disturbed environments will eventually achieve some new kind of biological equilibrium, as has repeatedly occurred in the past after great ecological disasters. Stable communities are in fact exceptional in nature, and they are all but impossible wherever there is human activity. Every form of agriculture, even the most primitive, involves the creation of new ecosystems. Since most of the temperate world has been transformed by agriculture, it now constitutes a man-made ecosystem. The balance of nature is at best an unrealistic static concept that rarely constitutes a valid argument for conservation.

The conservationist's attitude toward changes in nature finds its scientific justification in the fact that it is difficult, if not impossible, to predict the long-range consequences of human interventions into natural ecosystems. Experience has shown indeed that the consequences can be disastrous—to man himself. Furthermore, the progressive destruction of wilderness tends to decrease biological diversity, and this in turn renders ecological systems less stable and less likely to remain suitable for a variety of species, including man. But these scientific reasons are not likely to have much weight for normal healthy human beings. Man is adventurous and he has been endlessly taking ecological risks ever since he moved from his biological cradle on the plateaus of East Africa. His motto may well be "catastrophe rather than boredom" and irrespective of dangers he is likely to continue upsetting his ecosystems, just for the sake of excitement.

Above and beyond the sensible scientific reasons for the preservation of wilderness there are others that presently escape analysis because they relate to characteristics apparently woven in the evolutionary fabric of man. As pointed out by Paul Shepard in his perceptive book *Man in the Landscape,* "the Dinosaur National Monument was saved from progress by thousands of people who never saw that Monument and probably never will." They sent tons of mail to their congressmen, not to save Dinosaur for science, not because they expected to visit the place during their summer vacations, not for the sake of its natural resources, but apparently because they wished to preserve a fragment of the earth's primeval wilderness large enough and genuine enough to nourish their imaginations.

Saving the whooping crane evoked the same kind of emotional response—not irrational but suprarational. People worked to save the last thirty-odd whooping cranes, even though they had no hope of ever seeing one, and no illusion that the bird was of ecological significance. They apparently wanted to hold on in a symbolic manner to an aspect of reality that had been so long part of the order of things that it seemed related to their humanity—as if the whooping crane had been part of the human environment for thousands of millennia.

Conferences on the human environment cannot be fully successful until they transcend ecological and economic considera-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ON MICROFILM FROM MICROFILMING CORPORATION OF AMERICA

FAIR EMPLOYMENT PRACTICES COMMISSION (FEPC) PAPERS 1941-1946
SOUTHERN TENANT FARMERS UNION PAPERS 1934-1970

Where minority workers (by race or number) have labored, they have labored under handicaps — waging battles of words, ethics, and blood. These labor records on microfilm help the serious student of the minority worker — and of labor relations, 20th century Southern history, and the civil rights movement in America — delve into the problems; the institutions; the attitudes and aspirations; and the physical and psychological working conditions of farmers, fishermen, and other laborers. From the sharecroppers of Arkansas in the 1930's to the menhaden fisheries of the 1960's; from the black clerk to the Mexican grape picker; from top government and union officials to the shantytown inhabitant — these records are the facts and feelings of millions of minority workers.

The FEPC records include home, office, and field and regional office records. STFU papers include official union documents, and correspondence from labor leaders and from the workers themselves (from whom the historian rarely obtains written records).

For prices and full descriptive material on these important records on microfilm, write:

Microfilming Corporation of America

21 Harristown Road, Glen Rock, New Jersey 07452 • 201 - 447-3000

A NEW YORK TIMES COMPANY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tions and reach into the deepest layers of man's relation to the earth and to other living things.

Wilderness contributes to human life a value similar to that contributed by Stonehenge, the Pyramids, Greek temples, Angkor Wat, Gothic cathedrals, the Gettysburg Battlefield, and all the *hauts lieux* of civilization. Contact with wilderness and with as wide a range of living things as possible helps man to experience the feeling of continuity with his past and with the cosmos. We probably do not need the condors, the whooping cranes, the redwoods or the showy orchids for our survival. But we do need to cultivate the human attributes required to save threatened species because these attributes are essential parts of our humanness.

To remain healthy, in a holistic way, man must relate to nature with his senses and his imagination as much as with his reason and commonsense. By comparing the book of external nature as best displayed in the wilderness with the book of his own nature, he can discern the common patterns and harmonies that make him feel at home on earth.

A Kind of Sound

MELVILLE CANE

I sit on a shaded porch,
inactively serene.
It's a hundred yards from the road;
a meadow's in between.
It's a soundless hour in June,
the random birds are still,
the sun is cordial and bland,
a book lies closed in the hand.

The faintest stir in the air
falls on a somnolent ear.
I'm not quite sure what I hear,
till it shapes, as it builds afar,
to the whir of a passing car.

✪ MELVILLE CANE is a lawyer and poet who recently celebrated his ninety-third birthday.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"A landmark in the writing of the history of American philosophy."*

"**In his new book – one of the best, in my judgment, to have been written about American philosophy** – Morton White . . . succeeds admirably in tracing the intricate relationships that have linked American philosophy with public life and given it its peculiar internal structure. . . . One of the virtues of White's treatment is the light it throws on the internal division in the thought of so many American philosophers." – PETER CAWS, *New York Times Book Review*

"**It is a long time since I have read so luminous and thoughtful a study,** opening whole new vistas in American intellectual history. It is distinguished for both its brilliance and its clarity." –*FRANK FREIDEL

"**Elegant and penetrating**. . . . a work both scholarly and civilized – exact in analysis, lucid in style, humane in tone, always illuminating and always readable." – ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

"**Morton White unites logic, learning, experience, and sentiment** in behalf of an America which desperately needs their union."
– KENNETH S. LYNN

Science & Sentiment in America

PHILOSOPHICAL THOUGHT FROM
JONATHAN EDWARDS TO JOHN DEWEY

By Morton White

The Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton

$8.95 at all bookstores

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
200 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LATIN AMERICAN UNIVERSITY STUDENTS

A Six Nation Study

Introduction by SEYMOUR MARTIN LIPSET

ARTHUR LIEBMAN, KENNETH WALKER, and MYRON GLAZER

Why does the interaction between young people and the university produce a number of Latin American students opposed to their governments and to the existing social structure? The authors of this study of student political attitudes and behavior explored this question with students in Colombia, Mexico, Panama, Paraguay, Puerto Rico, and Uruguay. *Center for International Affairs.* $11.75

TOWN INTO CITY

Springfield, Massachusetts, and the Meaning of Community, 1840-1880

MICHAEL H. FRISCH

Through the history of one city Mr. Frisch provides a persuasive and graceful account of the shifting context of urban experience. He traces the shift of people's perception of community from an informal, direct sensation to a formal, perceived abstraction, thus relating the history of a place to the history of an idea. *Harvard Studies in Urban History.* $10.00

CIRCLES WITHOUT CENTER

Paths to the Discovery and Creation of Self

ENRICO GARZILLI

The search for self-discovery in the works of Beckett, Borges, Faulkner, Gide, Joyce, Pirandello, Robbe-Grillet, and Valery is traced through probing discussions of solitude and togetherness, the role of myth, the use of masks, the expressive qualities of literary form, and the significance of symbols, especially the labyrinth and the circle. $7.50

ARCHIVES IN THE ANCIENT WORLD

ERNST POSNER

Drawing on the findings of Assyriologists, papyrologists, and classicists, Mr. Posner creates a sound historical basis for the archivist's understanding of the genesis of his profession. His illustrated work illuminates the archival accomplishments and sophistication of ancient cultures from the Sumerians to the death of Justinian. $10.00

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPANISH PAINTING AND THE FRENCH ROMANTICS

ILSE HEMPEL LIPSCHUTZ

Here is the first study of the role of Spanish painting in the French literary imagination. Balzac and Hugo, Musset and George Sand are among the writers the author discusses. She also provides reproductions of more than eighty paintings and engravings, including works by Velásquez, Murillo, Zurbarán, and Goya. *Harvard Studies in Romance Languages, 32.* $20.00

REFLECTIONS ON THE MAY FOURTH MOVEMENT

A Symposium

BENJAMIN I. SCHWARTZ, editor

Modern Chinese nationalism came of age on May 4, 1919, when more than 3000 Peking college students denounced the Paris Peace Conference acceptance of the Japanese position in Shantung province. Five decades later, six East Asian scholars exchange observations on the historic movement. *Harvard East Asian Monographs, 44. Distributed for the East Asian Research Center, Harvard University.* paper $4.50

RACE AND LAW IN GREAT BRITAIN

GEOFFREY BINDMAN *and* ANTHONY LESTER

This first comprehensive study of the Race Relations Acts of Great Britain is "the best account in print," according to Charles L. Black, Jr., of the Yale Law School. Harvard social psychologist Thomas A. Pettigrew says: "It blends first-class scholarship with persuasive advocacy" and "offers frightening analogies to the American scene." $10.00

PROVINCIAL MAGISTRATES AND REVOLUTIONARY POLITICS IN FRANCE, 1789–1795

PHILIP DAWSON

This monograph contributes research findings to the historical controversy over the political motives and conduct of the upper bourgeoisie during the French Revolution. It focuses on an occupational group near the pinnacle of the bourgeoisie, the 2700 judicial officeholders in the *bailliages* and *sénéchaussées*—royal courts from which appeals were taken to the *parlements. Harvard Historical Monographs, 66.* $15.00

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WESLEYAN

A PLEASANT VINTAGE OF TILL EULENSPIEGEL. *Translated, with introduction, notes, and critical appendix, by* Paul Oppenheimer.

This collection of satirical, scatological tales follows the antics of Till Eulenspiegel, best loved German folk-hero, through medieval Europe. Elaborated by precise reproductions of the original woodcuts, this edition presents the first translation into English of the oldest extant version of the tales: that written in the Strassburg dialect of Middle High German by the anonymous "N." and published in 1515 by Johannes Grieninger.

320 pp., 87 woodcuts, bibliography. $12.50

PORTUGUESE PLAIN ARCHITECTURE: Between Spices and Diamonds, 1521-1706. *By* George Kubler.

This original, wide-ranging study traces the development of Portuguese plain architecture, the *estilo chão,* from its sources and examines its character in impressive detail. Within a political and cultural context, the book describes every important monument of the period, naming architects when possible, following their careers, showing what sources influenced them and how their own contributions were reflected in later works.

8½" by 11", 336 pp., 37 figures, 126 plates, appendix, notes, bibliography, index. $25.00

AN ANTHOLOGY OF TWENTIETH-CENTURY BRAZILIAN POETRY. *Edited, with introduction, by* Elizabeth Bishop *and* Emanuel Brasil; *with translations by* Elizabeth Bishop, Paul Blackburn, Ashley Brown, Jane Cooper, Richard Eberhart, Barbara Howes, June Jordan, Galway Kinnell, Jean Longland, James Merrill, W. S. Merwin, Louis Simpson, Mark Strand, Jean Valentine, Richard Wilbur, *and* James Wright.

This bilingual anthology, sponsored by The Academy of American Poets, presents representative poems, with English translations *en face,* from the work of fourteen Brazilian poets of the "Modern Generation" and of the "Post-War Generation" of 1945.

224 pp., notes on poets, translators, and editors, bibliography.
$11.00 *clothbound,* $3.45 *paperbound*

MISCELLANIES: Volume I. *By* Henry Fielding. *Edited and annotated, with introduction, by* Henry Knight Miller; *with textual introduction by* Fredson Bowers. [THE WESLEYAN EDITION OF THE WORKS OF HENRY FIELDING]

The Wesleyan Edition of the *Miscellanies* will be published in two volumes. The first volume reprints as an entity and for the first time since 1743 that of the original edition in a critical, unmodernized text.

306 pp., notes, appendices. $12.50

A complete catalog is available upon request.

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY PRESS
Middletown, Connecticut 06457

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Premise of Meaning

ARCHIBALD MacLEISH

WHAT is a collection of books? Which can be reversed to read: what is a book in a collection?—a book to a library?—to a librarian? Is it merely the unit of collection, a more or less fungible (as the lawyers put it) object made of paper, print and protective covering that fulfills its bibliographical destiny by being classified as to subject and catalogued by author and title and properly shelved? Or is it something very different? Is it still a book? Is it, indeed, something more now than a book, being a book selected to compose with other books a library? But, if so, what has it become?

When he was seventy-four years old the Cretan novelist Nikos Kazantzakis began a book. He called it *Report to Greco,* Greco being, of course, the older and even more famous Cretan who painted the *Burial of Count Orgaz* and other canvases. *Report* is the operative word in this title: Kazantzakis thought of himself as a soldier reporting to his commanding officer on a mortal mission —his life. "I collect my tools: sight, smell, touch, taste, hearing, intellect . . . I call upon my memory to remember, I assemble my life from the air, place myself soldier-like before the general and make my report . . . For Greco is kneaded from the same Cretan soil as I and is able to understand me better than all the strivers of past and present. Did he not leave the same red track upon the stones?"

Well, there is only one *Report to Greco,* but no true book—no book truly part of a true library—was ever anything else than a report. Shakespeare used a different—and, being Shakespeare, a better—metaphor but it comes to the same thing. Lear speaks it to Cordelia at that sunshine moment toward the play's end before the deluge of the dark. They will go off, says Lear, the two of them, to their prison cell and "take upon's the mystery of things/

✪ *Scratch,* a play about Daniel Webster, is ARCHIBALD MacLEISH's latest work, This essay is adapted from an address delivered at the opening of the Scott Library at York University in Toronto last fall.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As though we were God's spies." All poems worthy to be preserved as poems are written so—by God's spies beneath the burden of the mystery—and so are all other gathered writings of whatever kind however we may classify them, whether as fictions or as science, as history or philosophy or whatever. A true book is a report upon the mystery of existence; it tells what has been seen in a man's life in the world—touched there, thought of, tasted.

But it does more, too, as Kazantzakis' *Report* does more: it interprets the signs, brings word back from the frontiers, from the distances. Whether it offers its news in a live voice or is left, like Emily Dickinson's snippets of paper tied up with loops of thread, to be found by an astonished sister afterward in a little drawer, it speaks of the world, of our life in the world. Everything we have in the books on which our libraries are founded—Euclid's figures, Leonardo's notes, Newton's explanations, Cervantes' myth, Sappho's broken songs, even the vast surge of Homer—everything is a report of one kind or another and the sum of all of them together is our little knowledge of our world and of ourselves. Call a book Das Kapital or The Voyage of the Beagle or Theory of Relativity or Alice in Wonderland or Moby Dick, it is still what Kazantzakis called his book—what Shakespeare intended by that immortal metaphor—it is still a "report"—upon the "mystery of things."

But if this is what a book is in a library, then a library, considered not as a collection of objects that happen to be books but as a number of books that have been chosen to constitute a library, is an extraordinary thing. It is not at all what it is commonly supposed to be even by men who describe themselves as intellectuals—perhaps I should say particularly by men who describe themselves as intellectuals. It is not a sort of scholarly filling station where students of all ages can repair to get themselves supplied with a tankful of titles; not an academic facility to be judged by the quantity of its resources and the promptness of its services. On the contrary it is an achievement in and of itself—one of the greatest of human achievements because it combines and justifies so many others. That its card catalogues and bibliographical machinery are useful no one doubts: modern scholarship would be impossible without them. That its housing and safekeeping arrangements are

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vital, essential, necessary goes without saying. But what is more important in a library than anything else—than everything else—is the fact that it exists.

For the existence of a library, the fact of its existence, is, in itself and of itself, an assertion—a proposition nailed like Luther's to the door of time. By standing where it does at the center of the university—which is to say at the center of our intellectual lives—with its books in a certain order on its shelves and its cards in a certain structure in their cases, the true library asserts that there is indeed a "mystery of things." Or, more precisely, it asserts that the reason why the "things" compose a mystery is that they seem to mean: that they fall, when gathered together, into a kind of relationship, a kind of wholeness, as though all these different and dissimilar reports, these bits and pieces of experience, manuscripts in bottles, messages from long before, from deep within, from miles beyond, belonged together and might, if understood together, spell out the meaning which the mystery implies.

For the point is that without the implication of meaning, which is to say the premise of meaning, there can be no mystery anywhere. The dark is not mysterious: it is merely dark. Even the greatest of physicists, even Einstein himself, when he wished to speak of the universe as science observes it, spoke of it as standing before us "like a great, eternal riddle." And a riddle, needless to say, even a scientist's riddle, even a scientist's eternal riddle, even a scientist's eternal riddle of the dimensions of the universe, is something which, by hypothesis, exists to be solved.

It is this fact—the fact of the library's implicit assertion of the possibility of meaning—which provides the drama of the dedication of a new library in a world like ours. Whatever the opening of a library may have been back in the days of Mr. Carnegie's kindness when all good Scots believed that reading resulted in understanding and the rest of the world believed the Scots—whatever the opening of a new library may have been in those days there is a taste of irony about it now and more than a stir of drama. Our world—at least that part of our world which we call the West—no longer hopes for meanings. Even the philosophers, whose goal was once what they called A Final Explanation, concern themselves these days with something less—with a process. And as for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the intellectuals, more numerous as confidence in the intellect declines, their shuttling caravan has almost come to rest at the last oasis on the road to Prester John—the sandy spring of the absurd. Their leaders may desert them. Ionesco himself, author of *The Bald Soprano,* may regret the disappearance of meaning from the world. But the caravan holds firm beneath the dying date trees. "There was a time, long, long ago," says Ionesco, "when the world seemed to man to be so charged with meaning that he didn't have time to ask himself questions . . . The whole world was like a theater in which the elements, the forests, the oceans, the rivers, the mountains and the plains, the bushes and each plant played an incomprehensible role that man tried to understand, tried to explain to himself . . . Exactly when," says Ionesco, "was the world emptied of substance, exactly when were the signs no longer signs?" To which the caravan responds with a single voice that there was a time long, long ago when Ionesco's answer to all those draughty questions would have been "Who cares?" Certainly the caravan doesn't care. Meanings went out for it with Hiroshima. All that's left us is absurdity. Unless you count despair.

But if Ionesco's complaint is out of fashion, what shall we say of the Great Affirmation spelled out in almost visible letters above the door of a new library? Those Reports to Greco on its shelves exist in a relationship which implies that the library's business is relationship. But the generation the library is to serve has been raised in the belief that what matters is not the relationships which compose our lives but something very different—something called relevance—the relevance of each aspect of existence to ourselves. Not the weft and weave that surrounds us, the mystery of things, the riddle of the universe, the implicitness of meaning, but an immediate identification of each thing with each self on the assumption that there is no meaning and that only self is real. Love, for example, which is all relationship, total relationship, infinite connection, is made relevant by turning it to sex which is connection and nothing more. Death, which was once, in the old world of relationship, the perspective of everything, the distance that turns the mountains blue, becomes relevant by becoming conclusion: not even exit—just an end.

And life itself, once that infinite possibility, that prison cell

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

where the defeated king could take upon himself and his mild daughter the vastness of our human wonder, is made a prison cell and nothing more—the ultimate relevance—in a solitary and absurd confinement where nothing, not even Godot, ever comes and nothing answers but the idiot whimper of self-pity.

Oh, there is drama enough on this occasion, irony enough, but which way truly does the irony cut? Is it the library's implicit assertion of the immanence of meaning that has become ridiculous in our fuddled time, or is it the tired caravan of intellectual fashion stumbling toward the Mountains of the Moon? I do not know the answer but I know something that can learn the answer. I know that meaninglessness is just as much a matter of belief as meaning. The caravan of the intellectuals would have you think that someone has discovered meaninglessness out there beyond us in the desert—in the infinities of space—and brought it home like a phoenix egg to prove the world is void. Nothing could be more childish. Meaninglessness, like meaning, is a conclusion in the mind, a reading, an interpretation.

And science—honest science—knows it. Jacques Monod, the French biochemist who sees living beings as chemical machines that construct themselves out of chemical chance, concludes that the process of life is blind and man an accident. But he reaches this conclusion, as he himself acknowledges, by way of his belief in theories of quantum mechanics in which other scientists, Einstein among the lot, are unable to believe. "A mutation," writes M. Monod, "is in itself a microscopic event, a quantum event, to which the principle of uncertainty consequently applies." But to Einstein the consequence does not apply because the assumption is unsound. Einstein, as Gerald Holton puts it, was a scientist "fighting for a causal physics" who assumed "a rational God of causal laws who would not play dice with the universe." Whether Einstein's assumption is right or M. Monod's, is not, perhaps, for us, and certainly not for me, to say, but one thing is clear even to a scientific illiterate like myself: the issue between M. Monod and Einstein, or between their positions, is an issue of belief. Einstein makes that clear enough. Quantum physics was to him a "false religion." And he said so. In so many words.

It would be helpful to us, with a library to open and a question

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to answer, if there were an Einstein of the world of letters to match that explicit Einstein in the world of science. For it is in the world of letters that the contemporary taste for meaninglessness has presented itself most flagrantly as something more than a taste, more than an opinion: as an established fact to be accepted with despair. And it is in the world of letters that this masquerade can do most damage. Critics may pursue the meaningless relentlessly, as they may pursue anything else that moves, without damage to their reputations or themselves. And playwrights, ambiguous reporters, may make their fortunes by it—they have. But the poor devil of a poet lives by meanings if he lives at all. Relationship is all he has to work with: that *analogie universelle* which Baudelaire discovered in the poems of two thousand years and which the poems not yet written still must seek. For the poet, the novelist—the artist in letters—to assert the meaninglessness of the world is the ultimate act of human folly, the act that ridicules itself. Even if the "principle of uncertainty" were established to the satisfaction of all science and M. Monod were right in his finding that no "master plan" exists for the construction of his "chemical machines," man would still exist. And it is precisely man who, through his arts, through his thought, through his Reports to Greco, has constructed meanings over millennia of time, whether the universe has confirmed them or not. Job's demand for justice was shouted down by the voice from the whirlwind but Job, because he was a man, took back his life and lived it notwithstanding.

No, it is not the library, I think, that has become ridiculous by standing there against the dark with its books in order on its shelves. On the contrary the library, almost alone of the great monuments of civilization, stands taller now than it ever did before. The city—our American city at least—decays. The nation loses its grandeur, becomes what we call a "power," a Pentagon, a store of missiles. The university is no longer always certain what it is. But the library remains: a silent and enduring affirmation that the great Reports still speak, and not alone but somehow all together—that, whatever else is chance and accident, the human mind, that mystery, still seems to mean.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POEMS

HAGIWARA SAKUTARŌ

Penitentiary

Wearing pale caps
The prisoners slouch around,
Trailing the dusky tips
Of shadows slurred like tails.

Look, with what somber tools
They turn the sullen ground,
Spading its heavy clay
To leave white roots of grass,
Sweet-shaped to happen hay,
Deformed to worminess;
White roots of grass laid bare
Under the cloudy shine
Of sunlight gloomed away
Yet gleaming everywhere.

A landscape glum, but glum
Too faintly to redress
Its sag of tedium.

Under the cliffed
Loom of the heavy wall
Of that enormous bin,
Line upon shifty line

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Like some strange funeral,
The prisoners process
Who in and out and in
Of stone's cold shadow drift;
That cold and lonely shadow
Laid ghostily across
The sad flat outer meadow
Grey-glittering as glass.

Endlessly appearing
Like trails of snail eggs, soft
As snail eggs and as thin,
The prisoners elapse;
Pale tapes of lonely prisoners,
Pale worms of prisoners wearing
Their pale and paper caps.

White Night

The night frost, creeping close
Across that chilling sky
Which steals the sound of footsteps,
Brings feeling to the eye;
The feeling that a veil of shimmering
Light is going by.

Things that were in hiding
Emerge. They skirt around
The willow trees in the distance
With that sly squeechy sound
Of wet straw-sandals walking
On water-rotten ground.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Look, silver weapons in their hands
Sharp in the darkness shine,
Silver weapons held straight up
Above the temple-line;
Arms from the arsenals of light,
Archaic, argentine.

Translated by GRAEME WILSON

✪ GRAEME WILSON writes: "Hagiwara Sakutarō (1886-1942) is the best lyric poet to have emerged in Japan since contact was reestablished with the outside world a century ago. Although he was early influenced by Baudelaire, the French Symbolists, Nietzsche and Bergson, his mature work synthesizes those European influences with Japan's own poetic tradition to produce a singularly terrifying but singularly beautiful view of the world. His use of the colloquial (*kogotai*), as opposed to the traditional literary language (*bungotai*), determined the style of all his successors. He was himself a musician and minor composer, and his poetry introduced an entirely new melody to Japanese prosody." Mr. Wilson, a member of the British diplomatic service in the Far East, is translator of *Face at the Bottom of the World,* a collection of forty Hagiwara poems.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Militant Separatists in the White Academy

WILLIAM J. HARRIS

THE INFLUENCES OF BLACK SEPARATISM have seeped into surprising places in the American empire: the white academy and the "integrated" world of letters. The blacks in these communities are a select class who have been favored by white society—the students, intellectuals and creative writers who have been given all the prizes. Yet, even among these favored people, there are strong separatist feelings.

The university, my world, is a place of symbolic criticism of our society, a stage where the young, with a few older friends, act out society's dramas in the open. It is a microcosm for the more veiled and secretive world beyond the ivory towers. I think that, by watching this drama carefully, one can understand much about our country. Whether this is the case or not, this is my stage, my world, my place to watch.

Separatism has entered my daily life in the white university. Its main effect has been not to create in most blacks an overwhelming desire to go back to Africa or to build a great black nation below the Mason-Dixon line or even to cease talking to white people, but to shift the emphasis of the black movement from freedom to identity. The university has traditionally been a place of questioning, and it has become a place where identity is a major issue for every student, white or black. Separatism makes the question of identity a little easier for black students. Blacks alone with other blacks can talk things out, can work out common problems "in the family."

The greatest impact of separatism has been on the younger

✪ WILLIAM J. HARRIS, a doctoral candidate in English at Stanford University, is writing a book on LeRoi Jones's poetry. In the fall he will begin teaching creative writing and American literature at Cornell University.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

members of the family—blacks under forty. Most older blacks are militantly against it. Most younger blacks are militantly for it. They are more divided over separatism than militancy. Even Martin Luther King could understand (if not accept) the destruction of the cities, but not separatism. The old not only have seen progress but they have gained a sense of history merely by living; they have something against which to judge the militant rhetoric. The young have only their handful of years and their innocence. They have not yet been molded by experience; therefore, the immediate moment makes a great impression on them because that is all they know. Because they are inexperienced, they are romantic and believe themselves unlimited. So when the latest revolutionary brother tells them that they are African princes, they become African princes.

This propensity for total identification is not restricted to young blacks. In fact, Gary Snyder, the white guru of young WASP America, can convince an auditorium full of white students that he is an Indian and that they are not white—that they, too, are Indians—and are free from the white guilt. At one point recently in a conversation with a group of white students at Stanford, Snyder said, "We aren't Indian (from India). We must look to our own land for answers. Look at the American Indian." I know that what Snyder meant was that the native American has wisdom that we can learn from, but it is so easy for young people with poorly defined self-images to confuse studying the Indian with being the Indian. At least the black student is black, and by playing an African prince he may be working toward some kind of true identity, but the white kid playing that he is an Indian is only fooling himself. A few years ago he was a hippie, before that a Zen Buddhist. Then he protested for a while to escape white America, but the Great White Machine proved hard to destroy. In the university he was a new-style radical whose main psychopolitical function was to destroy his father's house, crying, "I am not white, I am not white. I destroy the white man's property."

Now the very youngest generation has invented a new escape from the white guilt: go back in time and pretend the blacks don't exist. Go back to the forties and fifties before there were niggers in every other TV commercial, go back to the ducktail and Howdy

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Doody, go back before the Vietnam war. Pretend that you are the son in "Father Knows Best." Wear white bucks, fall in love with the WASP next door, play mad practical jokes (never talk politics). Nostalgia can protect you. Go back, go back before the blacks ever existed. And study, study, study. Study, as you never studied before, to escape the blacks, the war, life. On a recent visit to several colleges, I heard over and over, "the kids are back to the books." They will do anything to escape the white guilt, except face themselves.

But they must face their whiteness, accept it even though it is not exotic. They, as well as the blacks, want to escape the burning house of America. They see that the country is lost; they hear what the avant-garde has been saying at least since the 1950s: the West is spiritually bankrupt.

But the black man cannot go back to the 1950s because he did not exist in the 1950s. The black intellectual was totally integrated into the burning house. There was the great Western tradition and it was good and that was what you learned in school. No matter what your background, you were expected to become a white Anglo-Saxon.

The Jewish writer Norman Podhoretz expresses the common plight of the minority intellectual in those years. He faces the question of ethnic identity; he has two schools to go to, one Jewish, one WASP:

> When I was in college the term WASP had not yet come into currency—which is to say that the realization had not yet become widespread that white Americans of Anglo-Saxon Protestant background are an ethnic group like any other, that their characteristic qualities are by no means self-evidently superior to those of the other groups, and that neither their earlier arrival nor their majority status entitles them to exclusive possession of the national identity. In the absence of this realization, Columbia had no need to be as fully conscious of the social implications of the purposes it was pursuing as, on its side, the Seminary necessarily was. The demand being made on me as a student of Jewish culture was concrete, explicit, and unambiguous: "Become a good Jew!" The demand being made on me as a student of Western Culture, by contrast, was seductively abstract and idealized: "Become a gentleman, a man of enlightened and gracious mind!" It is not that Columbia was being dishonest in failing to mention that this also meant "Become a facsimile WASP!" In taking that corollary for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

granted, the college was simply being true to its own ethnic and class origins; and in nothing did this fidelity show itself more clearly than in the bland unconsciousness that accompanied it.

If you wanted to be an intellectual you had to forget your ethnic past and enter the wonderful world of white letters. Ideas were white. The black man thought about personal freedom but didn't think about identity. He wrote and talked like a white man: James Baldwin wrote like Henry James. I remember in the late 1950s arguing with a Polish friend about ethnic identity. He argued that without ethnic traditions people would be dreary and all alike. I countered that if there were going to be any peace in the world we had to give up ethnic distinctions and be brothers. As George Romney said after his trip to Vietnam: I was brainwashed.

It was not very important to me that I was a black. Blacks at that time weren't proud of their past. I was very proud of my family—but I was an American and being black was of little consequence. What impressed me about Baldwin was that he saw that he was an American when he got to Europe. The simple fact that one could be both an American and a black never dawned on me. We were just Americans with dark skins. As LeRoi Jones says, "Africa is a foreign place."

The shift in feeling from the 1950s to the present is extraordinary. In the fifties we wanted to be imitation white men (of course, this was an unconscious desire): "The West was best." The majority was right without question, but those years are over. Now we feel that if we ever come back to an integrated house it must be as blacks with a distinct but equal culture. Mozart must make room for John Coltrane. A vital people cannot be imitations of anybody else. They must be themselves.

There is some truth in the idea of killing the father for independence. Baldwin had to kill Wright, and Cleaver had to kill Baldwin. Now the young blacks are killing the white race to escape it. When LeRoi Jones says that Dante (one of his old culture heroes) is nothing but a copy of some obscure Arab, he is killing the white man in himself—which is healthier than killing the black man in himself.

For the moment it may be psychologically necessary for people

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the black community to see black people as the only hope for black people—to see black people as the new saints and white people as devils. The white man must be totally evil so blacks can be freed from him. They must harden their hearts against him and dehumanize him so that he can be exorcised. This is a psychic war in which the black man is fighting for his life. The white man has denied him his culture. It doesn't matter whether the act was conscious or not. He has said that all civilization is white by his actions, attitudes and words. If you write a book about civilizations and don't mention black people you are denying that they have ever done anything. You are denying their importance by silence. The black man is destroyed by this silence. It is an easy thing to do. I have done it and it has been done to me.

The town I was reared in was a liberal place. It actually believed in the equality and brotherhood of man—at least a good number of the townspeople did. A small town in southwestern Ohio, which was once a station on the underground railroad, it is still an oasis of liberalism in a desert of conservatism. But what is important for our purposes about this town is that the good liberal people were involved in the racism of silence. They believed in brotherhood, but it was unconsciously white brotherhood. The townspeople were saying silently: "We will love you no matter what the color of your skin is if you act like us."

It is endlessly more complicated than this but, in essence, this good town denied me my racial past. I grew up with no sense of blackness. The only definitions around me were white. I went to a white school, talked to white people, went with white girls, read white books, and was white. I was a white liberal. Sister Nikki Giovanni is wrong when she says, "A Black man living at the North Pole is still a Black man—with African roots, with a Black, hence African, way of looking at his life, of ordering his world, or relating to his dreams, of responding to his environment." A black man is only a black man when he has black models to emulate and I didn't have any. The whites did not intentionally try to make me white, but that is what happened.

The traditions I grew up with were white. LeRoi Jones says: "Having read all of whitie's books, I wanted to be an authority on them. Having been taught that art was 'what white men did,' I

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

almost became one, to have a go at it." There were blacks in my school, but they were not interested in what I was interested in. The whites had taught me that the mind—culture—was good, and the black kids weren't interested in things of the mind. I was a poet, and they were basketball players. I felt comfortable talking to people who were interested in the things I was, and these people invariably were white. In high school I read Joyce, Beckett, Pound, Kerouac and Baldwin (not Wright, of course, he was too black, too provincial). I read white and almost-white writers because they spoke about my life. The only black writer I read (Baldwin) talked in a language I understood. I was white, as a black at the North Pole would be a North Polean (?) or a penguin.

When I taught a class of chicanos and blacks, I was guilty of the racism of silence. Since I was a midwesterner, I knew nothing about chicanos. I devoted the class to black and white literature. We only talked about black problems in the class, for I assumed that chicanos had the same problems as blacks. The chicano students accepted it because they had not reached the level of consciousness to reject it. The following year the next group of chicano freshmen demanded that they have a chicano teacher. I was a man of goodwill, but I was forcing the chicano to define himself in my black terms.

The young blacks are facing themselves or at least trying to face themselves. Racial identity has become a real question for them. A characteristic of new movements is that the first answers tend to be stupid and narrow. But they create a climate for new answers. And I hope a genius will come along with some good answers we can all use. A round-faced black youth said to his black teacher the other day, "I want to develop a black philosophy." Ten years ago he would have wanted to develop a new Western philosophy. But I must not be too cynical, because maybe he will. The great thing about the young is that they do not know it is almost impossible to do grand things.

There are a variety of opinions about separatism in the black community. Jim Simmons, assistant to the president of Stanford University, thinks "it's an important stage for black people to get themselves together." On the other hand, Sara Parkinson, a black student at Stanford, thinks it's more than a stage: it is a matter

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of black survival. She believes that America is going to try to put the blacks in concentration camps and murder them and that to stay in this country would be suicide. Implicit in Jim Simmons' position is that America is well-meaning even if misguided. I would imagine that he could not take too seriously the King Alfred Plan from John A. Williams' novel, *The Man Who Cried I Am,* "to detain and ultimately rid America of its Negroes." I know that I could not when I first read the book. I found it a major flaw that took us away from the real problems of blacks, placing us in a paranoid fantasy world of black genocide. Yet one's sense of reality is flimsy: the real is more a matter of repetition than actuality. Just because you cannot visualize something doesn't mean it isn't true but may mean only that your range of experience is too limited. When the young militant tells us that gas chamber *satori* is in our future, we shouldn't dismiss it totally. Samuel F. Yette's *The Choice* tells us that the Community Action Program, an agency of the United States government, has been "a name-taking web that helped identify and isolate natural leaders of every black community in America, each leader's name ultimately fixed to a massive pickup list at the Pentagon" and that a committee of the House of Representatives has made recommendations on methods of isolating and destroying black citizens if they get out of hand. These items are not fictions from a novel but are facts from Yette's well-documented nonfiction book about black genocide. If we have any concern about our survival, we must take these facts seriously, which is very difficult when you spend most of your days talking to genteel and humane men about British and American literature.

A frightening question is, if the United States decides to liquidate the black population, who is to stop them? A few snipers with .22s shouting Black Power? Sara Parkinson's mistrust of America is shared by many other young blacks. The possibility, the immediacy, of genocide is more real to them than it is to me. Often these are the people who would receive the American prizes (good jobs, big houses, et cetera) but they are no longer interested. It isn't going to do Charles Gordone any good that he won the Pulitzer prize if he is in a gas chamber. Listen to the Jew Lowenthal in Stanley Kramer's film, *Ship of Fools;* the time is just before the Second World War:

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

. . . We're German first, and Jew second. We've done so much for Germany, Germany has done so much for us, what are we supposed to do—pack up our bags and leave because of a few trouble-makers? . . . Listen. There are six million of us. What are they going to do? Kill all of us?

The happy Sambo nigger has been replaced by the militant nigger. We are not all eighteen years old and we should know better, but some of us have let ourselves be fooled and cheapened by American civilization. We have accepted simplified images of our black selves. We have believed in some dark corner of our minds that we are Douglas V. Militant, letting our entire essence be defined by that role. A couple of years before we were Sidney P. Genius, neurosurgeon and astrophysicist, and before there were any blacks in the national consciousness, we were the Lone Ranger —not native American Tonto. Everybody tells us what black is. We have been told that black is beautiful and I agree. But black is also vastly complicated, and it seems that black people at least should realize this even if whites do not. Black people in this country come from many cultures and backgrounds; there is no monolithic black culture. By going Home, back to our black identities, we have a great chance to get back to our roots and escape old stereotypes, but realities are too frightening for most people, and they only want new stereotypes to replace the old ones. To the question of what is blackness, we must have 22,000,000 answers.

When blackness is too narrowly and mechanically defined, the black community—especially in the university—becomes a stifling and neurotic place. Let us listen to black students who have had difficulties because of inflexible definitions of blackness.

A Princeton student said to me: "At school I found out that the kids who had the greatest identity crises were the black students from the middle or upper class. . . . They were very insecure in their blackness and came on very strong about being black. I had to learn that their hangups weren't mine. I didn't romanticize the brother on the block, I knew him—almost got beaten up by him."

A middle-class black student talks of her difficulties in becoming "black":

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It's hard if you haven't grown up in a Black community. You feel really inhibited . . . you don't have the same social skills that the other Black kids have naturally because they have grown up with blackness and you have to gain these skills . . . and sometimes you feel you have to try a little harder and sometimes you are rejected and you don't understand why because you are Black.

Sandy Packard, another student, talks about how she had to change herself to be accepted. "When I arrived at Stanford the Black students told me I wasn't Black enough for them . . . said I talked like a white person and thought I must have straightened my hair." This student is a Jamaican who has spent several years in England and who had a British accent. She continues:

I tried to kink up my hair for awhile. I was rejected by the Black kids for the first year. But then I lost my accent. It's strange how that happened. While I was in a play—a Black play—the director told me over and over: "If you are going to play a Black woman you can't talk like a white woman." Well, I lost my accent and the Blacks now accept me.

Commenting on Sandy's situation, the Princeton student said: "These kids who gave her a hard time weren't being intentionally cruel or hard-boiled. They were suffering with their own wounds. Doubt is hard to keep to yourself."

Many young middle-class blacks feel unauthentic because they do not come from the ghetto. Being brought up in white or imitation-white worlds, they are bitter about being deprived of their black pasts. Instead of regarding themselves as privileged, as they once would have, they think of themselves as freaks cut off from their blackness. Exploring one aspect of this attitude is Nancy McCormick in her poem, "Black Misery":

> Black misery is having everybody in
> your white school know your name
> because you are so identifiable
> and not knowing the kid who
> just said, "Hi!"

Black pride has been an important aspect of the separatist position. The separatist says: "If you love yourself, you should want to stay with your own people: don't run off to those white neighborhoods and stop running around with those white gals." Black peo-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ple should take themselves seriously—believe they are important enough to talk to and to love. It was depressing back at Ohio's Central State University when my black male friends would say: "If I want somebody to talk to me, I got to run over to the white college and find myself a white girl." But it is fanatical to say that you can only talk to black people, and it appears that some blacks are afraid that whites have more to say than blacks.

Yet it is important for black people to be proud. I have spent hours fighting with Paul, an African friend, about American black pride. A little drunk, his eyes nearly closed, calling the black waitress Mother, Paul said: "Nobody has to tell the lion that he is beautiful and should be proud of his lion-ness. He doesn't need Lion-tude." "Yeah," I replied, seeing that the waitress looked a little like my mother, "but nobody has told the lion for three hundred years that he is inferior." Langston Hughes is right when he says: "Wear it [color] / Like a banner / For the proud." And Don L. Lee is wrong when he says: "I / began to love / only a / part of / me—my inner / self which / is all / black—& developed a / vehement hatred of / my light / brown / outer." Paradoxically, Lee's light brown skin is part of his blackness—his individual blackness—which should not be rejected.

Blackness is both a political and cultural fact. We are black politically because, even though we are individuals, we are treated collectively; therefore, it is important for our well-being that we stick together. We shouldn't need a crisis as serious as genocide to move us to collective action. Blacks may simply go out of fashion. Even though it is an overstatement to say that we were ever in fashion, we have definitely gone out of style before. The Depression destroyed the white man's enthusiasm for the New Negro and the writers of the Harlem Renaissance, and no great interest in blacks and their literature developed again until civil rights and black power appeared on the scene.

There are signs that black literature is finished as a commercial commodity: according to the reports I hear, sales are down. So it is fortunate that we have set up our own presses (even if they are small) for they will continue publishing black writers out of a commitment. This is great for the writers, but presses are not the backbone of a community. We need other black institutions (cul-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tural and economic). The only people who are going to care about black people (if there are any, and I'm not sure there are) over a long period of time are black people; hence, we need our own institutions to insure our survival.

The separatist attitude has had both good and bad effects on the black community. It has created a positive climate for thought. With hundreds of young blacks wanting to create a black philosophy, something must come of it. It has made black students want to go back to the ghetto instead of escaping it; many young blacks are becoming lawyers and doctors in order to be useful to their community. While at school many blacks go back (or for the first time go) into the community to help their black brothers and sisters. Separatism has made blacks want to define themselves in their own terms—not those of other people.

It is beneficial to be able to go home, but people tend to be very narrow if they know only their own hometown. There is a world outside the city limits waiting to be discovered. I hope that militant separatism is only a stage in which we as black people learn to love ourselves. Later, I hope we can enter into a truly integrated world—a multiracial world where people can be different from one another without terrifying one another, where people can "respect each other for their own thing," as B. B. King says. But as this vision of racial harmony passes before my eyes, I see my militant brother giving me a look of total disbelief at my naïveté.

A *Muhammad Speaks* hawker comes up. Smiles.

"Brother," he says, "what's your major?"

"English. American Lit."

"Oh, that doesn't go back too far—about a hundred and seventy years, Emerson and Thoreau."

"Yeah."

He shoves the *Speaks* in my face. "Look at the back page. See what we are building in Phoenix—a community business center." He reaches out his hand.

Almost unconsciously, I hand him my weekly quarter.

"Ah, brother," he asks, in his most beautifully sarcastic tones, "what are you building?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Education for the Future

HERBERT J. MULLER

AMONG THE MANY NOVEL IDEAS that soon become commonplaces at a time of fantastically rapid change is the vogue of futurism. The future has long been a subject of speculation or dreaming, of course, but never before have its uses been so insistent as they have become in recent years. Immense sums spent on research and development represent a systematic way of shaping it. Specialists banded in commissions, councils and institutes are busy at equally systematic efforts to anticipate what it may hold in store; they have elaborated a score of new techniques for the so-called science of "futurology." And of late dozens of universities have been offering all manner of "future-oriented" courses, as the fashionable jargon has it. Alvin Toffler, author of the best seller *Future Shock,* has been going up and down the land addressing university audiences on the primary need of "education in the future tense." Henceforth, he writes, "we must search for our objectives and methods in the future, rather than the past"—the past that has traditionally provided the subject matter of education.

Now, Toffler is so completely sold on the new vogue that he exemplifies its most extravagant tendencies. He writes in a breathless journalistic style that may make one wish he would pause now and then to take a deep breath. He is fond of such coinages as "Ad-hocracy" to define a basic need of properly future-oriented people, who may then assist in the creation of the brave new "Super-industrial" world he anticipates. In education he reflects the popular faith in technology by welcoming the prospect of "a whole battery of teaching techniques," including the inevitable computerized programs. With Ad-hocracy must come provision for "life-long education on a plug-in/plug-out basis." And so on.

✪ HERBERT J. MULLER has been, since 1959, Distinguished Service Professor at Indiana University, where he teaches English. His latest book is *In Pursuit of Relevance.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Yet I propose to take his thesis seriously, on the assumption that the new vogue is by no means another passing fashion. Toffler is uncommonly well informed about the whole subject, having consulted all kinds of specialists. However naïve, his faith in technology is something that educators have to reckon with, especially since many of them, too, are pleased with all the new educational hardware. Even so, he has many sensible things to say in his diagnosis of contemporary life, including sound criticism of our schools. And even in his extravagances—or just because of them—he forces fundamental questions that are too often overlooked in the universities.

One could say this of his basic proposal that we should look to the future rather than the past for our objectives and methods. To my mind it is obviously no question of "rather than," but of "as well as." In reading Toffler I found myself adhering more firmly to some old-fashioned notions about a liberal education, and rising to the defense of the uses of the past, as represented by not only history but literature, the arts, and philosophy. To these uses, especially for the purposes of value judgments, I shall give the last word. At the same time, much that has come down from the past in the universities is of questionable value for contemporary needs, and has been unquestioned simply because it has long been customary, as comfortable to academics as old habits, and as mindless as the ivy on the college walls. I have myself supported the common complaints of students about the irrelevance of too much of their education, and have pointed to the need of education for the future. This need I think should get the first word.

Then we perforce begin with the commonplaces about revolutionary change and radical discontinuities that have antiquated much traditional policy and practice. Certainly our curriculum has not focused enough on the most relevant use of the past, a better understanding of the extraordinary present, or of who we are, where we are, how we got this way, and where we may be going. Considering specifically our radically new kind of society, with its drive to technological "progress" that has generated our major problems, one has only to ask: How many students acquire an adequate understanding of how the drive got started, how it

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gathered such terrific momentum and accelerated the pace of change, even though most people do not really like living in a revolutionary world? And why does it nevertheless seem irresistible, bound to continue?

So we move into "futurology," which is naturally based on an extrapolation of current trends. Specialists in it have made popular the year 2000—and be it noted, with nothing like the apocalyptic visions that the year 1000 A.D. once inspired in many Christians. For our students, speculation about what life will be like in that year is not at all idle or academic: they will be in their prime then. To be sure, prediction is necessarily uncertain, for reasons they had better understand clearly. But immediately we have to face the confidence with which Herman Kahn and Anthony Wiener can list a hundred important technological innovations that they say are almost certain to appear by the year 2000. I, for one, am quite willing to take their word for it, inasmuch as scientists and technicians are already busy on the job of realizing these possibilities. Given the common assumption that education should prepare young people for life, one recognizes that it should now make them aware of major developments that are strong probabilities, or even virtual certainties.

This task is all the more important because of the uncertainties about the future, which involve the social and cultural consequences of all the scientific discovery and technological innovation looming up. In view of the compulsive drive to acquire systematically ever more knowledge, and with it more power, the question is: What will man do, or ought he to do, with his new powers? Some of them have obviously beneficent possibilities, which appear in the radiant visions of the future offered by the more naïve scientists and apostles of technology. Others are obviously frightening, for instance, the development of more thermonuclear and chemical weapons. Many have alarming possibilities as means of manipulating people, controlling behavior, even transforming personality. But almost all these powers, including potentially beneficent ones, raise complex social and political problems. It is the problems that most concern serious forecasters, the prospect of still more problems for our policy-makers—who right

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

now, let us add, are not up to dealing effectively with the many grave ones already confronting us.

Hence there is a wide field for courses on the future. Time and space do not permit a review of the many possibilities, but let us take a look at the already popular subject of the environmental or biological crisis, aggravated by the population explosion. Ecologists tell us that if current trends continue we are headed for disaster, conceivably a world that will become uninhabitable. Together with the possibility of a thermonuclear war, these trends make human survival a problem for the first time in history. Meanwhile we are faced with such immediate threats as the increasing pollution and the urban crisis, the steady deterioration of the central cities in the sprawling metropolitan areas. And behind all these problems is the accepted national goal of indefinite economic growth, even though Americans already consume many times their proportionate share of the world's dwindling natural resources. While one may doubt that such growth can continue indefinitely, neither business, government, nor the public is prepared to accept a program of national austerity, which scientists are insisting is necessary. Almost all economists have assumed that steady growth signifies a healthy economy; only of late have some begun to question it. I would welcome courses in economics for the future.

All this brings up a basic problem for educators that troubles me much more than it apparently does Toffler and most other futurists. In a course on modern technology I set students to exploring independently a wide variety of problems, and those who did the most thorough job of research uniformly reported pessimistic conclusions about our prospects. What troubled me was the difficult effort to maintain a nice balance. On the one hand, young people need to be clearly aware of what they are up against, the very real dangers, the good reasons for alarm about the future. On the other hand, they need to retain a hopeful spirit if there is to be any hope for the future. The most that I could say to my students was that the growing alarm was the best reason for hope. They were accordingly heartened by the defeat of the S.S.T. program, the first dramatic success in halting the drive to what most Americans regard as progress. Only they then pointed out that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

President Nixon at once assured the public that despite this temporary setback America would retain its technological leadership of the world, and ensure further progress.

In more familiar terms, young people have more need of being flexible, adaptable and resourceful than any generation before them. Education should accordingly help to make them so, immediately through a fuller awareness of their fast-changing world, and then by developing their powers of choice. Some of the new courses on the future, I gather, attempt to do this by games presenting them with possible alternatives. For, although the drive of science and technology will force adaptation to much change, like it or not, they still have plenty of vital options—a point that Toffler rightly emphasizes, in view of the stereotypes about our standardized mass society. More freely than any previous generation they can set their own goals and life-styles, as many have been doing in unconventional ways. As citizens they can hope to have some say about their future by influencing policy-makers. And on both counts I am led to my particular concern—the role of the so-called humanities in education for the future.

So far the specialists in efforts at forecasting have been mostly assorted social or behavioral scientists. Literary men, philosophers, and even historians have contributed relatively little to this whole enterprise, presumably because they are not equipped with the necessary specialized knowledge and techniques. Nevertheless, I believe they have much to offer. We might recall that more than a generation ago, before the vogue of futurology, Aldous Huxley offered an imaginative forecast in *Brave New World,* in which, without benefit of fancy techniques or methodology, he was remarkably prophetic about some developments.

As for formal education, humanities departments could offer relevant courses just because of their traditional preoccupation with the past. An obvious example is a study of utopias, which have been a distinctive product of Western civilization from the Renaissance on, and as a tradition, strengthened by the rise of the idea of progress, have had a growing influence on its history, most conspicuously through Karl Marx's vision of a classless society. Such studies might illuminate the revulsion against the utopian

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tradition, as in *Brave New World, 1984,* and much science fiction. Then they might make clear that utopianism is nevertheless by no means so dead as it is reputed to be outside the communist world. It survives not only in the apostles of technology but also in such humanistic thinkers as Paul Goodman and Lewis Mumford. Altogether, visions of ideal possibilities—however improbable—are especially pertinent in view of our fabulous technological means.

But my main concern is a more fundamental one. Toffler writes approvingly of "the people of the future," the small minority—even in the advanced industrial societies—who are well adjusted to the increasingly rapid pace of life, in a "short-order" or "instant" culture. They live faster, they regard transience and novelty as normal, they welcome change—in short, they are "the advance agents of man," who are already "living the way of life of the future." Education, it follows, should concentrate on molding many more such people, with specific preparation for changes to be expected. "Even now," Toffler writes, "we should be training cadres of young people for life in submarine communities."

Here I shuddered, and the more so because some of the young people conceivably may have to live in such communities, or in the underground cities envisaged by other futurists. I would concentrate instead on efforts to give the young a better idea of what civilized life has meant and can mean at its best, so that they might help to shape a future in which people would not be condemned to so unnatural a life. The "people of the future" who welcome change are not disposed to think hard enough about the fundamental questions: Is all the change really necessary? Is it *desirable?* If so, by what standards? Such questions raise the abiding issues of permanence and change, of the natural life or the good life for man, of basic human values. While Toffler recognizes the necessity of value judgments in developing powers of choice, I doubt that even whole batteries of the latest techniques can do the job well enough. My thesis is that the most important contribution the humanities could make to education for the future is a basic study of the problems of human values and value judgments—judgments that students are not trained to make in the social or

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

behavioral sciences, whose approved methodologies do not lend themselves to such purposes, but rather support the common illusion that true science is "value-free"; and judgments that call for more knowledge of the past than these up-to-date scientists usually have.

So let us consider more commonplaces. Transience is plainly the order of the day, above all in America, where it has invaded all spheres of daily life. Americans have grown accustomed to impermanence in their surroundings because of their mobility and the constant demolition and new construction; few live out their lives in the houses in which they were born. Their economy features throw-away goods, planned obsolescence, the latest models, the latest fashions; a major purpose of the immense advertising industry is to make them dissatisfied with old possessions. In their cities the seemingly so solid new skyscrapers that keep replacing old buildings are not built for keeps, as men used to build. Lewis Mumford, although a harsh critic of our technological society, has himself celebrated "the death of the monument," in which all societies expressed their aspirations to the everlasting; to this symbol of "death and fixity" he opposed the value of a capacity for vital renewal in civic life. Behind Mumford lay the philosophies of Becoming, from Hegel on through John Dewey, that have largely supplanted the traditional philosophies of Being, based on assumptions of fixities, immutable essences, eternal verities. For Dewey the main end of education was growth—a good word for change. And I should add that a survey of the long ages of man may give one a deeper appreciation of some important respects in which the human race has grown in its pursuit of truth, beauty and goodness.

Yet man could not have grown aware of change, of course, except for a background of unchanging realities. Permanence remains a basic condition of his life in the natural world, including the uniform fate of mortality. As Mumford knew, a capacity for renewal itself implies biological and social constants. These have made possible the enduring values that man has wrested from his endless travails, which have likewise been a constant in his history. Today the extraordinary pace of change may obscure the underly-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing continuities and uniformities, the elementary truth that change is not the only constant in our time. While I happen to cherish old possessions, prefer the old cities of Europe, and admire many of the great monuments of the past, I also write as a conscientious relativist who came to conclude that, short of eternal verities or life everlasting, there are permanent values, absolute goods, which must be considered in any aspiration to the good life—and especially today, above all by "the people of the future."

These goods bring up immediately the issue of the "natural" life for man. The study of history makes plain that we cannot talk easily of such a life for a creature who moved from the cave to the life of the soil, later from the village to life in cities, and who all along developed a remarkable diversity of cultures that alike seemed natural to the people brought up in them. His record shows that man is an extraordinarily adaptable creature. So in adapting himself to an industrial society radically different from all previous ones, he learned among many other things to live by the mechanical clock instead of the natural rhythms of night and day and the seasons. I assume that most people could adapt themselves to life in submarine communities. Conceivably, too, man may in time be made still more adaptable by not only systematic conditioning, such as B. F. Skinner aspires to impose on the whole society, but such imminent possibilities as new wonder drugs, genetic surgery and engineering, and biochemical controls of the nervous system. Another eminent psychologist rejoices in the prospect that by biochemical means "we will achieve the ability to change man's emotions, desires, and thoughts."

Yet "we" would mean in practice the various specialists in social or human engineering. If I am myself too set in my ways, or too content to go on with my own thoughts and feelings, laymen in general cannot simply trust to the wisdom of these technicians. In any case, no educator can stake his all on such future possibilities. Meanwhile we have to deal with young people who have the same basic biological and psychological needs as their ancestors have had through the ages. We must consider too the plain reasons why modern life may in some respects be legitimately called unnatural. Certainly life in a noisy, congested, polluted en-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vironment is not natural for man, or good for him, even if people get used to it; quiet, sunshine, fresh air, open space, and greenery are among the elementary natural goods. When René Dubos, speaking as a biologist, calls for a "new social ethic" based on the idea of living in harmony with nature instead of forever exploiting and "conquering" it, we might be reminded that this is a very old idea, common not only in folk cultures but in ancient Greece, Confucian China, Buddhist Japan, and much Western literature. In a historical view it is the technological drive to exploit and conquer, at any cost to the natural environment, that is strictly unnatural, as now its menace to human survival also suggests. So too is the American rage for endless acquisition and consumption to satisfy "needs" created by admen, often at the plain expense of mental health. The more adventurous young people are themselves seeking more "natural" ways of living.

There remain the higher needs of the life of the mind, developed during the history of civilization, which are the special concern of the humanities. Embracing aesthetic, ethical, intellectual, broadly spiritual values, they lead us to the issues of the good life. Needless to say, we shall never agree on this. It would be most unfortunate if democratic educators ever did approach agreement, inasmuch as their task is to assist their students in deciding for themselves what the good life for them is. Then the young people might settle for the life of the superindustrial future as pictured by Toffler. But first I would like to widen their range of choices in possible futures, for both themselves and their society, and to develop their powers of judgment, by making them think hard about the perennial questions, how to live and what to live for—the right questions even though, or again just because, they cannot be given conclusive answers by scientific or any other methods.

Any such effort would call for some introduction to the wealth of possible answers suggested by the diverse cultures of the past, in both East and West, embodied in the great works of art and thought that the human race has hung onto. I doubt that most thoughtful, independent students would welcome Toffler's vision of a superindustrial technology that will manufacture experience instead of mere commodities, since so many are bent on having

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their own experience, doing their own thing; but for this reason, too, they need to be acquainted with the kind of experience provided by Shakespeare, Rembrandt and Beethoven, and by such rebels against the modern world as Dostoevski, Nietzsche and D. H. Lawrence. In their common quest of significance, ways of ordering life and giving it meaning, they need as well more time sense than is provided by an instant culture that prizes immediacy. With all this they might get too some tragic sense of life, a deeper sense of the abiding realities of the human condition—a spirit lacking in Toffler and in most other futurists, who may, therefore, often seem superficial.

Again space does not permit a survey of the many ways in which the liberal arts may promote a full development of capacities for growth, self-realization and self-determination. (I am assuming that most young people are still not ready to let B. F. Skinner determine the kind of self everybody should have.) Here I would stress in particular the importance of aesthetic education, commonly neglected in both contemporary practice and futuristic theory. In a society whose business is business, it is more necessary than ever before to develop sensitivity of perception, refine powers of choice, and enrich ideas of desirable futures. It could make more meaningful and effective the standard complaints about the quality of American life. Now that President Nixon has added this cliché to his stock, it is fair to remark that he is only typical of our society in that on his record he has a pretty vague or vulgar notion of the standards of excellence the phrase implies, including aesthetic standards, and has displayed little awareness of the deterioration in quality during the phenomenal economic growth of the nation. For young people the aesthetic judgment is more pertinent because it accordingly enters as well into judgment of the life-styles they are experimenting with.

Now, all such old-fashioned talk may seem still more academic and ineffectual because of the facts of professional life in the so-called humanities. I have myself dwelt wearily on the too many thousands of Ph.D. dissertations and learned articles in the professional journals, the great bulk of them written by specialists only for other specialists, with little relevance to basic issues

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of value judgments, still less to education for the future. For different reasons contemporary art may make talk about permanent values seem as irrelevant. Here transience is the order of the day in the form of the fashions that keep sweeping over the arts, often with the announcement that old styles or art forms are dead. In this welter of novelty there is indeed much imaginative work of merit, perhaps of promise for the future, but most conspicuous is the element of mere fashion, the latest "ism," the rage for novelty. Mostly short-lived, the fashions support Toffler's belief that the values of the future will be more ephemeral than the values of the past.

I suppose he may be right, especially because all the signs are that the pace of change will continue to accelerate. As he writes briskly that "permanence is dead," so the historian J. H. Plumb writes soberly that "the past is dead." But if so, I should still say so much the worse for the future. Meanwhile, at any rate, permanence is not actually dead, nor is the past. We still have plenty of earnest students who are not so wedded to transience and novelty as Toffler's people of the future. The actual problem for educators aware of the challenges posed by the pace of change is much more difficult than fighting a rear-guard battle in a steady retreat. It is to create a more selective, usable past, by instilling more reverence for its great works of art and thought that can still speak meaningfully to us, but also by recognizing its too common tyranny, in both the world of thought and the political world; and by instilling an appreciation of both the enduring values it created and the values of change and growth, recognizing the inveterate unreasoned tendency of most people to resist change, but now also the too common tendency to accept it as unthinkingly. In short, a perpetual balancing act, in which educators can never be sure that their timing and emphasis are right.

They face a related problem of balance in the judgment of science and technology, in particular because of the animus of many literary intellectuals against them. It is obviously futile to treat them as simply a curse, inasmuch as we now could not possibly live without them. Quite apart from all the material

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

benefits flowing from them, they too have inspired great imaginative works, while contributing the indispensable scientific spirit to the values developed by our civilization. Today humanists have no more effective allies than the many life scientists who are deeply concerned over the problems of not only human survival but survival in a decent environment, fit for fully human beings to live in. At the same time, humanists have to contend against the popular faith that science can give us all the answers. Although they may find allies too among behavioral scientists who know better, they have to keep pointing out that too many others have an excessive faith in the latest techniques, or in a methodology that, far from answering the fundamental questions, tends to obscure them or rule them out. Toffler, an ardent pupil of the behavioral sciences, is typical when he calls for a "science of futurism," the establishment of more "scientific futurist institutes," scientific "measures" of the quality of life, social experiments with "the most rigorous, scientific analysis of the results," and so forth. He is too sophisticated to believe that all this could give us positive answers, but the magic word remains "scientific"; so it is necessary to emphasize that he is using it in a not at all rigorous sense.

Finally, however, I would emphasize chiefly that any serious concern for the future demands first of all thoroughgoing criticism of the present state of America, to which both scientists and humanists have been contributing. The root of our troubles is the American way of life, with business as usual, politics as usual, consumerism more than usual. I think that education for life in that year 2000 might do no better than turn out more Ralph Naders.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sunday

JOHN UPDIKE

This day that would tell us what we are
    if we could bear to listen
this day that is all gray sea
  with no bell buoys to ring the changes
    or turn us toward an appointed shore

into our boredom breaks
  (a wedding: flecks of rice) flecks
    on windowpanes where
  a branchlet taps (a witch's claw)
    rust red in rain now
    O lovely failing of the light
that opens our pupils as sunlight never does
    admitting blank joy

pale sun brown lawn blurred hills dull sky
  this is the necessary palette
    bare bones of our time here
    where all days are Sundays
  costumed vulgarly as work days

✪ JOHN UPDIKE's most recent book is a novel, *Rabbit Redux*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Mad Shoemaker

JOHN BATKI

I am Belial the sad shoemaker.
Come into my shop.
This way, this way.
This way lies madness. Hello, hello.

Get with it. You know where it's at,
or at least you ought to. Now, now,
now you're making it, can't you tell?
. . . Oh come into my little shop,
this way, this way.
It's winter, you know. You
need good shoes, no matter
how much you travel by air.
The snow will fall tonight.
A cold juice might seep into your shoes.
And even if you have someone . . .
is she much comfort, now?

She waits for you, on this
evening that reaches into winter,
with a warm supper ready for you.
She takes your coat, your shoes,
she makes you comfortable.
But remember the mad shoemaker,
he predicts loneliness,
he predicts snow.

✪ JOHN BATKI, who won the American Academy of Poets Award, University of Iowa, 1971, also won first prize in the 1972 O. Henry Awards for short stories. His poetry and translations from Hungarian and Polish have been published in several periodicals, including *Poetry*, *Esquire* and *New Directions Annual 1972*, and his fiction has appeared in the *New Yorker*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Household

PHILIP BOOTH

This sad house.
Two girls gone.
The third girl

left, fifteen.
Three years to
go. Late from

staying after
school, she eats
alone with both

the same old
parents. Same
old meal: they

drink, she eats;
they eat, she
clears her plate.

Lead questions.
Moral mouth-
fuls. Between

them she grows
old, she tells
the same old

lies. Her sisters
have abandoned
her; she's wiser

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

than an only
child. She chokes
on what they

all three know,
meal after
meal: the house

is sad, it
cannot
hold.

✪ A New Englander, as he puts it, "by birth and inclination," PHILIP BOOTH currently teaches in the Master's Degree Program in Creative Writing at Syracuse University. *Margins,* a book of his new and selected poems, was published recently; he writes that, even more recently, he has become the amazed grandfather of a first grandson.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drug Abuse: Nemesis of Psychiatry

LEON WURMSER

Non ridere, non lugere,
neque detestari, sed intelligere.
—Spinoza

I FIND that the more I work with drug abusers, their families, their friends, and the many self-styled experts, and the more observations I make, the less simple become the answers, the less certain my knowledge, the more modest the solutions, and the more pessimistic my outlook. Indeed, I begin to feel much like the Biblical father who would give his son a stone instead of bread. And I am reminded, too, of Freud's word that the one who shakes the world in its sleep can count on little gratitude.

First I should like to shatter some frequently proclaimed myths, present what we know, and offer some thoughts about where we might look in our search for more clarity. I am going to set down my thoughts in nine terse groups of points and counterpoints.

Myth One can be stated thus: "Drugs are a main problem of our times. If we could get rid of some of the drugs—perhaps by plugging the sources or by shooting the pushers—the problem would be largely solved."

Some people take issue with this claim and insist that the drug abuse problem resides in people, not in the drugs. Not usually considered, though, is the clear and quite radical distinction between *experimenters* and *compulsive users*. The first group rarely presents problems—with the possible exceptions of "bad trips" or accidental overdoses—but this group represents the vast majority of drug users. All the energy—medical, social,

✪ LEON WURMSER, associate professor at the Institute of Psychiatry and Human Behavior of the University of Maryland, is clinical director of the drug abuse program at University Hospital, Baltimore.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

legal, and otherwise—devoted to, I dare say wasted on, the casual user is drawn away from the real problem that needs infinitely more attention: the compulsive drug user. In him drug use is solely the tip of the iceberg, the indicator of all the deeper troubles he is beset with. Relatively few casual or experimental users proceed to compulsive use—and these are people who carry the specific predisposition, the iceberg in our metaphor. We have to spot early and treat that latter much smaller category. If we equate the two—and both popular prejudice and our legal system do just this—it is as if we treated any and every elevation of temperature in everybody with broad spectrum antibiotics and isolation.

This view is supported by the observations that severe emotional pathology and its symptoms always antedate, accompany and follow the compulsive use of drugs, and that the drying out of one type of drug supply immediately leads to the massive switching to other equally or more dangerous drugs, for example, from narcotics to barbiturates, or from cannabis to LSD or heroin. In programs of compulsory abstinence of heroin addicts, we typically see the emergence of alcoholism, depression, and outward violence —symptoms that had been more or less successfully coped with, submerged, as it were, with the help of the drug.

In short, we may see concentric rings of etiology around the dependence on drugs: the innermost circle is the individual's own deeper problems, the next circle is the family, the third the peer group, the fourth the society at large, the fifth the culture and its values, and the sixth and farthest out the philosophical problem of human existence. I will discuss this etiology more specifically later on. The real question remains: how can we most effectively help the still huge masses of truly compulsive drug abusers?

Myth Two, proffered by many youngsters, is: "Drug use is primarily a problem of society. If the ills of society were cured, there would not be any problems of addiction." Some are more specific and identify the Vietnam war and the reaction to it, the depersonalization caused by technological society, the hypocrisy of the Establishment, and racism as *the* factors responsible for the tide of drug abuse. There is indeed much truth here—yet only partial truth. Even in countries and continents without these problems,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

we encounter the same or other forms of massive drug abuse. Many of the drug abuse problems we have witnessed in the United States have cropped up with similar intensity in the last two to three years in such sedate countries as Switzerland and Sweden—not to speak of Western Germany and France. Again, I am convinced that whatever impact society has works through the small groups in school and friendship, and through the family, to be transformed by the individual's own stability or lability; for example, our Western society creates so much instability in family life, that this shakes the foundations of the personality's development.

Again, more specifically, we encounter in our days a neo-romantic movement, rebelling against materialism and authority, against rationalism and science, against injustice and inequality. Yet there is little new about that. Much of history has shown such a dialectic between these trends of romanticism and enlightenment, between mysticism and rationalism. We find it in ancient Greece between the mysteries of Eleusis, the Bacchic rites as reflected, for example, in the Euripidean tragedy, *The Bacchae,* and the high rationalism of Socrates and Aristotle. A supreme synthesis of both was reached by men so different as Plato and the three tragedians Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides. In Rome, the romanticism of mystical cults of all varieties was opposed by rationalists like Cicero, the Stoics Seneca and Marcus Aurelius, and the Epicurean Lucretius. Or contrast the Renaissance spirit of clarity and lucidity in minds like those of Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo, even Petrarch, with the sublime romanticism of a Giordano Bruno or the less sublime kind in Paracelsus and Cellini. Even during the century of the Enlightenment itself, the eighteenth, we find a strong current of the romantic view of world and life—in Rousseau, even in the early periods of Kant, Goethe and Schiller—while the nineteenth century, the culmination of romanticism, was also a period reflecting the highest scientific, technological and philosophical rationalism. Our own century is not different. It is true that at the moment we are witnessing a wider discrepancy between the two extremes, but I believe just transiently. The real question is: How do we achieve a synthesis of these two trends in our culture?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Myth Three is related to the former: "The use of psychedelics enhances creativity or mystical insight, or is a help in psychotherapy." This is part of the overvaluation of unreflective experience, of submersion in feelings and of unrestrained pleasure or aggression in any romantic movement. Creativity and lack of rational control have in reality very little in common. It takes little cultural or clinical acumen to see that neither "pot" nor "acid" has liberated any bound soul or given birth to any genius. On the contrary. Only if we equate the blind effusion of dreams and preconscious flights of ideas with creation or psychotherapy, and if we call unstructured chaos art—yes, then we may come to such a conclusion. I consider this equation a faddish form of science fiction.

Myth Four brings us back to far more mundane and familiar regions: "Drug abuse is any use of a drug not prescribed by a physician." One may of course define drug abuse that way if one desires to do so. Yet I think such a definition is neither practical nor logical. Much unwarranted and harmful drug use involves tranquilizers, amphetamines, sedatives and even narcotics prescribed by doctors. These medications may be used to quiet a complaining patient or to cover up serious emotional problems in a patient and in a family. As a matter of fact, physicians who prescribe potent drugs for nagging shrews and racing executives provide their children with the alibi they seek for their own type of drug use. The really difficult question for all of us is, where to draw the line.

Another rebuke to this myth is that much drug abuse occurs with potent mind-altering substances that are not considered drugs at all—for example, the acutely interfering or chronically damaging use of alcohol, of nicotine, of analgesics. I consider that not different from other types of drug abuse—except that our laws do not reflect our clinical knowledge and rational judgment. Here the real question is: Where can we draw the line between the safe and recreational use of a drug, or the medically necessary use, and the use of legal or illegal mind-altering substances to the point where interference outweighs benefit?

Myth Five states: "Narcotics are more dangerous than the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

other drugs." This myth is most widely believed and most deeply ingrained. Again, there is partial truth to it. Narcotics, whether opiates or synthetic narcotics like methadone, are more likely to lead to physical dependence than any other class of drugs. But that is the only property that makes them more dangerous than, let us say, barbiturates or alcohol. All the other devastations caused by narcotics are mainly due to their illegal status. Well-supervised medical addiction to a narcotic, whether morphine or methadone, is fully compatible with enduring physical health, full emotional and mental competence and ability, and a long life, something we indeed cannot say about the addiction to barbiturates or alcohol. Acute intoxication, overdose with narcotics, is so dangerous and frequent mainly because of the unknown dosage in illegal drugs. And psychologically, psychedelics (even cannabis in its stronger forms) or amphetamines are far more disruptive, far more dangerous to life and society than the narcotics. Again the question is: How should our laws reflect this knowledge?

Myth Six: "The only acceptable goal of treatment of drug abusers, in particular narcotics addicts, is cure, meaning abstinence. Methadone is just another addiction." It would be wonderful indeed if we could attain this puristic goal. It would also be nice if we could wean all our schizophrenics from phenothiazines, all our neurotics from psychotherapy, and all our cardiac patients from digitalis drugs. Clinical reality dictates to us to allow a patient, through a combination of methods, to live as comfortable, as rich and fulfilled, as socially useful and law-abiding a life as possible. Patients may need psychotherapy alone, or combined with active counseling, or with tranquilizers; a few will need a sheltered environment in the form of a therapeutic community. For others, who are not able to profit from psychotherapy, the combination of well-supervised addiction to a narcotic—most practically to methadone—with social and vocational counseling is the method of choice. Many questions remain unsolved: What do we do with the failures in such a combination program? What with the adolescent narcotics addict? How do we expand the needed psychotherapeutic services?

Myth Seven: "Marihuana leads to other drugs." I can be brief

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

because this shopworn antique has been rebutted many times. We found only eighteen percent of our heroin addicts had used cannabis as their first illegal drug. In turn, about twenty percent of intensive cannabis users proceed to the use of other drugs, not because of marihuana, but because of the underlying problems that had prompted them to become heavy users of marihuana in the first place.

Myth Eight: "Drug abuse education is the best prevention." There is not the slightest factual evidence for this, and some clinical experience against it. I do not want to be misunderstood. I am very much for education in drug abuse, because knowledge of any kind allows a deeper and clearer understanding and, I deeply believe, is a value in its own right; but I think we underestimate the effect of irrational factors in drug abuse if we ascribe to this education any preventive value.

I presume that the course of true prevention will have to be pursued on the one side by spotting early those disturbed families and children that are the breeding grounds of drug abuse. But I gain more and more the impression that on the other side education at home, in elementary and secondary school, and through TV and radio, can indeed have a preventive effect if it is enriched and broadened. I do not refer now to education about drugs. I think the near-exclusive emphasis on technology, science, and physical education is one-sided and should be complemented by emphasis on the humanities in a deep and inspiring sense from elementary school on. Perhaps an even more important problem is the pervasive boredom of high school and college students. I seriously wonder whether the setting up of higher education, particularly college training, as a precondition for most jobs, has rendered us much service. Yet the question is whether and how this pressure on badly motivated youngsters could be vastly reduced without undermining the rational functioning of a highly technological society.

Myth Nine, and the last: "Criminal justice is the main answer." Not only has our legal system, employed now predominantly for nearly sixty years vis-à-vis drug abuse, massively failed; it is indeed in many regards counterproductive. The record includes death

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and injury caused by illegal drugs, pervasive corruption, the enormous overloading of police courts and jails, and the fantastic burden on the economy in the form of property crimes (we calculated an annual cost of one hundred to five hundred million dollars for Baltimore City alone of narcotics-related property crimes). But, at the same time, we know that some form of control, of regulation, and in some regards even control through criminal justice must be maintained. I suggest, however, a shifting of emphasis away from penal controls toward a combined system of medical controls, tax regulations and civil commitment and, only peripherally, of criminal justice.

On a deeper level we may raise also a crucial question of legal philosophy: Should laws create "crimes without victims," which are by definition unenforceable, or should they completely restrict themselves to postulate as crime only what interferes with the rights and safety, the integrity and health of others?

I know that I have been unduly brief on all nine points, and have probably stirred more doubts and questions than I have answered; I am also aware that in much of what I say I may resemble Ibsen's "enemy of the people," a somewhat paranoid physician swimming against the stream of public opinion. But all in all I agree with Euripides' statement: "Man's most valuable trait is a judicious sense of what not to believe."

Examining now the psychological aspects of drug abuse more in detail, we must distinguish clearly between the *experimenter* and the *compulsive* drug abuser, and we have seen that in every regard it is the latter who has to be our main concern. I have left out the so-called *recreational* user of drugs like alcohol or marihuana. For many recreational users the goal is not intoxication, but relaxation, that is, when the amount of the active substance is so small that no interference with motor or mental functioning is noticeable. In many more so-called recreational users the goal is indeed intoxication, *"Rausch."* They usually claim that their transient abdication of rational controls is an entirely free, noncompulsive activity. I have not reached any final conclusion about this group, but on the basis of my clinical experience I would

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

associate the first type of recreational users, the "relaxers," entirely with the experimenters, and the second type, those striving to get stoned, entirely with the compulsive users.

A second point I brought up earlier is that of the six concentric circles of the etiology of drug abuse: inner problems, family, peer group, society, culture, philosophy. No sharp demarcation exists from circle to circle. If we focus now entirely on compulsive drug abuse, our heroin addicts or "junkies," our "acid and pot heads," our "speed freaks," our barbiturate users and alcoholics, and that vast contingent of "multihabituated adolescents" who have not yet specialized in one drug, but promiscuously gulp, snort or shoot whatever they can lay their hands on, we have to narrow our scope too, and focus on the two innermost circles. True, as I said, we always find a vast array of fascinating philosophical, cultural, societal and small group conflicts contributing, but they fade away in importance if we really want to treat our patients. Efforts toward their resolution are more important for long-range prevention than for treatment—somewhat in the way that public health measures of sanitation in slums and swamps help to prevent tuberculosis, plague, cholera and malaria, but do not cure the ill.

The innermost circle consists of the inner problems of the individual antedating his drug abuse.

The first fact that we have to face is the problem of inner compulsion that cannot be broken by external force or persuasion. Drug abuse, except in experimenters, has this quality of an irresistible urge. Any emotional compulsiveness of this nature is *eo ipso* pathological because the central criterion of emotional health or sickness is precisely this aspect of compulsiveness; the more an action or a feeling, an attitude or a thought shows this aspect of rigid, stereotyped, irresistible and insatiable compulsion, the more we have to view it as psychologically sick. The hallmark is the feeling, "I cannot help but . . .," regardless of the consequences. Let me make that very clear: it is not social usefulness or acceptability that marks a piece of behavior as *healthy* but the sense of freedom, of inner choice, the absence of inner drivenness and urgency.

This point has several implications. One is that the really

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

difficult problem in treating drug abusers is by no means the physical dependency, but the emotional need to use a drug, any drug, to find relief. I have not seen as yet any drug abuser in the real sense who was not a deeply disturbed person. If we get a feel for their life histories and the histories of their families, we are not fooled into believing that it is the drug that caused the emotional disturbance. Only secondarily we encounter the devastations caused by the drugs themselves. This, by the way, also explains why the pusher is of little importance; he is usually only the profiteer, not the causative agent.

Two very related analogies may make this first point clearer: the food addict and the smoker. We all have seen persons who continue stuffing themselves although they have already reached grotesque deformity and have been warned of the life-threatening implications of their obesity. They still continue. And we have seen compulsive smokers who continue although they may already have had a coronary; the threat of death is not enough to counteract the compelling force of smoking, just as the threat of a jail sentence does not deter the compulsive drug abuser.

But what is this compulsiveness all about?

If we look behind the symptom we detect three layers: most superficially, the symptom appears embedded in an overall *lifestyle*—in our patients mostly a broad unwillingness to accept limitations, commitments or responsibilities, a goalless drifting, a "wasteland" quality to their lives, an inability to make use not only of their leisure time, but often of their work, too.

If we probe deeper, on the second level we find *prevailing feelings* that appear to recur, at least in all cases with whom I have worked intensively: rage, boredom and a vague tension. Sometimes we hear about other intense feelings: emptiness and depression, guilt and shame—but time and again it is rage and boredom.

On the third and deepest level we find the origin: the inner, usually *unconscious conflicts*. One such conflict is typical: a profound, devouring form of demandingness, a wish for omnipotence and greatness on the one side, an equally abysmal sense of powerlessness and helplessness on the other. A particular aspect of this is the fact that ideals and values, and with them the crucial guiding

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

part of our conscience, are replaced by dreamy fantasies. This barrenness of ideals and life-determining values is so striking that it often appears as the leading part of pathology.

The drug now enters magically on the second level: it relieves the feelings of rage, boredom and anxiety in one fell swoop. No wonder it is looked at with such yearning—and the need for it called such an overwhelming craving. Of course, any such relief leads away from the resolution of the underlying problem. The crucial point is that this underlying problem has been pushed out of awareness because it is very painful. I mean this relief therefore in a much deeper sense than as merely a cop-out.

For example, if a patient of mine relived the total union with a warm and giving mother when he took heroin, he did not face up to the fact that a grown man has to renounce these wishes for total union. The heroin high allowed him to perpetuate his repressed claim that he was entitled to this fusion with another person. In addition, it helped him to soothe his murderous rage against his mother, who was in reality very overbearing and aggressive, and his most irrational stepfather. Once detoxified from methadone, his rage again became unmanageable, and he returned first to barbiturates, then to narcotics.

Another patient, who was in both intensive psychotherapy and the methadone program, kept using cocaine. It gave him a triumphant sense of mastery and omnipotence, of invincibility and superiority, and time and again magically confirmed his conviction that reality had to bend before his lies and demands. As long as he took cocaine, he was not willing to admit to himself that he had limitations, that his claims for power ruined his life, and that his lying created for him a hell of distrust, utter loneliness, and icy isolation, that in reality he had nobody he could trust. While hospitalized and weaned from narcotics as well as other drugs, he was able to face up to his intensive narcissistic demands, his craving for admiration, his wish to overcome all the limitations of reality. But it took him only a few months outside the hospital —a few months of all the frustrations of daily life and unskilled labor, of a psychotic and utterly dishonest mother and a ruthless, faraway father who refused to pay for hospital or psychotherapy—

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and he dropped out of therapy and started using drugs once again.

A third patient, a girl, now twenty-three, a college dropout, multihabituated since age fourteen, including illegal addiction to methadone, cough syrup and Doriden, has been in intensive psychotherapy for two and one-half years, and has had no illegal drugs for about one year. But, in order to stand the ordinary frustrations of life, she uses Valium and meprobamate as prescribed by me. Again the main problem: all-pervasive rage—actually since early childhood. Much of her sadistic inclination has been dealt with, again since early life, with a vast array of obsessive-compulsive symptoms, phobias, depression and insomnia. I cannot claim that we succeeded fully in tackling her magical expectations and her pervasive greed and demandingness, as much as we have talked about them. Still, through a gradual change in her whole life, through much working on these demands, they have become somewhat more manageable; her life has become less suicidal, and she can gain distance from her fury in a shorter time. Cured? Not by a long shot. But she works, often very industriously, has a stable friendship with a young reliable man, and all in all is perhaps a little more happy.

In a fourth case, a female lawyer had been using amphetamines for four years and with their help had bought brilliant public successes at the price of a chaotic inner and outer life, of abrupt mood swings, hallucinations and utter loneliness. During one year of abstinence from amphetamines, she went through several periods of suicidal depression, raging against herself for not being a fairy queen, living in a magic world without limitations. This woman, now over thirty, has never accepted the profound disillusionment about her father's disappearance when she was five, her mother's guilt-ridden spoiling and overprotection, and her stepfather's selfish tyranny. Nor had she ever learned before therapy to control her own envy and jealousy, her sadistic outbursts and her temper tantrums, which were so prominent all through her life.

Still another patient, in dress and appearance one of the Bohemians who conformed to a style of nonconformity, was not able to look honestly at his enormous self-restriction, his inner im-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

poverishment and extreme loneliness as long as he created the illusion of feeling "positive vibrations" with strangers while he used LSD or marihuana. It was not so important that he took psychedelics, but that he had chosen a life-style in which the only truth lay in the inner subjective experience and where outer reality was distorted into an inferno of shame and a paradise of grandiosity. His self-intoxication deepened his compulsive turning inward to a world of archaic extremes and his turning away from his conflicts with a frustrating, limiting outer reality. Now he has given up drugs as well as psychotherapy and turned to yoga instead, which, he feels, helps him more than psychotherapy could.

If we try to summarize the effects the drug use has on this compulsiveness underlying it, we see that the giving in to the compulsion leads to a vicious circle: the more the compulsion is gratified, the stronger it becomes.

I consider this self-confirming effect of drug use as even more important than the factors of physical harm or addiction or the acute psychedelic disintegration.

What then can we do?

We may enter on the level of the symptom and try to suppress it with legal measures, with law enforcement. We have tried that for fifty-seven years now—the result has been a smashing failure. Or we may enter on the level of life-style: through counseling and vocational rehabilitation we can give the overall drifting some direction, remove some obstacles. At times we are successful—but I think more through our effect as persons than through the counsel we give. Or we may try to influence the pervasive feelings, mainly with the help of medication. It appears to me—and I have not as yet encountered anyone else who has expressed this idea—that in at least a good portion of narcotics addicts, methadone has its main effect on this level. It calms and quiets the gnawing feelings of anger, boredom and anxiety.

Lastly, we may try to alter the inner conflicts themselves through insight, not in intellectual chat, but toward the gradual conscious renunciations of these insistent demands, the acceptance that our life and power is limited. But to go this way in psychotherapy is very hard, particularly for drug abusers who have

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

never learned to rid their lives of these archaic demands, rages and fears. Only our caring patience and our understanding, our consistency and firmness, as therapists or helpers, can change such a life-style, can lead a patient away from a life devoted to these compulsive urges.

But where do these feelings and conflicts come from?

Again, I have never yet seen a compulsive drug user who did not come from a family with massive problems, although it is difficult to summarize these. We very often see broken families, but this situation in and by itself is less of a problem than the overall family atmosphere, the life-style in which the child grew up.

One very frequent constellation is the vacillation between seduction and vindictiveness. On the one side, there are virtually no limits to the living out of material gratification, in the forms of food, drink and sex. Even in many slum families we can see this type of spoiling, a permissive granting of wishes, a curious lack of discipline. On the other side, the parents engage in wild temper tantrums, including physical violence, to enforce a particular limit. They like to justify their outbursts of rage as "discipline," but we clearly see that they are quite the opposite. This type of family behavior swings between spoiling and temper tantrums.

In other families, the conflict is between an intrusive form of pseudolove and overprotective "care" and a complete disregard for the individuality of the child and his real emotional needs.

In still others the parent's self-centered preoccupation with success and prestige is matched by the child's self-centered retreat into a drug-induced dream world.

Very often the parents are themselves deeply involved in using prescribed or not prescribed drugs or alcohol to sustain their own versions of what Ibsen called the "life-lie." Perhaps we might come closest to the clinical truth if we say that by and large the symptom of drug-taking on the child's side is a derivative of the whole family's attitude of inconsistency, self-centeredness, and very often of inner dishonesty. The deceptiveness and wiliness of many drug abusers is a reflection of their parents' deviousness, power-hungry manipulations and mutual undercutting, or it is a frantic escape from disillusionment and anger about the unavailability of their

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

parents as persons during the numerous crises of growing up.

Not infrequently the kinship of symptoms goes as far as I encountered in the case of a nineteen-year-old boy. Whenever the father comes home he has to drink some liquor "in order to relax" —at the advice of his physician. Whenever the mother feels low and tired and has to face a task like washing the walls, she takes her biphetamine, as prescribed by her physician. Everybody eats at his own suppertime, the youngest boy at four, the mother at eight, the other two in between—all without external necessity. Yet both parents engage in screaming tantrums about the persistent fact that their boy has become a "junkie" and continued using drugs while on our methadone program; they refuse to go through with family therapy—in my opinion the only hope, besides hospitalization—and have the grandfather pay for the treatment for the boy.

In short there are no easy solutions to the problems of drug abusers. Their disorders are complicated, not easily handled or prevented; they are intermeshed with broader issues of family pathology and large-scale problems of society and culture.

This brings us to the perhaps startling conclusion that the epidemic of drug abuse is the *nemesis of psychiatry*. I mean this in a double sense. For one, our society's vast neglect of the importance of emotionally noxious experiences, the undervaluation of psychotherapy and psychoanalysis, except in their most superficial vulgarizations and misinterpretations, comes now to haunt us. We have a psychiatric mass problem under our eyes and in our own families, which we could have at least reduced, if not prevented, if we had been more keen, far more keen, about the insights given to us already by seventy-five years of experience in psychotherapy and psychoanalysis.

On the other hand, drug abuse is the nemesis to haunt psychiatry itself. The enormousness of emotional problems dwarfs our skills more than our knowledge; we understand far more than we can actually influence—a situation comparable to the problem of infectious diseases before the advent of antibiotics.

I feel that both society in general and our profession in particular face now the task that somatic medicine faced up to eighty

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

years ago. A tremendous expansion in breadth and depth, in energy and manpower, is needed—not solely for dealing with drug abuse, but also with the powers unmasked and unleashed by this symptom. We need, I mean, a vast recruitment of physicians and nonphysicians, like teachers, social workers, and nurses, for psychotherapeutic tasks, a deepening of our training, a development of new methods of treatment through research, an application of our knowledge, gained in psychotherapy, to the culture at large, especially to education and television. Just as we have come to recognize that the pollution of air and water is a self-suffocating factor of our culture, so we have to learn how our culture and society interferes with and destroys family, integrity, honesty, beauty, maturity and self-discipline far more potently than earlier cultures. How we can counter this by no means novel emotional "pollution"—which is also so much more devastating in our crowded society than in the small communities with similar problems—we do not know. I recall, though, the old Greek proverb: "The beginning is half of the whole."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For You

CALVIN FORBES

Going to bed I bump into the dark
I stumble to the west and to the east.
Sugar the train is gone
And I fall on the beach of sister night.

Come away from the streets where you
Claw your childhood out of the
Sidewalk and come see
About me, about the way I used to be . . .

Last night I knew I wasn't about to be
Delivered so I went to church
And I went to court and so
Once more I rode you past the final stop.

You better go back to the ghetto, back
To where you belong; no more honey
In your tea; you better
Take two lumps of sugar and be glad you're

My only one: and so be kind to me before
It rises again, before I'm dripping
And running wild through
The layers of secrets trying to drown you.

Going to bed I bump into the dark.
My feeling is an extended sentiment; it's
A line I walk back to you.
You pull me up toward your soft shadow.

✪ CALVIN FORBES is a young poet who teaches Black Studies at Emerson College. He writes that he has completed a book of poems, *Blue Monday,* and is looking for a publisher.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Suffrage Prisoners

JANICE LAW TRECKER

ONE DAY IN EARLY NOVEMBER, 1917, the administration of the District Jail in Washington, D.C., authorized the removal of a singularly troublesome prisoner to the jail's psychopathic section. Ostensibly, the prisoner was transferred because the psychopathic ward had better facilities for forcible feeding. The special preparations for her confinement, however, suggest that more was at stake than good medical procedure.

The heavy door that usually closed off the cell was removed and replaced by an open grating through which the curious inhabitants of the psychopathic section could observe their new member. The high windows of the cell were boarded up so that the room had neither light nor fresh air. The young prisoner, who was fed through a tube thrust down into her stomach three times a day, was awakened every hour on the hour by a flashlight-wielding nurse charged with keeping her under observation. Alice Paul, the prisoner, was serving a seven-month sentence for a traffic violation.

Miss Paul, then thirty-two, was no stranger either to prisons or to hunger strikes. A pretty, delicate-looking woman with intense blue eyes, pale skin and auburn hair, she had been imprisoned in Britain for militant suffrage activity before the outbreak of the First World War and had returned, weak and emaciated, to the United States in 1910, following a hunger strike in London's grim Holloway Jail.

Technically, Miss Paul and her numerous companions in the District Jail and the Occoquan Workhouse in Virginia had been arrested on such charges as "obstructing traffic," "causing an unlawful assembly" and "violating an ordinance." Actually, they

✪ JANICE LAW TRECKER is a free-lance writer who, for the past several years, has concentrated on the history and education of women. Her articles have appeared in *Social Education* and in the *Saturday Review*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had been arrested, tried and jailed for terms of up to seven months for advocating woman suffrage. Members of the Woman's Party, they had embarrassed President Wilson and Congress by picketing the White House and, occasionally, the Capitol from early January, 1917. While picketing was legal in the District under the Clayton Act and had been tolerated for almost six months, the police began a series of arrests in late June. Almost without exception, the women refused to pay the modest fines imposed and were sent to the District Jail or the workhouse.

After the first series of prison terms, when the sentences were lengthened from a few days to three months, then to six, the suffrage prisoners began to demand such privileges as rights to counsel, writing materials, exercise and newspapers, and to protest the inedible food and the barbarous conditions of the penal institutions. A petition drawn up at Occoquan was refused, and all signers were speedily transferred to the District Jail where they were denied some privileges ordinarily granted inmates. Finally, the first week in November, 1917, Miss Paul and her associates in the District Jail began a hunger strike.

Warden Louis Zinkham refused all demands, and Miss Paul was warned that she could be committed to St. Elizabeths Hospital if she and her friends persisted in refusing food. Miss Paul was examined by a number of alienists, one of whom, Dr. William A. White, later wrote that she was an "unusually gifted personality," yet only determined pressure from the prisoners' counsel and from the public prevented her continued confinement with psychopathic prisoners.

The bizarre treatment accorded Miss Paul and the other hunger strikers belied the contention of official Washington, including that of President Wilson, that the suffrage ladies were being properly punished for infractions of the laws of the District. Historian William L. O'Neill has pointed out that the Woman's Party pickets were among the first of the political offenders created by the conservative climate of World War I. The women were well aware of this fact. During their confinement, the suffragists presented a clear statement, not only of their beliefs, but of the necessity for recognizing that a democracy can, however regret-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fully, find itself faced with the task of dealing with political offenders.

The brutality the suffragists encountered, in both the District Jail and the even more sinister Occoquan Workhouse, was not simply the result of their feminist agitation. The prison officials, the District administration and, ultimately, the Wilson government attempted to crush them because they raised basic issues of civil liberties and personal freedom, issues that were considered dangerous in wartime and that were to be echoed by pacifists and nonconformists of every variety. In her book on the American women's movement, Eleanor Flexner noted that most previous discussions of wartime persecution have concentrated on prosecutions made under the Espionage Act and on the harrassment of the socialists. But ". . . the pickets were actually among the earliest victims of the abrogation of civil liberties in wartime. . . . [T]he truth was that the women were violating no law, perpetrating no crime. Their actions could legally be classed only as committing a nuisance."

The District administration found that it could do little to stop the picketing beyond drastically harsh treatment and attempts to discredit the sanity of the leaders. If their sex and status enabled the pickets to escape the worst horrors endured by later political offenders, the extended sentences meted out for "obstructing traffic" testify to the alarm of official Washington. To wise observers, the pickets should have served as bellwethers for the political repression that disfigured the postwar period.

Miss Paul and her colleague, Lucy Burns, were both aware of the potential risks in beginning "militancy." They had met during suffrage activity in London, while Miss Paul, a Pennsylvania Quaker, was studying at the London School of Economics and working as a social worker in the London slums. Miss Burns arrived in Britain in 1909 after study in Berlin and Bonn. Soon both were working with the Woman's Social and Political Union (W.S.P.U.), first as ushers, then as speakers, organizers and campaigners. They organized in much of Scotland and campaigned in slum districts in England; they heckled government candidates, including Winston Churchill, often secreting themselves for hours

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in meeting halls to avoid the police; they were arrested and jailed.

Despite their familiarity with British tactics, Misses Paul and Burns began their American suffrage work in a more conventional manner. The picketing began only after conventional lobbying, political action and mammoth suffrage parades and demonstrations had failed to move the federal suffrage amendment (the Susan B. Anthony Amendment) through Congress. The controversy surrounding the picketing and the subsequent revelations of District prison conditions and practices have tended to overshadow the other efforts of the militant suffragists. Their early work reawakened interest in the long-neglected federal amendment, and they have been credited with influencing the large but unwieldy National American Woman Suffrage Association (NAWSA) to abandon its concentration on a series of abortive state campaigns and to work for federal action on enfranchisement.

The two young women began their American suffrage careers safely within the confines of the respectable NAWSA. For over a decade, this venerable organization had been in a gradual decline. Anna Howard Shaw, a brilliant speaker and agitator but an inferior administrator, had unhappily presided over the dissipation of the NAWSA's energies in intraorganizational disputes and futile state campaigns. When on the recommendation of Jane Addams, pioneer social worker and founder of Hull House, Alice Paul arrived to work for the organization in Washington, the campaign for a federal suffrage amendment was at its lowest ebb. Mrs. William Kent, Miss Paul's predecessor in congressional work, had had a munificent ten-dollar budget and had failed to spend it. In her first year as head of the Congressional Committee, Miss Paul raised and spent some twenty-seven thousand dollars.

Her energetic committee soon attracted women like the young historian Mary Beard, Mrs. Lawrence Lewis, and later Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, who was to provide invaluable strategic, as well as financial, assistance. Under their spirited direction, the small committee succeeded in shaking up the entire suffrage establishment with meetings, deputations to the president, and, as the *pièce de résistance,* the enormous pre-inauguration day suffrage parade that brought over five thousand women to the Capital in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

March, 1913. President-elect Woodrow Wilson arrived at a nearly empty Union Station, but crowds thronged the parade route. Some of the spectators were rowdies and off-duty militia men hostile to suffrage. A *Baltimore American* reporter wrote:

> The women, trudging stoutly along under great difficulties, were able to complete their march only when troops of cavalry from Ft. Myers were rushed to Washington to take charge of Pennsylvania Avenue. No inauguration has ever produced such scenes, which in many instances amounted to nothing less than riots.

The incompetence shown by the District police caused a scandal resulting in the dismissal of the District chief. In a blaze of headlines, the suffrage movement had arrived in Washington.

The spectacular successes of the Congressional Union, the outgrowth of the original Congressional Committee, occasioned understandable strains within the moribund NAWSA. By early 1914, Paul, Burns and their supporters broke away from the older organization and began plans to secure the Susan B. Anthony Amendment, not through parades and pleading, but by direct political action. With the staunch support of Mrs. Belmont, Miss Paul presented Union members with an analysis of their political situation based on the strategy of the militant British suffragettes, the Woman's Social and Political Union. From her old mentor, the British leader Emmeline Pankhurst, she borrowed the policy of holding the party in power—in 1914, the Democrats—responsible for the fate of suffrage. In the subsequent fall campaign, the Union worked against Democratic candidates in the nine western states allowing woman suffrage, hoping to use the votes of the western women as a lever against recalcitrant politicians.

The Congressional Union, as later the Woman's Party, was to maintain this strategy until the end of the suffrage struggle. Although women voters disappointed them by failing to form a voting bloc, the suffragists' work against the Democrats did inject enfranchisement into the campaigns and provoked nervous congressmen to sharp questioning of the party and its policies during congressional hearings. There was one other result: the campaign against the Democrats not only alienated party politicians; it also made the split with the NAWSA final.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The differences between the suffrage organizations were in both style and substance. In 1915, the National took steps to prevent its collapse by the fortunate choice of Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt as its new president. The consummate politician of the suffrage movement, Mrs. Catt soon presented the executive board with her own analysis of the political future of suffrage, embodied in what came to be called her "winning plan." From then on, the NAWSA's method was to persuade President Wilson of the necessity for suffrage, while strengthening the base of political support for the federal amendment by securing full suffrage in a few key states and partial suffrage in as many states as possible. Mrs. Catt's plan was a complex and masterful design adaptable to the different political conditions in the South, East and Midwest, and permitting a variety of methods. It did not include any provision for partisan political campaigns like the Woman's Party assault on the Democrats, which Mrs. Catt saw as quixotic and counterproductive. The National's president was even more hostile to the idea of the picketing:

> The pickets' mistake is that they are trying to work in the first stage, agitation, which we passed through two generations ago. We stand on the threshold of victory, and the only effect of the pickets' action is to confuse the public mind.

When the Woman's Party members were imprisoned, few among the NAWSA membership protested.

While Mrs. Catt was a master at working within her political and social system, Miss Paul did not hesitate to depart from what was socially acceptable, although her tactics were not illegal. Her radicalism and her view of woman's place in society did, indeed, bear some resemblance to those of Anthony. Both emphasized the fact that women, as a disenfranchised class, were without control over the laws that regulated their conduct, and both were willing to defy laws and customs over which they had no control. Miss Paul was well aware that the public would be shocked by women employing her tactics of nonviolent confrontation. Given, however, the group of intelligent, highly motivated people she had chosen to work with, militancy held out a means of forcing the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

situation to a rapid climax. The Woman's Party, therefore, began a series of protests designed to force the government to face up to the contradictions within a male-only democracy. One of these protests, and one that embodied a curious mixture of theatricality and self-sacrifice, was the picketing of the president.

The morning of January 10, 1917, twelve pickets appeared at the gates of the White House. Nicely dressed women with handsome lettered banners and the suffrage tricolor appeared every day in shifts from January until the Woman's Party suspended the action almost a year later. There were amused cartoons in the press and generally courteous treatment from the White House staff. The pickets were well on their way to becoming something of a tourist attraction around the nation's capital when the District administration decided that "the embarrassment" to the president had gone on long enough. On June 22, the first pickets were arrested, but not held. Shortly thereafter, security was tightened around the White House, and subsequent pickets were charged with "obstructing traffic."

The picketing would be regarded today as one of the milder embarrassments a president might face, especially since the pickets stood or paced silently outside the gates. In 1917, with the war session of Congress well under way and with considerable antiwar sentiment among radicals and pacifists, the administration was irritated by such direct criticism. It is probable that Wilson, who held rather conservative and old-fashioned ideas about women, was personally offended. On the day of the first arrests, he wrote his daughter that the Woman's Party members "seem bent on making their cause as obnoxious as possible." The president was nonetheless far more astute than his District commissioners; he feared providing the pickets with any excuse for "martyrdom."

Arrests continued, however, despite uncertainty about the charges and photographic evidence that the small groups of pickets had stood against the White House fence, not in the line of traffic. There were some vague threats of prosecution under the recently passed Espionage Act, designed to prevent antidraft and antiwar protests, but since many of the arrested women carried banners with quotations from President Wilson's speeches, this was not

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an attractive expedient. As the pickets continued to turn out every day, the District police stopped releasing them, and by the end of June the first suffrage pickets had been sentenced on traffic violations. This group, including a number of socially prominent women, was pardoned by the president after three days in the workhouse. This pardon suggests that there was more to the matter than a simple sidewalk ordinance.

Wilson was not pleased with the way the situation was handled and held an indignant interview with Commissioner Louis Brownlow in July after a number of arrests had been made without his prior notification. He insisted that all further arrests be made with his knowledge, and thus should have been aware of later police action. As a lawyer, he must also have known that the legal grounds against the suffragists were nonexistent.

Wilson had probably hoped to wait out the pickets. When that failed, he considered moves to cut down on the amount of publicity they were receiving. In a memorandum to his secretary Joseph Tumulty, the president summarized the results of conferences with the editors of the major Washington papers regarding the "suffragettes." The editors were willing to reduce the amount of publicity given to the Woman's Party, although Arthur Brisbane of the Washington *Times* feared that a "conspiracy of silence" might lead to violence. Wilson concurred:

> There is a great deal in what Mr. Brisbane says about entire silence on the part of the newspapers possibly provoking the less sane of these women to violent action. My own suggestion would be that nothing that they do should be featured with headlines or put on the front page but that a bare, colorless chronicle of what they do should be all that was printed. That constitutes part of the news but it need not be made interesting reading.

This attempt to manage the news was doomed to failure. Less than a month later, suffrage pickets appeared with a series of "Kaiser Wilson" banners reflecting on the President's antidemocratic foot-dragging on suffrage. The pickets were repeatedly attacked by mobs of rowdies, uniformed soldiers and sailors, government clerks, and finally by the District police. Women's clothes were almost torn off in struggles to preserve the suffrage banners

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and tricolors; Cameron House, the party headquarters, was pelted with eggs. Alice Paul was dragged some thirty feet along the sidewalks in one scuffle, and Lucy Burns was almost pulled from the balcony of their headquarters in a tug of war over some suffrage regalia. Before police reserves were finally ordered to clear the mob and escort the pickets, a shot had been fired into Cameron House. The suffrage pickets were back on the front page.

Wilson soon had other reasons to be angry. The news of the participation of uniformed men and police officers in the riots was followed by an increasing number of complaints about the sordid conditions in the women's quarters of the District Jail and the Occoquan Workhouse and about efforts by prison officials to break the suffragists.

The released prisoners told about food crawling with worms, open pails of water used by sick and healthy prisoners, and bedding so foul that the matrons used rubber gloves in handling it. Occoquan Workhouse, despite its pleasant pastoral setting, was described as little more than a pesthouse where prisoners were kept on a starvation diet, worked from seven a.m. to five p.m., and denied access to counsel or to adequate medical treatment. Men and women were beaten, and the grounds were patrolled by bloodhounds, although the prisoners were in for misdemeanors, not serious crimes. The suffragists also reported that poor women, especially blacks, received long sentences for petty crimes and on release were often rearrested as vagrants.

Conditions in the workhouse were appalling, and the authorities appear to have hesitated to commit "ladies of standing." Poor as their treatment was, the first suffragists actually seem to have been given better than average care, including clean clothing and fresh bedding. When the workhouse itself proved insufficient to deter the pickets, the authorities attempted other means, including racial tension, to intimidate the suffragists. They ended segregation in one of the prison wings and set the pickets to work painting lavatories in the "colored" dormitories. When this policy also failed, the pickets' sentences were lengthened; they were denied counsel, and a Marine guard from Quantico, Virginia, ensured that they would be held absolutely incommunicado.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The most serious incident at Occoquan occurred in mid-November, when guards attacked a group of suffragists waiting to be admitted. The guards burst into the anteroom, seized women and dragged them bodily down to their cells. One young woman was repeatedly slammed over an iron cot, and a number of women were knocked unconscious, one suffering a heart attack. Miss Burns, leader of the group, spent the night manacled and under threat of being straitjacketed. Mrs. John Brannan charged:

> I firmly believe that, no matter how we behaved, Whittaker had determined to attack us as part of the government's plan to suppress the picketing . . . There were 6 to 10 guards in the room, and many others collected on the porch—40 to 50 in all . . . These all rushed in with Whittaker when he first entered. Instantly the room was in horror . . . The furniture was overturned and the room was a scene of havoc. Whittaker in the center of the room directed the whole attack, inciting the guards to every brutality.

Among the thirty-one women attacked was Mrs. Mary Nolan of Florida. She was seventy-three years old.

Conditions in the District Jail and the Washington Asylum Hospital (the prison hospital) were little better. As at Occoquan, prisoners suffering from the last stages of tuberculosis and venereal disease mingled freely with healthy prisoners. Rose Winslow, a former mill worker and a Consumers' League organizer, wrote her husband that she and Alice Paul had learned that their bath tub was the one used by the syphilitics in the ward. She described the hospital, which served indigents as well as prisoners:

> I told about a syphilitic colored woman with one leg. The other one was cut off, having rotted so that it was alive with maggots when she came in. The remaining one is now getting as bad. They are so short of nurses that a little colored girl of 12, who is here waiting to have her tonsils removed, waits on her. This child and two others share a ward with a syphilitic child of 3 or 4 years . . .

The prison officials flatly denied all charges about the inadequate care given prisoners as they later denied that the forcible feeding of prisoners was cruel or medically unsound. Questioned about the feedings, Dr. J. A. Gannon, chief resident at the prison hospital, said, "There was no forced feeding. . . . These women

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

took the food without resistance and merely want to advertise themselves by saying that they have been fed forcibly." When the suffragists were finally brought into court on habeas corpus writs, it was revealed that it took five women to restrain Miss Burns during feeding operations.

The White House was also busy with denials. Wilson instructed Tumulty to assure correspondents that there was no substance to the suffragists' complaints and that conditions at Occoquan had been thoroughly investigated. At the same time, he sent off an anxious request for information to Commissioner Brownlow, stressing the importance of the charges. President Wilson had reason to feel uneasy about the prison scandal. Dudley Field Malone, who had been in charge of the California campaign of 1916, and who was credited with keeping California women voters loyal to the Democrats, had protested the treatment of the pickets in July. Malone, Collector of the Port of New York, wished to resign in order to act as counsel for the imprisoned suffragists. In an interview with the president, he charged:

> . . . the treatment of these women is the result of carefully laid plans made by the District Commissioners of the City of Washington, who were appointed to office by you. Newspaper men of unquestioned integrity have told me that the District Commissioners have been in consultation with your private secretary, Mr. Tumulty, and that the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. McAdoo, sat in at a conference where the policy of these arrests was being determined.

The president denied any complicity in the business and only reluctantly accepted Malone's resignation in September, commenting that he could not regard the collector's reasons for resigning as "convincing." Earlier, according to Malone, Wilson had told him, "The enfranchisement of women is not at all necessary to a program of democracy," and had refused to offer suffrage as a war measure. Malone, who had reassured western women with a personal pledge to work for suffrage, thus felt compromised politically as well as morally.

Nor was Malone the president's only friend involved with the pickets. J. A. H. Hopkins, a personal friend and financial supporter, protested prison conditions angrily after his wife, Alison,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was sent to Occoquan just a few days after they had dined with the president. Hopkins' protest secured her prompt pardon. In any case, Wilson scarcely needed to be told by his friends. The charges were thoroughly aired in the pages of the *New York Times,* and they persisted even after a closed-door hearing by the District Board of Charities resulted in the declaration that Occoquan was an "institution of which the commissioners are proud and is a source of pride to every citizen of the nation's capital."

The Wilson administration was soon given graphic proof of the miseries of the penal system. Woman's Party lawyers finally secured and served a writ of habeas corpus over the pleas of the Occoquan officials. On November 23, 1917, prisoners were brought into court on stretchers, several in serious physical condition. Judge Edmund Waddill refused to hear testimony about conditions at Occoquan, but ruled that transfer of District prisoners to the workhouse in Arlington was illegal. The remaining prisoners were released a few days later. In March of the following year, Judge Van Orsdel of the appellate court found that there was no information justifying the original arrests and ordered the District of Columbia to pay the court costs. Both Warden Louis F. Zinkham and Superintendent William H. Whittaker were suspended, then reinstated. By early 1919, both were permanently removed from their prison posts.

Despite the court finding against the prison administration and the government, penal conditions were not rectified. When militancy began again in the summer of 1918 with picketing, rallies in Lafayette Park and watch fires on the White House sidewalk, the prison establishment repeated former mistakes. The long abandoned Men's Workhouse on the grounds of the District Jail was opened to receive suffrage prisoners. The women quickly sickened from the fetid air in the semiunderground cells and from the water in the long unused pipes. They soon had to be released, and finally what historian William O'Neill has called the government's "miniature reign of terror" came to its ignominious end.

It is difficult to explain just how the president, his staff and the District commissioners managed to bungle the protests, especially since most were moderate on the suffrage question. The prison

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

conditions, of course, provided a perfect setting for scandal. The appalling state of these institutions had grown out of the arrogance of the prison officials, the lax supervision by Congress, and the general indifference to the affairs of the District. Wilson, and many of his appointees, at first did not seem to be aware of the true state of the prisons. Later they rationalized the suffragists' complaints on the grounds that they were undergoing routine punishment. While this was true (and bad enough) in the early stages, such tactics as confinement in the psychopathic ward, depriving prisoners (Miss Burns) of clothing, and force feeding were irregular even for the draconic prison routine and unheard of in the treatment of "respectable" business, professional and working women.

Why did the government decide to use the prisons in an attempt to discourage the suffrage protests, and why did they bother with arrests at all? The answer is fairly complicated. Although the pickets were arrested for their beliefs, not for traffic violations, their treatment was not simply the result of a disagreement over whether or not women should vote. When President Wilson came to office, he was indifferent, rather than hostile, to suffrage. His ideas underwent rapid evolution, especially during the time of the protests, and throughout this period he worked with Mrs. Catt, Mrs. Helen Gardner, and other NAWSA leaders. Ironically, one of the reasons for his impatience with the pickets was his growing conviction that suffrage was a matter of national and international concern.

So long as enfranchisment was unimportant, the pickets were little more than a nuisance. As America's role as world leader of democracy became more significant, and as a number of European nations began to grant woman suffrage, enfranchisement began to seem important for the nation's image. It is probably no accident that the first pickets were arrested just days after they had confronted members of the Russian Mission with banners reflecting on the limits of democracy in America.

Although President Wilson did not urge suffrage as a war measure until September, 1918, he became increasingly nervous over activities that might stir the public against enfranchisement.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On the eve of the New York state referendum on suffrage in October, 1917, Wilson wrote Mrs. Catt expressing his deep interest in the outcome and adding the hope that "no voter will be influenced in his decision with regard to this great matter by anything the so-called pickets may have done . . ." The president's concern about the militants was shared by the NAWSA, and there was considerable debate among suffragists about whether or not the picketing was helping the cause.

In Wilson's case, his political judgment was reinforced by his ideas of proper feminine conduct. References to the mental condition of the militants in his correspondence with Tumulty suggest that the president felt the display of militancy was not only politically harmful but so unusual as to indicate instability. No doubt this made him more amenable to Miss Paul's shameful treatment than he might otherwise have been.

Despite the president's growing concern for suffrage, it seems unlikely that the administration would have been willing to risk the women's lives in a dispute over tactics. Another, more immediate, problem was raised once the women responded to their long sentences and wretched conditions by going on hunger strikes. In the wartime climate, when pressures for patriotism and conformity were increasing, dissent was becoming a serious problem for the government. In a letter to a woman concerned about the pickets, Wilson wrote, "These ladies cannot in any sense be regarded as political prisoners. We have no political prisoners and could have none under the law." Aside from this ideological principle, there was a practical reason for rejecting the hunger strikers' claims and for using the utmost severity to urge them to drop the subject. This was the presence of a great number of dissenters, war protesters and nonconformists who were being arrested in increasing numbers and who could be expected to take up the demand if the pickets won recognition as "politicals."

Finally, the president seems to have at least considered the possibility that the suffrage protests might escalate to violence. While there is no indication that violent action was ever considered by the Woman's Party, his fears were not as foolish as they might seem. In Britain, before the W.S.P.U. called off militancy on the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

outbreak of the war, the suffrage struggle had taken a very ugly turn. Thwarted in efforts even to talk with the government leaders and frantic about suffragists starving in British jails, the W.S.P.U. had begun a new campaign. Starting with acts of vandalism like smashing windows and destroying golf courses, the women eventually caused thousands of pounds of damage as uninhabited country houses went up in flames all over Britain. No one cared to project what might have happened had one of the suffrage leaders died in prison.

With the Woman's Party leadership resolutely refusing food, the Washington administration must have wondered if the British experience would be repeated in America. It was not, partly because of the rapid political changes that brought about suffrage, partly because of the peaceful nature of the Woman's Party leadership, and partly because the Wilson administration, despite its mistakes, turned out to be more reasonable than the British government. In fact, had the administration continued its initial, courteous treatment of the pickets, it might have prevented the misery and scandal that ensued. The president and his staff, however, were not able to continue to ignore the women. The tide of conservatism that was to culminate in the Red Scare combined with the growing national and international importance of enfranchisement to produce the setting for the arrests, trials and imprisonment of the suffragists. Ironically, the pickets became the victims, not only of the contradictions in American democracy, but of the very success of the long suffrage campaign and of the long-awaited "conversion" of the Wilson administration.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On March 23, John Ashbery (Reading His Poems)

ALEXANDRA GRILIKHES

Poems
swam toward him
in their hands and he smiled, knowing

by heart those poems he read and those he
avoided

they wanted
poems so very much they said
nothing

how much of a poem can you take
in? How much could he leave
out and put in at the same
time?

Hasn't he once said, "Hasn't the sky?"
Hasn't he avoided reading, "The Double Dream of Spring"?
Wasn't I going to ask him to read it?

They received the lack of it like a musical
chair. Outwardly the same, secretly,
you're peacefully
drowning. They carefully placed poems
into the violent
sea

Their hands were for him
hidden, moving wild
under the surface

✪ The poetry and the dance criticism of ALEXANDRA GRILIKHES have been published widely both here and abroad. Her collection of poems, scheduled to appear this year, is entitled *Isabel Rawsthorne Standing in a Street in Soho.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letter from Europe

ANTHONY BURGESS

I had just rolled a piece of paper (this) into the typewriter in order to start a new novel, when the reminder came from the SCHOLAR about summer deadlines and the need for me to write my letter from Europe. Naturally, I'm always delighted to put off the agony of throwing people and dialogue and action onto paper—the Flaubertian agony, I mean, of knowing that one is embarking on a Work of Art. H. G. Wells, rightly or wrongly, began his novels as though he were writing a letter from Europe: "I am sitting here at my table in my apartment on the Piazza Santa Cecilia, wondering how to begin. . . There is so much to say about the events and personalities involved in what has become, for better or worse, a major issue of our time, particularly my friend Fozdick, the prime initiator. . . . Meanwhile the Roman rain is whitening the baroque cherubim on the façade opposite, and the ink congeals on my nib. . ." Writers with that easy, hesitant, improvisatory style or nonstyle have always been preferred, at least in England, to us more costive writers. Why not, then, write one's own novels that way? The answer isn't easy. For me, I know, it has something to do with another art I practiced many years ago, that of musical composition. One cannot (unless one is Gustav Mahler) approach a page of scoring paper—fifty cents the sheet—in a Wellsian manner: I don't know whether I should really be giving this theme to the bassoon, and I'm not sure whether it's really the theme I intended, anyway. Writing a novel is more a matter of carving than of letting words flow. But, so I gather from my sculptor friend Milton Hebald, even carving isn't as irreversible as many of us think. The figure you sculpt is the mere scratch on a block big enough to accommodate your David lying down. Mess up the nose and you can always excavate deeper. But if, like myself, you write a single copy of your symphony in ink, there is no such sense of freedom. You're scared of committing yourself to even a single semiquaver on the piccolo. The habit dies hard, as they say. Writing this letter is different: it's not art but phatic communication.

Communication of a sort, since I receive no replies. In this respect, writing a letter for the SCHOLAR is not much different from composing a short story. I gain the impression that this letter is *indulged.* Nobody ever complains—which they have a perfect right to do—about my ignoring the great public events that surround me and concentrating instead on the petty grievances and hard-won ecstasies of the free-lance writer's life. This is not a letter from anywhere except myself. The nomadic sort of existence that, at an age proper for settling down, I find suits me best, militates against a decent interest in local politics, the grindings of literary cliques, the taking of sides in general. I am a lost soul. I start the day with three pints of extra-strong tea, sit down to write, rise aching in the early evening, cook for the family (such a relief to stand up and do something comparatively mindless), go to the movies, sleep. A life that harms nobody and can be carried

ANTHONY BURGESS, the peripatetic novelist presently living in Rome, writes his column for alternate issues of the SCHOLAR. His most recent book is *One Hand Clapping.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on anywhere. But not a life that anybody should be interested in reading about.

The last few months have, however, taken me out of this seclusion and thrown me into the arena of controversy. They also took me back to England, a country I have ceased to know much about since going into exile in the autumn of 1968. Stanley Kubrick, the film producer and director, completed the filming of a novel of mine a little before Christmas, 1971, and invited me over to London to see a preview. As a great film company was behind it all, my wife, my son and I were installed in a suite in Claridge's, conceivably the best hotel in the world. It is also perhaps the best place in which to observe the more admirable aspects of the British psyche—that efficiency without fuss, for example, which used to be so wonderful a characteristic of the old prenationalized railways. For instance, the Queen, and indeed the entire royal family, came to Claridge's to take luncheon with the King of Afghanistan, and, sitting in the bar, one was not aware that anything unusual was happening. Traffic was not impeded, taxis came and went, men at the reception desk even yawned. No shrieking of sirens, roar of motorcycle escorts, menace of polished holsters and oiled guns. This is the old England, but not many people can afford it.

Who, indeed, can afford anything in a country whose monetary decimalization has been an excuse for turning solidities like half-crowns and florins and shillings into mere, and excessively liquid, pence? A ten-shilling note was once called "half a bar"; it has been replaced by an eccentric fifty-pence coin that has no link with gleaming ingots. Nothing, except a pound and a penny, has a name any more. The inventive Cockneys are probably too depressed to find poetic nominations for the new flimsy pence-clusters. A thing costs 15p or 35½p, not a bob or a tanner or an Oxford scholar or a tosheroon. And on television commercials the price is spelt out as ten pee or twenty pee, making the shameful liquidity all the more obvious. That victory at Waterloo was, after all, a Pyrrhic one. The Continental system has gone through its first phase without protest: now come the liters and kilometers. Old men in the public bars, like the old man in *Nineteen Eighty-Four,* will soon be complaining that half a liter of beer isn't enough and a whole liter sends you bleeding well running to the toilet all the bleeding time. But nobody up there cares and, indeed, why should anybody care when there are no stomachic protests, only little whines? It is the submission to what is called progress that makes England so worrying these days. And progress doesn't solely mean entering that Europe which England once fought so valiantly to keep out of; it means also a subtle deterioriation in public morality, a weakening of the old concern with what was called "national" decency.

I met this when being interviewed by a reporter from the London *Evening News.* He asked me about the meaning of the film Kubrick has made from one of my novels, and I referred to the novel itself—a book I wrote nearly twelve years ago. I said that one of my purposes in composing what seemed a very violent work of literature was to purge my own mind of an event that had been troubling it for nearly twenty years—the assault on my wife in the London blackout by a gang of G.I. deserters who were after money more than kicks. The assault, I suggested, might have had something to do with my wife's subsequent poor health and her eventual comparatively early death. All over London, the day after the interview, posters proclaimed: "CLOCKWORK ORANGE GANG KILLED MY WIFE—AUTHOR." I appeared a day or so later on a radio talk show in which the moderator, a former disc jockey noted for his tricolor-dyed hair, asked blatantly: "Is it true that a gang raped your wife?" and then, to the female star of *Straw Dogs,* "What's it like to be raped—in a film, that is, ha ha, of course?" The program, needless to say, had a strong moral, even religious, bias. It was a *serious* program, and it was interrupted every ten minutes or so by a pop group. The franchise of this B.B.C. feature was, I was told, essentially musical, and everybody was very lucky to get talk in at all, especially *serious* talk. I have had

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

considerable experience of American talk shows, and I have still to meet such puerility and such complaisance in the face of enforced compromise.

Any author must, I suppose, be irritated by the resurrection of issues that seemed sufficiently disposed of when he raised and then aired them ten years previously. What was depressing in London—and, to a lesser extent, on a just previous trip to New York—was the journalistic assumption that the issues had become genuine at last because they were now being conveyed through the great popular medium of cinema. Even more depressing was the unquestioned aesthetic tenet, whose falseness sticks out a mile, which permits more candor in one artistic medium than in another. All the British journalists I met assumed that the written word is, when corruptive, less so than the word publicly enunciated or converted into a visual image. This is not merely philosophically unsound; it is also hypocritical in a country that has a remarkable record for persecuting writers but honoring mere artistic executants. During a more recent stay in London, subjected as I was to journalistic battering as the original conceptor of a piece of controversial (or obscene, or pornographic) cinematic fiction, it was ironic that the only major public defense of the film *A Clockwork Orange* came from the retired chairman of the British Board of Film Censors, John Trevelyan. The Home Secretary (or Minister of the Interior) was persuaded to see the film with a view to governmental suppression, thus almost turning himself into the Minister of the Interior in the film and book. The most enlightened member of the House of Commons, Maurice Edelman—a man of large culture and a brilliant novelist—fell into a double-standard trap like any moronic backbencher, saying that a book is one thing and a film another. In other words, we can tolerate dangerous books because nobody reads them, but nearly everybody goes to the movies. This is implied but never stated: stated, it would cast doubt on the literacy of the electorate.

Of England, despite the above grouses, one thing can be said, and that is that the channels for publicizing public and private wrongs—fancied or otherwise—remain healthily open. Let a lonely old woman have her electric light cut off, or a man have his roses bulldozed over by the drain-laying county council, and the grievance is at once cried aloud—on the very day of suffering—by the evening papers and the television local news programs. Returning to Italy, one becomes strongly aware of how little the man in the street matters in the news media. The political parties and the syndicates get all the publicity, as well as the Sicilian *crime passionel* murderers and the pop stars, and I find it hard to imagine Italy in a rage over a landlord's commanding the eviction of a pet canary. Perhaps the fault with the British—a fault, naturally, I find in myself—is the inability to see wrong very clearly at any level higher than that of the ancient widow whose cat has been killed by roadhogs. And it is usually pet animals and gardens and trees that call forth the protective, meaning the aggressive, instinct. I should feel happier about my own people if they could feel more strongly about the bloody mess in Northern Ireland. But, having written "my own people," I remember that I am one-quarter Irish and wholly Catholic and wonder where my true allegiances lie.

Perhaps the British avoid major ethical issues because they tend to see too much virtue in both sides of an argument. (And thus they thank God when it's just a matter of a maltreated kitten, where there's no argument at all.) A highly disruptive national coal strike has just ended, one in which aggressive picketing succeeded in blocking access to alternative forms of fuel, such as oil. There would have been large anger if a crippled pensioner's hothouse blooms had been ruined, but there seemed to be only muted grumbling about the state of the hospitals, where all major operations were suspended, and the disruption of commuter travel. The striking miners, it was generally thought, needed higher wages, and the public suffering was, after all, not as bad as that of London under the blitz. Anyway, the British genuinely like hardship, if it does not go on too long. Return-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing from January Minneapolis to meet the strike, I wondered what the British would have felt about a cessation of indoor heat with the temperature (as it regularly had been in Minneapolis) at −33 degrees Fahrenheit. The British climate makes just about tolerable the killing of electric radiators in winter and of refrigerators in summer. Dare one have fuel strikes at all in cities like Minneapolis? There's something wrong with political and labor principles if they have to be qualified by grossly material factors such as climate.

I must confess that I knew moments of panic in the middle of the Minnesota cold. I am used to wildcat strikes in Europe—Rome and Paris and London blacked out and chilled to the marrow without warning—and I could not help feeling that it might suddenly happen there. I found myself stranded, taxiless, carless (motors just would not start), whimpering for my hotel room. And, apocalyptically, one evening I found my hotel on fire and the hoses frozen. America is still the country of large experiences, where nature is tough and there are no warm baths in the Gulf Stream. Americans are tough; Europeans, on the whole, are not. This means that Americans want to get the better of nature, while Europeans merely ride with it. I am colder now, in a Roman spring, than I was in a Minneapolitan midwinter.

I see that the time is coming for me to stop playing and get down to work—on the new novel, I mean. This is to be about Napoleon, a figure I, as an Englishman, had always been taught to regard as the enemy. Life in Malta persuaded me to admire him grudgingly, since he did more for that island in a single week than any other invader had or has done in a century. My wife, being Italian, regards Napoleon as a hero and she could never understand, on her first visits to England, why the British called a great railway station after Napoleon's final defeat. Later she learned to be embarrassed when, after a party in Wellington, New Zealand, I asked the French ambassador if he would be good enough to give us a lift to the Waterloo Hotel. My preparatory reading for the novel has taught me that I had really been bludgeoned by the ruling classes into hating Boney, since the common man saw him as the liberator. So he was, of course, for a time. The novelist's attitude to him will only make itself apparent in the course of the writing of the novel: the end of a book is unforeseeable when one is at its beginning. The question I must ask myself now is: is the novel to be comic or tragic? I do not see how it can be tragic: what was the flaw, where was the sin? He took the Revolution, purged of its extremer features, to countries that needed it. He wanted a united Europe. England, having chopped down her forests and exhausted her iron to defeat him, is now entering the Napoleonic dream. It is, in a way, comic, but not meant for laughs. I suppose my Napoleon novel will have to be comic in that way too.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Emerson: A Contemporary Reconsideration

EARL ROVIT

"There are always two parties, the party of the Past and the party of the Future; the Establishment and the Movement. At times the resistance is reanimated, the schism runs under the world and appears in Literature, Philosophy, Church, State and social custom." With its blend of newly fashionable terminology and vaguely Victorian tone, this statement could almost be mistaken for a contemporary comment on our American scene. In actuality, it was written by Emerson after the Civil War as part of his recollections of the intellectual battlefield of his own youth—he who was both the outstanding leader of the Movement and, somewhat later, the institutionalized *porte-parole* of the Establishment. But while there may be some useful interest in comparing the struggles of the 1830s and 1840s with the bewildering turbulence of our own day, an excursion in the comparative anatomy of revolutions is not my present intention.

What beguiles me more is the peculiar ambivalence of Emerson's position then and the possibility that this ambivalence may yet remain as an explosive spark—Emerson might have called it a "fire-seed"—capable still of casting an arc of light between our own Establishment and Movement. My thesis, in brief, is extremely simple. It seems to me that Emerson had the rare capacity of being able to speak cogently and conjunctively for any pair of opposed factions simultaneously—a talent that tends to reduce his luster in times and places where one or the other position has achieved a temporary dominance, but a talent that rises to a positive genius of relevance when —as in our present age—the issues of the struggle between the Establishment and the Movement are as yet unresolved and unpredictable.

It is a commonplace, of course, to remark the "doubleness" of Emerson's vision. For over a hundred years critics have been embroidering variations on James Russell Lowell's description of Emerson as a "Plotinus-Montaigne," the bearer of "a Greek head on right Yankee shoulders." We have been encouraged to look as through an ideological stereopticon at the practical idealist, the prudential mystic, the official public laureate of the private individual soul. Precisely how these contradictory images are to be fused into a single lucid focus is never made quite clear, but we are left with the impression from much commentary on Emerson that clarity is no virtue in either creativity or criticism, and Emerson's significance is supposed to be all the larger for the aura of misty confusion that rises from his essays like a kind of valuable marsh gas. On the other hand, there are those critics who put a patch over one of their eyes and congratulate themselves on the unified image of Emerson that results. According to the temperamental needs of the critic, Emerson is squeezed into one or another of his antagonistic halves—the rhapsodic romantic optimist or the chastened shopkeeper of experience. In either of these roles he can be absorbed into literary and cultural history as the sage or charlatan of Concord, the lonely antique leader of the quaint Transcendentalists who somehow crossed the deserts of the

EARL ROVIT teaches English at the City College of the City University of New York.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

War Between the States to disappear on the other side into the grim marble libraries and forgetful hearts of his countrymen. But it seems to me that Emerson is just too much alive to be categorized in this facile way; that his thought is simply too volatile and the deliberate aim of his art too explosive to be so neatly encapsulated and laid to rest. It seems to me, in fact, that more than any other writer in the American tradition, he is relevant, contemporaneous, revolutionary, and committed as far as a man of words can legitimately be to the employment of words as action.

Ours, we are nowadays told, is an age given over to the dubious delights of a mass identity crisis. Even while reserving judgment on such an appalling generalization, we can still note that Emerson remains the master role-player in American literature. He is that incomparable conjurer of personality whose private certitude that identity is never more than an empty pocket in last year's trousers led him to transfer the principle of creativity from the narrow medium of art to the amorphous provinces of personality. Long before we were taught to be concerned with the games people play, Emerson—like his pupil, Whitman—was aware of himself, "Both in and out of the game and watching and wondering at it." Such, it seems to me, is part of the implication of detachment in his enigmatic injunction that "Art is the path of the creator to his work." It is curious that we have been relatively quick to recognize the strategic mask of the "innocent abroad" in such American masqueraders as Benjamin Franklin and Mark Twain, while we are consistently fooled by the same kind of mask in the Emersonian posture of serene and resolute individuality. Perhaps the comic spirit receives its most exalted apotheosis and attains invisibility when it is wholly directed to the aims of moral salvation rather than social reform. At any rate, I think we make a grave error in our assessment of Emerson if we fail to perceive that—perhaps more completely than any of his contemporaries—he also adopted the New World-tested motto of Simon Suggs: "It is good to be shifty in a new country." The literary device of the persona, the pseudonym, the alter ego can be assumed with virtual impunity in a society where one's personal identity is guaranteed. For a mid-nineteenth-century American like Emerson, even three names were insufficient to provide him with such an inner surety, and the preacher-lecturer "I" of the *Essays* is as much an imposed mask of false identity as is the case with any of his pseudonymous contemporaries like Artemus Ward or Petroleum V. Nasby. We are only very gradually coming to realize that a subtle but powerful thrust toward schizophrenia lies behind the frantic plea for love that is the tragic unconsummated cry of American anguish—a plea that Emerson managed to articulate in robust and even triumphant tones.

Ours, we are also told incessantly, is an age of polarization. Black-white, youth-age, East-West, license-repression, idealism-practicality, spontaneity-craftsmanship, tradition-revolt; ours is the age of the *gap*—the polarized gap splitting everything that can receive a negative or positive valence. Again one may be skeptical about the extent that this really is so, yet still note that Emerson is preeminently the poet of the gap—the poet, that is, whose field of action focuses most vitally and exclusively within the limits of the gap itself. Much ingenuity has been spent in attempts to synthesize or harmonize or make consistent the incompatibilities of Emerson's work. I should think it far more sensible to recognize that in the attainment of neither synthesis nor harmony was Emerson's true success. "Believer in Unity, seer of Unity, I yet behold two!" he wrote; and he had the courage (or the ultimate desperation) to accept the inevitable necessity of a gap slicing through our existence—if only because of the fact of self-consciousness which determines that the same man is at one time the actor and the spectator of his own actions. We should remember that Emerson's other prize pupil, Thoreau, wrote: "I . . . am sensible of a certain doubleness by which I can stand as remote from myself as from another. However

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

intense my experience, I am conscious of the presence and criticism of a part of me, which, as it were, is not a part of me, but a spectator, sharing no experience, but taking note of it, and that is no more I than it is you." Emerson expressed the same notion frequently, but perhaps nowhere more succinctly than when he wrote: "There is a crack in every thing God has made." Thus we should view Emerson as the great American explorer and exploiter of self-consciousness—that inner human crack which both causes and makes agonizing the problem of identity. He traced this fissure as close as he could get to the source; he recorded its direction and thrust, and he surveyed the contours of its immovable margins. But it was in the gap between the immovable margins that he chose to do his work, and if we refuse to recognize this, our view of Emerson must inevitably go awry and his impact upon us be drowned out in the spirited enunciation of vacuous moral platitudes.

For a variety of reasons—the elementary fact of open "space" on the American continent, the psychic-cultural displacement of its heterogeneous population from the Old World, the uprootedness from a spontaneous living tradition, its dynamically loose *laissez-faire* economic system, the failure of religious or social institutions to enclose the individual within a defining web of conventions, forms and manners—the dilemma of self-consciousness had a tendency to become especially acute for those American intellectuals who were particularly prone to introspection, insecurity, or an unusually active preoccupation with death. (It must surely be no accident that such a large percentage of the "classic" American writers of the nineteenth century were either orphaned at an early age or had otherwise traumatizing relationships with their fathers.) For such individuals—and Emerson was certainly one—their perception of a cultural fissure in the American experience became identical with their intimate recognition of an inner split at the heart of their own most vital processes. Their constant awareness of an internal gap between sensation and response forced them to view with a tyrannous eye the irreconcilable distance between the ideal and the actual, between appearance and reality, permanence and change. Analyzing the ephemerality of even the deepest grief, Emerson wrote with a note very close to despair: "Souls never touch their objects. An innavigable sea washes with silent waves between us and the things we aim at and converse with." To look upon Nature "with a supernatural eye," as Emerson required, is a tacit admission of an inherent doubleness in all perception and sensation. Struggling then with an incessant sense of drift and uncertainty within and flux without, these victims of self-consciousness are at every moment of doubt faced with the vertiginous horror of what a modern psychologist has termed, "chaotic nonentity," or what I prefer to call "metaphysical isolation." Nor can we overlook the tremendous burden of moral responsibility that the Puritan tradition of religious individualism placed upon them. They had no choice except to live in a universe closely bound by moral sanctions. But how does one interpret morality without a priesthood of forms, without at least a creed inscribed in the automatic conventions of daily life? The problem is to find or create that Archimedean point between immediacy and memory that one can rest assured in, that one can rely upon and not only call one's own, but establish *being* or identity within. The problem is to transform paralyzed self-consciousness into a state of action at once responsive and responsible.

Characteristically, Emerson caught the torturous ambience of this dilemma in one of his deceptively simple pronouncements: "A man should know himself as a necessary actor." But where is the surety of such knowledge to come from when all the possible necessities are equally arbitrary? To know that one's actions are necessary is to know beneath and beyond all questionings precisely who one is and what connection one's actions have to reality. Ecstasy or mystic union or a subservience to an idea or cause—any complete immersion of personality in the current of something grander and more overpowering than oneself—is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

obviously incompatible with self-consciousness, no matter how desperately it may be courted. How Emerson personally withstood the threat of "chaotic nonentity" we can only speculate vainly about. He seems to have given himself in love to three people—his beloved brother, his first wife, and his first-born son. All three died before their relationships had blossomed into maturity, but Emerson remained alive and managed to sustain an energy to keep working—albeit, at the exorbitant cost of keeping himself aloof from the vulnerability of ever again enduring a wound of intimate grief. But he did survive and in his work he offers a way of dealing with the dilemma of self-consciousness which seems to me pointedly relevant even now.

Instead of trying to close the gap of self-consciousness by the blurring of distinctions or the negation of awareness, Emerson cherishes the gap. He even labors to keep it open, knowing that once it is closed, the gain of peace is purchased by the loss of vitality. He elects to become the poet of the gap, disdaining false syntheses and closures, contemptuous of rhetorical harmonies. He discovers in man's capacities to make his actions expressive a technique of symbolism that accepts and employs motion, change, dividedness, incompletion, open-endedness. In Emerson's essays, in the sentences that he launches like charges of electricity crackling between poles, he finds a means of connection that can link incompatibles without falsifying or altering them. This radical kind of symbolism frees thought from definition, frees it from fixed meaning, frees it simply to connect. It is this deliberate devotion to sheer energy, I think, that is the source of the marvelous dynamism in Emerson's prose. It is this that gives the reader the feeling that his essays are not so much composed or constructed, as that they are wired together like an electrical relay system. For Emerson's best essays pursue no argument, unfold no gradual revelation, demonstrate no design or growth or direction. They don't go anywhere, because they have no place to go. They are already there—an intricate complex of connections which are suddenly vitalized under high voltage in the consciousness of the reader. He once described his prose style in analogous terms, noting that each sentence was an "infinitely repellent particle." Harmonies or stable unities are not created by infinitely repellent particles, but dynamic action may be; explosion may be. I suspect that it is this acceptance of a constant unreconciled motion back and forth across the gap that liberated Emerson from the almost totalitarian domination of the organic principle which all his contemporaries in one way or another were subservient to. Believer in Unity, seer of Unity, he yet beheld *two*, and in spite of all his efforts to reduce or expand the elements of his experience to the great serene circles of the Self and the Oversoul, his most effective prose is faithful to this conjunctive and electrifying employment of symbolism that disintegrates unities even as it evokes them.

"A man should know himself as a necessary actor." One's first impulse might be to test Emerson biographically and literally. One might protest that—given his position of moral and intellectual influence—his contribution to the cause of the Abolitionists and the social reformers was belated, begrudging and niggardly. What kind of successful actor could have been so ineffectual in friendship and so inhibitedly parsimonious in love? But Emerson had perceived that "Words are also actions, and actions are a kind of words," and more and more he came to secrete himself within the medium of language, acting out his self-created destiny in the most original sustained poem that our literature has ever possessed. He even seems to have become keenly conscious of the task that was given him to perform—the necessary action that placed boundaries on his sensibilities and funneled his full energies into the effort to effect viable passages back and forth across the gap from one boundary to another. "The relation of men of thought to society," he wrote, "is always the same; they refuse that necessity of mediocre men, to take sides." And indeed it was only after Emerson succumbed to the temptation to take sides in the 1850s that the quality of his essays droops into predictable rhythms of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

exhortatory eloquence. The turbulent current, the dazzling spasms of paradox and reversible sentences that made the earlier essays blaze begin to fade into elegant rhetoric and conventional wisdom. To be "a necessary actor" meant to stand within and outside the essays at one and the same time. It meant to take a stance of "armed neutrality" against all factions; to assume in the cadences and timbre of his paragraphs that same slim pose of democratic hauteur which he himself took in the flesh when he lectured at the lyceums and meeting halls across the split breadth of the nation that he was providing with a mythic identity even as he was fashioning a mythic personality for himself.

For the situation is a good deal more complicated than it appears to the adolescent who thrills with a euphoria of possibilities when he reads such lines as "Trust thyself; every heart vibrates to that iron string." To establish an "I"—a reliable *self*—to know oneself as a necessary actor in the sprawling fluidity of nineteenth-century America did not mean the facile discovery of some immutable seed of unique being at the radiant hub of one's experience; it meant, rather, freely adopting a specific role—an ultimately histrionic or thespian personality as fixed and separate from the primal ambiguities of personal doubt and aspiration as were John Wilkes Booth's Shakespearian posturings or Joseph Jefferson's lifetime career of playing Rip Van Winkle. But Emerson's magisterial pose had to be more subtle and more profoundly dangerous than these; his aim was not that of the entertainer, although he knew well the stagecraft of manipulating and responding to an audience. His scope of action could not be limited by the dimensions of a stage or the time limits of a performance. His script had to be unendingly improvised—and without the controlling dispensation of a plot or a paradigm of destiny. And further—for it was Emerson who had defined the ideal of the American scholar in American life—a distance between the role and the player of the role had to be maintained at all costs; should these be allowed to merge, the knower and the actor both would fuse into mindless irresponsible behavior. Freedom of action would become determined passivity and the sense of one's unique individuality cheapen into a sentimental identification with some socially fabricated stereotype.

The role that Emerson created—his preacher-lecturer version of the American "innocent abroad"—is partly a defensive persona like that of the diffident Hawthorne of the Prefaces, or even the rambunctious bully-boy which Mark Twain played in a white Panama suit. But more than simply protective, it is, at the same time, a camouflaged bastion from within which Emerson could operate offensively. In other words, the person, Emerson, the venerated prophet of self-reliance—austere, intense, supremely confident—is in some important sense merely a well-crafted crucible within which the infinitely repellent particles of the "real" Emerson's disordered experience are heated to a critical mass. It is not his purpose to resolve anything, to balance anything, to reconcile any of the fierce battles that rage disparately on the peripheries of his awareness. To be sure, he frequently talked of descending into himself in search of some irreducible core of identity—some profound "I am" which would unite him ecstatically to Absolute Being. But he recognized sharply that life is in the battle, not in the resolution of battles; that life is always on the surface and that surfaces in constant change are as much a characteristic of the deepest recesses of memory and introspection as they are of immediate sensory response. "The world is all outside; it has no inside," he wrote. "We live amid surfaces, and the true art of life is to skate well upon them." Certainly, like every other American romantic, he was haunted by the serene sureties of the Transcendental Ideal —the orotund assurances of infinitely coexistent centers and circumferences. But unlike Thoreau, for instance—who, in purely literary terms, was probably a better writer, but a much more naïve self-observer —Emerson maintained the distance between his parts; he never allowed himself to fall into a whole; he never let himself be stifled with the suffocating certainty that he

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had at last discovered himself. He did indeed write that "Line in Nature is never found/ Unit and Universe are round," but when the units are composed of infinitely repellent particles, roundness and unity are, at best, theoretical or inherently unstable.

The motive force of the "necessary" action is thus an obligation to continual creativity—which is, after all, the artist's definition of perpetual revolution. One must act deliberately as the connector, the junction of metamorphosis, between the poles of one's being. At the same time, one must withhold part of oneself outside of the action as a spectator-control to keep the critical mass just short of explosive fission. Such a forcible wrenching apart of personality requires a constant state of active passivity in which the man-as-actor must submit himself to the total onslaught of his experience while he-as-spectator records the rhythms of these unresolvable transactions with the world without falsification or distortion. Nor can we underestimate the appalling strain—indeed, the ravage—that such a personality would have to endure. The single split of self-consciousness (that occasioned by the withdrawal of the detached spectator from the actor) becomes a double split as the personality is polarized into opposing segments. And the gaps are held tautly open to be crossed and recrossed by expressive actions or—what is the same thing on the level of psychodrama—words. When such crossing actions are honestly spontaneous and truly conjunctive, they must, for Emerson, possess the resonance of poetry and the incarnation of ceremony.

Thus the Emersonian ideal calls for a personality a great deal less simplistic than that caricature of moral athleticism which is popularly attributed to his thought. We would be wise to recall that in one of the poems in which Emerson presented himself in the image of a mythic alter ego, he chose to describe himself as the rebel god, Uriel, whose perception of a radical ambiguity at the base of existence causes him to be vilified in Paradise: "A sad self-knowledge, withering, fell/ On the beauty of Uriel." Self-knowledge destroys innocence and spontaneity, and the Emersonian personality is burdened with the requirements of a superintensity of awareness and an unyielding authority of flexible control. No matter how anarchic and abandoned the internalized transactions across the gaps may be, the total personality—the human being who inhabits the real world—must still be in a position of overall moral responsibility to that world. In fact, the more intensely he generates life within, the weightier is the responsibility that he must bear to the world without. This is the sustaining kernel of evaluative insight with which Emerson examines his heroes of Western culture in his book, *Representative Men*. "The true preacher can be known by this," Emerson wrote: "That he deals out to the people his life—life passed through the fire of thought." In a more striking pronouncement he noted the finality of the charismatic influence that such a personality carries in his mere human presence: "Whenever a man comes, there comes revolution." The human equation, as he understood it, demands that so fully vitalized a personality—no matter how quiescent in his political and social behavior—cannot but be a junction of metamorphosis in all his human contacts. Hence the need for an almost religious balance between freedom and authority. The Emersonian ideal of "Man Thinking"—"the active soul"—must, as it were, allow himself to be given over to a wild Dionysian dance—without moving a muscle. His aim is to become one asymmetrical complex of multiconnectives, attaining greater and greater variety and intensity as life accelerates in its surges and countersurges of power from one connection to the next. It is possible that Emerson overestimated men's capacities to unite responsibility with responsiveness. It is even possible that Emerson erred in generalizing his own shattering sense of self-consciousness as a human "given" for all men. But even so, it seems to me, his ideal of a dynamic uncentered identity may yet be the most viable and socially fructifying concept of identity achievable for modern self-consciousness.

Thus, to read Emerson in the way I have suggested, is to be willing to participate in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a tightly organized but open-ended, almost Brechtian triple drama. Immediately in front of the footlights is the main dialogistic action of the *Essays*—the proud pyrotechnical double-chorded voice of the characteristic Emersonian prose style, the energy of which is the result of an unresolved and unremitting argument between its opposed halves. On the fringes of this action but sinuously attached to it almost in the manner of an Elizabethan "aside" is the spectator Emerson—the invisible inaudible *metteur en scène* who has not only created and directed the play, but who provides a constant low-frequency commentary on it—a sort of shifting ironic frame that places human proportions on the insane boundlessness of frustration and desire. And finally, on the third level, we the reader-audience are forced into a participative identification with the total drama, our vainly protected sureties and unities shredded and polarized as the structural gaps which the poetry has brilliantly created and crossed become reduplicated in our interpretations of our own experience. In the place of simple identity we are given a field of force; instead of "fixed" meaning or value, we are in connection with a crackling current of life. The aesthetic or moral technique of the whole transaction is a more radical symbolism than the nineteenth century had ever witnessed—a transformation of Hegelian dialectic into something that proceeds in terms of the spastic logic of the nervous system and dispenses with any movement toward resolution or synthesis. And the will that propels the total dramatic engagement is neither more nor less than an inchoate animal urge—a blind faith and desire to be more fully alive.

It is, of course, very difficult for us to respond to this kind of Emerson today. His success in remaining faithful to the antagonistic extremes of his experience has made him the inevitable spokesman of both the Establishment ("The Genteel Tradition") and the Revolt. Like a ventriloquist's dummy, he has been made to speak for the prudential policies of Wall Street and Main Street, U.S.A., while his vigorous accents of dissent can be discerned in the voices of the reformers, anarchists and revolutionaries of our day. One of the first thoroughly modern intelligences in the Western world, he seized wholeheartedly on the burgeoning implications of the new metaphor of organicism that was violently reshaping the Western mind. And because he followed the pressures of this metaphor wherever it touched on his doubts and hopes, he can be seen as a precursor of thinkers so different as Darwin, Nietzsche, Freud, Bergson and Whitehead. In his work can be found the already half-sprouted seeds of pragmatism, existentialism and personalism, and he more than any other American is responsible for adapting Jefferson's vision of an agrarian democracy to the rise of technology and a mass society. But I have purposely avoided a discussion of Emerson in the context of the history of ideas or intellectual movements and categories. His thematic concepts, such as his notions of the Oversoul, the doctrine of Compensation, the Representative Man, Self-Reliance, and the poetics of organicism, are, it seems to me, merely the materials of his art—the volatile transactors that he used as connectives—as so many energy-grounds in his work. And, similarly, the overlabored question of his optimism or his supposedly naïve comprehension of evil seems to me to be quite beside the point. Emerson never claimed more for his art than he intended. He did not presume to be a philosopher or a theologian, a social or a psychological theorist. "That is always best which gives me to myself," he proclaimed, and surely this is the prime focus of his work. That which he aimed to give to himself was the transformation of an abstract reverence for life into a concrete actualization of living. And to do this in a vehicle that would be accessible to all men for their individual uses. He did not disdain systematic thought, but he knew that its pursuit would have been fatal to his purposes. "Every thought," he wrote, "is also a prison; every heaven is also a prison." To be alive required the unflagging constancy of resistance—an abhorrence of rest or completion—an iron resolution to maintain a flow of transactions back and forth across the gap of consciousness—

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a determination to be "Man Thinking" rather than an amateur or professional thinker. "Art is the path of the creator to his work," and his work was to be as fully and undiminishedly alive as possible.

Like de Tocqueville, Emerson was keenly aware that a cardinal weakness in a democratic society was the difficulty of finding worthy leaders or models for emulation. "What greater calamity can fall upon a nation than the loss of worship?" he wrote. "Then all things go to decay. Genius leaves the temple to haunt the senate or the market. Literature becomes frivolous. Science is cold. The eye of youth is not lighted by the hope of other worlds, and age is without honor. Society lives for trifles, and when men die we do not mention them." He knew that the religious sentiment did not perish when it became secularized, but he also knew how easily it could become perverted and corrupted to oppressive political or meretricious material ends. And having been brought up in the fiercely individualistic open society of early nineteenth-century New England, he was not inclined to place much trust in an emergent folk spirit or to look for leadership in class or mass solidarity. "Leave this hypocritical prating about the masses," he complained. "Masses are rude, lame, unmade, pernicious in their demands and influence, and need not to be flattered but to be schooled. . . . Masses! The calamity is the masses. I do not wish any mass at all, but honest men only. . . ." It was always to the individual that Emerson looked, finding in his ideal of a controlled amorphousness of personality something worthy to worship—the potential power within each man to share in the shaping of his own life, to create his own values, to refuse arrest, finality, closure—the human obligation to make matter matter. It is this model of emulation that he offered to the world, and—for all the fearful uncertainties it entails—it is this ideal that has served more than anything else as a magnificent challenge and reassurance for men when they find themselves alone and afraid in their naked skin. For he pushes us back again and again to the excitement and the danger of knowing that in the end we are utterly responsible for ourselves and everything we touch.

Emerson was highly suspicious of any device that denied or blurred the essential loneliness of the individual spirit. He had at least once given all to love; but his gifts ceased to bring him a return after his beloved died; he consoled himself with the poetic notion that "When half-gods go/ The gods arrive," but pending that uncertain date, he knew that the responsibility of sustaining his life remained solely his. He was also skeptical of any attempt to substitute collective for individual responsibility, for he thought that nothing diminished a man more than his immersion into some undifferentiated body of mankind. Similarly he distrusted excessive enthusiasm or any attempt to blunt the sharp edge of rationality—of any prolonged emotional state that fused the actor and the spectator into a single mindless reaction. For him the gap of self-consciousness was not the curse, but the mark of humanity; it was within that gap that identity had to be fought for and it was in this struggle that the only really human victories could be won.

Emerson's acceptance of man's internal alienation and his distrust of group-identity place him at variance with many strong currents in the contemporary world. There are, as on most real questions, two schools of thought, and both are probably equally valid. There are those who believe that hell is other people and those who hold with equal conviction the certainty that hell is oneself. Global history of the past one hundred years with its Goyaesque records of mass brutality, repression and murder on such a vast scale as to be beyond the comprehension of the imagination has led many of us to favor the first proposition. Unspeakable hells have been imposed upon us by people and impersonal forces from the outside, and accordingly we have been trying so to organize our societies in their largest and smallest structures as to protect each individual from injustice. The many varieties of social engineering are founded on the rightful fear that others will hurt us, will steal from us, will take advantage of us,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

will use us as instruments for their own ends, and will, in desperation, band together the better to consolidate their cruel power over us. The logic of the situation thus requires that we also form groups in order to pose a counterweight of power against these hostile pressures. But in accepting this conviction, we necessarily accept something of its converse as well; namely, that the hell of otherness can be transformed into a relative heaven; that the most meaningful joys are those gained not by the individual in his isolated loneliness, but by the man who has surrendered something of his unique individuality and become loyal to a principle of sex or sect or age-group—to a membership in an occupation, union, faction, or class-consciousness. It is paradoxical, to be sure, but our fear of others can lead us to become "other"—or, at least, less ourselves; can lead us to seek identity in solidarity and satisfaction in belonging to something large enough to offer security, a sense of a share in power, and a kind of happiness in self-diminution.

Emerson, of course, is intransigently in the other camp. Hell was himself; it was there that he had to fight for salvation. Explaining to himself his refusal to join the social experiment at Brook Farm, he wrote in his journal:

> I do not wish to remove from my present prison to a prison a little larger. I wish to break all prisons. I have not yet conquered my own house. . . Shall I raise the siege of this hencoop, and march baffled away to a pretended siege of Babylon? It seems to me that to do so were to dodge the problem I am set to solve, and to hide my impotency in the thick of a crowd. . . . Moreover, to join this body would be to traverse all my long trumpeted theory, and the instinct which spoke from it, that one man is a counterpoise to a city,—that a man is stronger than a city, that his solitude is more prevalent and beneficent than the concert of crowds.

Faithful to his belief in what he called "the infinitude of the private man," Emerson's task, as we have seen, was dedicated to making the hell of self-consciousness at least habitable, if not exactly paradisial. And it seems to me that this may be a significant value for us at the present time. Our age of mammoth social organizations and mass technologies—of interlocking bureaucracies and severe specialization—has inevitably diminished the sense of one's personal uniqueness. But we tend to forget that the grand abstract ideals like justice and beauty and love can hardly be anything more than political slogans on the social level, unless they are first suffered and validated in the private agonies of a soul in conflict with itself. Certainly, hell is both objective and subjective—both propositions contain truth—but I fear the possibility that we may be running the danger of overcompensating in the direction of "otherness" in order to protect precisely that sacred inviolable sense of self that we are giving up.

In the long run, of course, each reader will accept or reject the Emerson that best satisfies his personal needs. "It is the good reader that maketh the good book," Emerson thought, and in his own lifetime he saw his own work subjected to the necessary distortions of "creative reading." But such distortion and miscomprehension did not disturb Emerson very much, for it was not "truth" that he aimed to impart, but a primal stimulus to life itself—from which individual "truths" might or might not be actively shaped. For many readers, his moral strictures may be just too rigid and his personality too spare and cold to be persuasive. For it is a fact that while Emerson's *Essays* radiate a marvelous light, they have very little heat in them. He quickens our sense of possibilities; he makes our intelligences sing, as it were. But he rarely moves us beneath; he does not penetrate to the quick and deep of ourselves. One is sometimes inclined to find him lacking in generous sympathy; reserved himself, he can be over-narrow in his understanding of the perverse power of human passions. It is difficult to conceive, for example, of Emerson's ever being profoundly and seriously tempted to betray his own notion of Moral Ought. Intermittently one feels a kind of provincial arrogance in his refusal to respect the ponderous weight of the forces outside the individual that bend and mold and model the shape of character.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

These are real deficiencies in an artist who so exclusively concerned himself with "the conduct of life," and we have no right to overlook them.

But at the same time and notwithstanding these weaknesses, what he does offer our age is a vibrant poetry of human possibilities that we can surely use. His radical role-playing conception of the dynamics of personality could be a healthy contribution to our contemporary distrust of self-consciousness. His humane concern for the responsibilities that make social intercourse possible and his uncompromising faith that "a man, a personal ascendancy, is the only great phenomenon" strike me as manly affirmations that are particularly rare and needful at this time. His robust eloquence, his shrewd intelligence, his unerring talent for striking directly at the Gordian knot of human conflict—these are uncommon talents in a world where increasingly only common talents are honored. Emerson addresses his reader immediately, directly, intimately—on a level of reception where man is not defined by sex, party, prejudice, or social condition. If we have lost the capacity to respond to him on this level, we may be in the process of losing something highly precious—of losing, in fact, precisely that human quality of risk and hope that Emerson may have been referring to when he described man as "a golden impossibility."

A Sense of Direction

LINDA PASTAN

On my north side only, moss grows,
in the steep shade of the mind,
where tendrils of rose cling
but are cut back at the root.
To the south colors burst
and fade with the season,
fickle as grass you cover me
but are soon gone.
I have even pursued the sun
east to west,
have seen its last awful fall
over the edge
and followed instead a cold compass home,
to the still, green certainty of moss.

✪ LINDA PASTAN's first book of poems, *A Perfect Circle of Sun,* was recently published by the Swallow Press. She lives in Rockville, Maryland, and is on the staff of *Voyages* magazine.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SIGHTINGS

The Context of *A Clockwork Orange*

CHARLES THOMAS SAMUELS

From the beginning, most American filmmakers have been *idiot-savants*: technically brilliant but unintelligent about life. D. W. Griffith taught the world to join shots, but his mind contained only fragments of thinking, and the flow of his images was regularly muddied by trashy sentiments. His best followers either (like Hawks) bypassed depth for verve or (like Ford) made simplemindedness into a strategy. The first group, reveling in cynicism, concocted a fantasy world of "screwball comedies," gangster films or musicals; the second, opting for sentimentality, devised melodramas full of picturesque difficulties solved by rough justice or, when at their most romantic, Westerns. Neither may be said to have inspected anything real; both rendered life through the formulas of pulp fiction.

The one native talent who had seemed exceptional merely proves the rule. *Citizen Kane,* America's first contribution to film art, is important only as a contribution to the art of making films. Its script is little more than sturdy planks of plotting nailed together by wisecracks. Execution, not conception, wins applause: Toland's superb photography, with its monumental vistas and suggestive lighting; the expressionist sets and resourceful music; dazzling transitions between shots and scenes; bravura acting; endless devices. As insight, *Kane* is laughable. Indeed, admiration can be sustained only if we accept the final revelation —hence, retroactively, the film—as deliberate in its failure to explain because a man's motives can never be satisfactorily fathomed. No such convenient excuse is available for *The Magnificent Ambersons,* which, although more boldly propositional in treating mores, is hamstrung by the shallow Booth Tarkington novel that is its source. For the rest, Welles's career is a sad tale of craft in search of a subject; its few victories (the last scene of *The Lady from Shanghai* or the beginning of *Touch of Evil*) poignant in their excess of manner over matter. Little wonder that the one artist thriving in Hollywood has been Alfred Hitchcock, who regards reality as impertinent, emotion as something that happens to the spectator, and mind as a spoil-sport needing to be allayed.

Most American films share Hitchcock's disdain for common experience. As a result, they don't feature people but rather stars who inflate them. Chronically unable to contemplate the native culture, they rather represent it through their fixation on deeds. American film art has been influential by its action genres because only in these does the essentially technical genius of our filmmakers find a proper subject. Themselves masters of know-how, our directors are drawn to ingenuity and expertise in their characters. Possessing the world's most envied machinery for making motion pictures, they express themselves powerfully only when their subject is motion unencumbered by feeling, morals or contemplation. The rhythm of American films takes its cue from the racing pulse.

How easily this nonhuman emphasis on sheer skill might turn into something blatantly inhuman we see from the host of contemporary films that raise the level of

✪ CHARLES THOMAS SAMUELS' column on films appears regularly in the SCHOLAR. His most recent book is *The Ambiguity of Henry James.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

kinetic excitement until it becomes arrant bloodlust. *Straw Dogs,* for example, is only more graphic in depicting violence and more wholehearted in advocating force than its countless predecessors. Peckinpah's film is remarkable for the honesty with which it declares its values, not for the values themselves: power-worship, anti-intellectualism, and a fear of femininity that, in less brazen times, simply dictated avoidance of sex.

Its hero is a parody thinker whose head in the stars blinds him to the ditch at his feet, into which he is thrown by his wife's libido. Childishly fixated on her own pleasure, when David insists that he must work as well as make love, Amy goads a former lover and one of his bestial friends into raping her. Meanwhile, a village girl also fixated on her own pleasure goads the town idiot (David without the disguise of learning) into a tryst that ends in her death. When David blunders upon the fleeing idiot and insists on caring for him, the couple is made vulnerable to a siege by the village toughs, but David vanquishes his enemies because he turns his intelligence—at last, we are made to feel—toward the production of force. Man the doer is most truly man.

Although Stanley Kubrick began his career within the artistic tradition I've sketched, he soon displayed signs of rejection. After two obviously apprentice films, which he currently deplores, Kubrick made a tightly plotted action movie that nevertheless subverts some of the genre's basic assumptions. So far from showing a meticulously planned heist as the expression of human adroitness, *The Killing* reveals how poignant an error it is to neglect needs and feelings in one's dependence on technique. Without departing from the crime-does-not-pay formula, *The Killing* humanizes its characters just enough to produce a modest critique of faceless organizational efficiency.

In his next film, *Paths of Glory,* Kubrick attacks one of American filmdom's most admired exponents of action. He depicts the army unheroically, as a vainglorious organism that thrives on the sacrifice of weaker members, adding vindictiveness to brutality when its methods fail. The particular army in question, however, is French rather than American; thus the native relevance of the criticism is somewhat qualified. Concern over this mitigation perhaps dictates Kubrick's casting of actors who patently hail from the less elocutionary boroughs of New York as French soldiers and inserting in their speeches argot unsuitable to the time and place. But anything thereby gained in relating the work to its American audience costs credibility. When one also notes the film's populist dichotomy between evil officers and good or at least guiltless draftees, he begins to think that *Paths of Glory* does not go so clearly against the American grain as its pacifist polemics might first suggest.

Paths of Glory muffles its pacifism by locating evil in a single class. The result is a tendentiousness never quite overcome by the graphic portrayal of war's horrors. Timidity also mars Kubrick's next film, *Lolita.* Heeding some internalized form of conventional sanctions (with Nabokov's collusion), Kubrick prettifies Humbert's sordid obsession and captures the novel's grotesque comedy only in the secondary roles of Mrs. Haze and Quilty. The result is neither the pathetic May-December romance that major casting and composer Nelson Riddle's arpeggios seem designed to achieve nor Nabokovian satire, but an incompatible mixture of the two.

Nevertheless, flawed as Kubrick's first films are, they clearly established him as more than an entertainer willing to adorn any project offered him with the standard quantity of kinetic thrills. His preeminence among American filmmakers was subsequently assured by a film consolidating all the best in its predecessors. *Dr. Strangelove* combines the critical plotting of *The Killing,* with the pacifist and anti-institutional themes expressed in *Paths of Glory,* by perfecting the comic style marginally evident in *Lolita.* As a result, *Dr. Strangelove* holds up to devastating ridicule values that a film like *Straw Dogs* deplorably celebrates.

Beginning with the shot of two bombers copulating in mid-air, *Dr. Strangelove* presents America's fascination with might as

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an absurd confusion of libido. The crew of the lethal American fighter plane reads *Playboy* magazine (whose centerfold wears *Foreign Affairs* across her buttocks) and receives prophylactics in their survival kits; the general who orders their attack had formulated his insane scheme during intercourse, when, as he says, he realized that sex threatens his "vital essence"; the ex-Nazi scientist who advises the war machine looks forward to a postapocalypse eugenics program. We are meant ultimately to share the astonishment of General Turgidson when he is torn between chauvinistic pride in the bomber's invulnerability to Soviet intervention and his un-American discovery that it must be destroyed in order to save the world.

Dr. Strangelove is exceptional not only for placing this self-criticism before us but for doing so with an hilarious relentlessness that takes us laughing right through Armageddon. Moreover, while exposing the ultimate destructiveness of a culture perversely in love with machines, the film itself avoids mechanical flourishes, making direction reticently serve the content. Long scenes are enacted without camera movement (in a salient example, George C. Scott's room is outfitted with a mirrored wall so that no shifts need interrupt his performance); except for the simple cross-cutting necessary during the climax, most of the editing contrives to point up lines (as in the war room sequences). So much less brilliant a piece of filmmaking than *Citizen Kane, Dr. Strangelove,* unlike Welles's masterpiece, can stand with works that interpret life.

With some of the critical alertness displayed in *Dr. Strangelove,* Kubrick's next film *2001* speculates about what life might become. Numerous details reveal the underside of futurist technology: the insipidity of cosmic cuisine, the colossally disproportionate effort and boring experience of space travel, the atavistically banal human behavior that makes the film's one colorful figure a computer programmed to feel. Yet, Kubrick's critical voice eventually seems to be crying in the wilderness, drowned out by the alluring special effects with which he fills up the vastness of space.

Thus, the last sequence suggests a faith that man will ultimately transcend whatever follies still cling to him as he enters the era of total mechanism. We are, however, never told why. Nor can we explain how an artist who distinguished himself by satirizing mindless, heartless mechanization can suddenly find it promising. Albeit with a residue of doubt, Kubrick seems to have embraced the subtitular message of *Dr. Strangelove,* stopped worrying, and learned to love the enemy.

Yet this turnabout is not completely evident unless we read comments Kubrick published after the film or the far clearer novel drawn by his collaborator, Arthur Clarke, from their screenplay. Suggesting some fundamental ambivalence, *2001* is so obscure that it has become a cult object for those who argue that a film should not mean but be. It doesn't signal a shift in Kubrick's thinking so much as a new fascination with the sheer joy of making images.

This fascination renders Kubrick's latest film "sensational" in both senses of the term: "outstanding" and also a work dependent on "exaggerated or lurid details." Some reviewers welcome the luridness and discount the exaggeration because they believe that a world of senseless violence is just around the corner and, hence, that Kubrick is sounding an essential alarm. Others, feeling no urgency behind the effects, charge Kubrick with secretly reveling in the violence he purports to expose.

But *A Clockwork Orange* is no *Straw Dogs;* love of violence is not its problem. Although detractors argue that Alex, the film's antihero, is too charming and clever, this charge is shortsighted. Alex must appeal to us or we won't care enough about him to comprehend the film's total situation. A thoroughly repulsive criminal raises no doubts about the proper response; he must simply be eradicated. Kubrick and Burgess want to make Alex sufficiently valuable, however, so that we can feel that the methods used to repress him may be as deplorable as Alex himself. Burgess makes the youth charming by endowing him with

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a charming language; Kubrick relies in part on this intriguing patois, but even more, since his work is a film rather than a novel, on the personal magnetism of the actor who plays the major role.

In *Straw Dogs* violence isn't charming; it is necessary. In *A Clockwork Orange* it lacks appeal because it is so manifestly unnecessary. From the beginning of the film, when we see Alex and his friends drugged in the Korova milk-bar, violence is never presented as a response to any threat that might justify it. Alex and his "droogs" beat and rape simply because they are bored. Moreover, they commit their mayhem with indiscriminate combinations of verve and fatuousness, unlike the hero of Peckinpah's film, who realizes his inventive powers only in the act of violence. We might, for example, admire a certain hideous showmanship when Alex rapes the writer's wife to the tempo of "Singin' in the Rain," but there is absolutely nothing to admire in the preceding scene when the gang amuses itself en route to its night's "entertainment" by running cars off the road. And if Alex is charming, his gang, including an aptly named Dim, fails to exhibit this or any other virtue. Through his association with them, we also understand that Alex, charming though he be, is far less intelligent than he thinks. Needing to assert dominance over his followers, he tosses Dim into a body of water and slashes his hand, vaunting himself on the brilliance of this inspiration but, as we later learn, ironically igniting a vengefulness that tries to destroy him. Kubrick emphasizes the causal connection between the two events, and thus Alex's ineptness as a leader, by shooting in identical slow motion both the water that splashes up when Dim falls and the milk that bursts from the bottle with which Alex is later hit.

Underneath Alex's apparent charm there is motiveless malignity just as there is lack of foresight underneath his apparent cleverness. The film clearly regards him sardonically. If we compare one of Kubrick's few transformations of the novel, we can see how critical Kubrick means us to feel.

In each version of the story, Alex pushes aggression to the point of murder, thus falling victim to the authorities. In the film, however, the murder is more gratuitous than in the novel and hence Alex is more foolish for having committed it. Burgess' cat-lady is an old woman who threatens the gang when, with larcenous intent, they try to enter her home; and she attacks Alex as his back is turned toward her after he succeeds in breaking in. Since he is also goaded by her yowling, scratching pets when he tries to defend himself, the crime is made partly instinctive. In the film, all of his actions are utterly deliberate—clear instances of overreaching.

Kubrick also increases the critical implications of the scene by making it less of a plot device than it is in his source. By turning the cat-lady from a rather undifferentiated old woman into a narcissist (devoted to making herself look younger than her years), a hypocrite (who talks unctuously to the police and profanely to Alex), and a poseur (who arrogates to herself the virtues of culture, although she is only a collector of pornography), Kubrick goes further than Burgess toward portraying a world where teen-age violence, if not produced by a lack of value in the adult culture, is at least facilitated by this lack.

The authorities who condition Alex into virtue use methods as violent as his own. The civil libertarian writer who deplores the boy's consequent loss of free will is actually motivated by opposition to the ruling party and—when he learns that Alex is his wife's assailant—by manic vengefulness. Even the priest, who preaches Christian values, is implicitly compromised by the violent and erotic elements in the Bible that Kubrick pictorializes and Alex takes such pleasure in. Like religion, art is shown to exert no restraining influence of civilization (in the scene where Alex is being conditioned, by scoring Hitler and the Nazis with Beethoven, Kubrick reminds us that art doesn't even influence the society that produces it).

Kubrick's film, however, is itself artful for finding cinematic means to display Burgess' ironic equation between lawlessness and the presumed alternatives. Most

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

strikingly, Kubrick signals a breakdown of value distinctions by accompanying the violence with musical and sometimes decorative elements that are ostentatiously benign. A gang rape takes place to the strains of Rossini in a baroque theater. While Alex lies on his bed masturbating to Beethoven and dreaming about what he calls "ultraviolence," the camera dances about his room, eventually panning across what appears to be a plaster statue of four randy satyrs; but, as the music becomes livelier, syncopated cuts reveal that the satyrs are Christs. Kubrick uses Burgess' ironic details, like the drunken tramp wallowing in filth as he spouts platitudes about law and order and the erosion of youth's respect for age, or Alex's father and mother, whose parental guidance is conspicuous by its absence. He also invents details to illustrate the widespread disappearance of legitimacy; in the final hospital scene, for example, the moans that signal Alex's return to consciousness serve to uncover a doctor and nurse fornicating in the next bed.

What Kubrick does not emphasize is the novel's theme; the unreality of goodness when not freely chosen. In Burgess, the victimized writer is writing a book on this subject and the priest delivers a speech that states the point directly. Kubrick underemphasizes the speech and totally eliminates the book. But before he is charged, as he has been, with desecrating a superior work of fiction, we must remember how localized the theme is in Burgess' novel, where it exists alongside far more striking details that articulate a nearly contradictory point: good and evil have become equivalent.

Burgess does not explain how this equivalence might come about. His novel is visionary in the narrowest sense of the term and convincing only if we already believe that the envisioned future is latent in our present. Redundant in plot (Alex commits mayhem, is rehabilitated, and then becomes the victim of mayhem), full of cartoon characters, it is striking only as a feat of construction. Kubrick finds brilliant cinematic equivalents for Burgess' gimmicks, but he is limited by the original's intellectual and emotional thinness. As a result, grand show that it is, *A Clockwork Orange* simply reminds us that Kubrick is a master visualizer. Visualization is, of course, the essence of cinema, but it is not the whole of the art. Even Hitchcock, who tells us as little about life as any director who matters, nonetheless directs his visual genius toward a human goal: evocation. Kubrick seems intent merely on showing us how to embody filmically a world first imagined in words. His expertise is undeniable, but it is also narrow and unedifying. If, as everyone claims, he is the best American filmmaker, this fact merely reminds us of the terribly limited achievement of his native context. Once in his career Kubrick transcended his tradition; now, entertainingly but to our ultimate disappointment, he seems to be going the way of his predecessors.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Myth, Man and Memoirs: The Case of André Malraux

STEPHEN E. BORNSTEIN

Few books to appear in the past decade have, in my recollection, aroused such intense prepublication interest as André Malraux's *Antimémoires*. And it is certain that neither Malraux's lengthy literary silence preceding the publication of *Antimémoires* in 1967 nor even the unprecedented promotional campaign (including appearances on radio and television as well as a long-playing record) that heralded the Paris publication could have created this interest *ex nihilo* in the style of Madison Avenue. For, ever since the early 1920s when Malraux appeared on the fringes of the Paris literary scene in the guise of the tough, gangster-type with the dangling cigarette and the intense searching gaze, his life, both public and private, has been a source of extreme curiosity and the subject of a constantly expanding body of legend.

By the beginning of the present decade, no contemporary figure was regarded as having had such a universal and multifarious experience of the great adventures of recent history. The *Jeune-Annam* independence movement in Indochina, the central executive committee of the Kuomintang in Canton, the French Communist Party, the International Air Brigade in the Spanish Civil War, the Alsace-Lorraine *Maquis*, de Gaulle's 1958 coup—with all of these Malraux's name has been associated in the public mind, through a fascinating mixture of fact and legend. Revolutionary and cabinet minister, intellectual and politician, tough-guy and star of Parisian society, who should be more intimately acquainted with every side of the modern human condition than the mysterious Malraux? Furthermore, his political activities, particularly in the Far East and in Spain, have gained in relevance both for the general reading public and for serious scholars because of the myth of *Malraux le témoin*, that is, the claim that Malraux's novels, especially *Les Conquérants* (1928), *La Condition Humaine* (1933) and *L'Espoir* (1937), possess a special validity because they are largely eyewitness accounts of events in which Malraux himself played a crucial role.

The announcement, therefore, that M. Malraux, Minister of Culture, was about to bring out a volume of memoirs with the tantalizing title of *Antimémoires* understandably aroused considerable excitement. Literary critics and intellectual historians, familiar with the confessional, highly introspective, extremely frank tradition of French memoir literature from Rousseau to Proust, Gide and Sartre hoped that Malraux might at last lift somewhat the thick veil of secrecy that has hidden his private emotions, experiences and thought processes, and allow the world to examine with him the development of his personality and artistic sensibility, the events of his life both as a private individual with loves, fears, hopes and desires and as a public actor in the political theaters of both Asia and Europe, and the interrelationship between these experiences, his ideas and his writings. Other readers of Malraux, less concerned, perhaps, with the technical academic questions of literary creation and intellectual history must also have been

✪ STEPHEN E. BORNSTEIN, a native of Toronto, is a graduate student in government at Harvard University.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

anxious for a glimpse into the exotic private world of André Malraux, and they must have expected *Antimémoires* to provide them with a privileged view such as Bertrand Russell's autobiography or Gide's notebooks afforded into the lives of their authors.

But, as its title boldly announces, *Antimémoires* is no conventional autobiography. In the introductory chapter Malraux informs us that he has absolutely no intention of publicly parading his private life or of dissecting his psyche on the pages of his book in an attempt to pursue the self-knowledge and the *sincérité* that, ever since Rousseau, have been the objectives of the "confessional" autobiography. In the words of the chaplain of Vercors (whom Malraux will call to mind again and again throughout the course of the book), "La confession n'apprend rien." Malraux denies that a man is nothing more than the sum of his secrets or, in the words of Walter Berger of *Les Noyers de l'Altenburg,* "un misérable petit tas de secrets." He insists that, in the face of the ultimate question that death puts to life, as he phrases it, his own personal, private self is irrelevant, and only what is most universal, most general in his experience can be of any real interest: "en face de cette question [the incomprehensibility of death] que m'importe ce qui n'importe qu'à moi?"

We find in *Antimémoires,* therefore, none of the intricate, psychological and emotional self-analysis, none of the careful delineating of the author's childhood, of what he considers to be his formative adolescent experiences, of his love affairs, of his desires and passions, triumphs and failures, none of the painstaking tracing of the interrelationships between the author's experiences and his art, such as have generally characterized the genre of memoirs and on which literary historians have always drawn so heavily and often so fruitfully. Malraux's personal life remains, as he intended, as much a secret today as it was before the publication of *Antimémoires:* "J'ai peu et mal appris a me créer moi-même. . . . Je ne m'intéresse guère," Malraux declares.

His political life is displayed at only slightly greater length. Malraux does, admittedly, set the historical record straight concerning two disputed aspects of his political life: the nature of his affiliation in the 1930s with the Communist party (he denies that he was ever a card-carrying member), and the circumstances of his first meeting with General de Gaulle (he denies that de Gaulle repeated, after their meeting, Napoleon's famous "enfin un homme," thus demolishing one of the most romantic, although hardly one of the most credible, pieces of his own myth). Malraux also, to be sure, recounts at considerable length and with obvious relish, the events of his political tour of the French Antilles for President de Gaulle in 1958. He makes, however, only the slightest references to those aspects of his political career that have always aroused the most intense curiosity—his revolutionary and agitational activities with the *Jeune-Annam* and the Kuomintang in the Far East and his exploits as organizer of the International Air Brigade during the Spanish Civil War. And except for a few passing references to the autobiographical character of some aspects of several of his novels—he admits the family history in *Les Noyers de l'Altenburg* is a transfigured version of his own, and he describes the real-life origins of the narrowly averted airplane crash described as fiction in *Le Temps du mépris* (1935)—*Antimémoires,* taken as a whole, provides very few direct indications of the interrelationship between Malraux's personal experiences and his fiction, of his approach to the creative process, of his reactions to the public success or failure of his various works, of all those factors, in short, that we have learned to expect from a great novelist's memoirs.

In fact, *Antimémoires* resembles in almost no major way the conventional autobiography of the French and English literary traditions. Nor should we really have expected it to have done so. Given Malraux's artistic one-upmanship, it was very unlikely that he would produce a standard "confessional" autobiography, particularly after Sartre had produced the highly

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

personal and introspective *Les Mots*. Similarly, Malraux's obvious preference for an aura of uncertainty, of myth surrounding his life, his constant attempt, as Denis Boak writes in his *André Malraux*, "to create his own life as an artistic entity in its own right" made it highly improbable that Malraux would deliberately substitute solid facts for the fantastic myth surrounding his life in the public mind. Furthermore, the introduction to *Antimémoires* with its explicit rejection of the possibility of objective, analytical self-knowledge and of the search for "secrets" as the key to the mind of an individual or to the nature of man was clearly foreshadowed in many of Malraux's earlier works as far back as his speech entitled *D'une Jeunesse européenne* (1927) where he denies the possibility of objective self-knowledge through introspection, later in *Les Noyers de l'Altenburg* (1945), and most particularly in *Les Voix du silence* (1951) where he insists repeatedly that the private lives and personal reflections of famous artists are irrelevant to an analysis of their greatness as artists: "It was Signor Buonarroti who wrote the letters and Michelangelo who carved the figures in the Medici Chapel . . . The only biography of an artist that matters is his life story as an artist." Finally, since Malraux has never bothered to analyze at any length the motives or psychological states of the characters in his novels, it should not have been expected that he would suddenly adopt such an analytic technique when describing himself.

Although the basic approach to the writing of memoirs adopted by Malraux in *Antimémoires* should not, therefore, surprise us, its actual content and especially its particular form and character, like all true works of art, could not possibly have been predicted. Even more than its unusual contents, its distinctive form and structure effectively establish *Antimémoires* as a new and exciting departure in French literature, a brand new literary genre.

The format of *Antimémoires*, especially upon a first reading, is exceedingly complex. The central organizational element giving some shape and minimal cohesion to the various episodes and segments is the logbook format used to introduce most of the chapters. Chapter headings, such as "1965, du large de la Crète" and "1934, Saba/1965, Aden" seem at first annoyingly cryptic until the reader finally becomes aware—with precious few hints from an author not renowned for having pity on his readers' imaginations—that the book is following roughly the itinerary of a sea voyage to the Far East that Malraux undertook in 1965 as a diplomatic fence-mending tour for President de Gaulle. As Malraux reaches certain cities his mind flashes back to his earlier experiences and exploits connected with that area or to passages in his writings associated with it. Thus, for example, his docking at Aden in 1965 reminds him of his 1934 flight over the Arabian desert with a certain Corniglion in search of the ruins of Sheba. But *Antimémoires* is not always such a simple log of a journey with associated recollections. At times the patterns of association are extremely vague, as in the second chapter of the section entitled "Les Noyers de l'Altenburg" in which Malraux jumps back and forth, with little respect for his readers' limited capacity to follow, from Egypt to Nazi Germany to Mexico to Guatemala and back to Egypt again. The temporal axis is also often completely jumbled, as traditional time sequences are purposely disregarded, and the disoriented reader dragged mercilessly from 1965 to 1945 to 1958 to 1955 and back to 1965 again. This intentional fracturing of the time axis is perhaps most pronounced in the first chapter of the section entitled "Antimémoires."

Not only does Malraux, in this strange attempt at a countergenre, experiment wildly with the reader's sense of time and place; he also—and this is probably the most radical aspect of the entire book from a technical point of view—breaks down almost completely the traditional barrier between fiction and reality. Malraux warns us of his intentions to violate the fact/fiction dichotomy very early in the introductory chapter as he announces that he will include excerpts from his previous fictional works alongside ordinary recollec-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tions of historical fact. "En face de l'inconnu," he maintains, "certains de nos rêves n'ont pas moins de signification que nos souvenirs. Je reprends donc ici telles scènes autrefois transformées en fiction." Radical as such a program for writing one's memoirs may seem to us on first reading, what is even more shocking is that the first section of the book begins with a large chunk of fiction extracted essentially verbatim from Malraux's novel, *Les Noyers de l'Altenburg,* and also that this segment of fiction and others introduced elsewhere are accorded exactly the same validity and status as sections that purport to be accurate reporting of historical fact. Thus a clearly mythical description of the death of King Solomon is juxtaposed with an ostensibly factual account of Malraux's nearly fatal flight with Corniglion over the Arabian desert. And the fictional encounter with Clappique is juxtaposed with what purports to be a verbatim transcript of an official interview with Mao Tse-tung. The facticity of the real, of the historical, is thus drastically undermined to a point where it is impossible to determine what actually did happen, what Malraux has doctored to appear as he would like it to have happened, and what Malraux merely imagined from start to finish. This total fracturing of the traditional boundary between fact and fiction, between myth and reality, is nowhere more intense than in the entire Clappique episode, and it results in the creation of a powerful atmosphere of magical fantasy, of an aura of suprahistorical significance that pervades the whole of *Antimémoires* and contributes greatly to the book's impact and fascination.

A final noteworthy structural feature of *Antimémoires* is the extreme complexity of rapidly shifting perspectives that Malraux achieves. In this mystical, mythical world of fantasy, recollection, history and imagination, the "je" becomes, as Roger Shattuck aptly puts it, "a chameleon" as Malraux skips with astonishing grace from log journal to historical recollection to quotations from his own art criticism to sections of his novels (either introduced without connective links, as in the first chunk borrowed from *Les Noyers de l'Altenburg,* or presented as something Malraux is rereading for himself like the tank trap scene from the same novel) to interviews with great historical personalities or fictional characters who themselves narrate long stories in which other fictional (or perhaps real) characters tell stories of their own. The narrative point of view constantly oscillates, very much as in André Gide's masterpiece of narrative experimentation, *Les Faux-Monnayeurs.* As Professor Shattuck wrote in "The Conqueror" *(New York Review of Books,* October 24, 1968), "The *I* is narrator, character in his own narrative, and author of earlier works and deeds—and at other times a fictional narrator and charactor of the 'original' *I* and in a parallel situation."

But, one may ask, what is it that the elusive M. Malraux is trying to achieve by means of this magnificent but perplexing mixture of fact and fiction, of log book and film scenario, of thrilling war stories and lengthy disquisitions on art and religion? If it is fairly evident what these things called "antimemoirs" are *not,* what can we say regarding what they, in fact, *are?* I suggest that in *Antimémoires* Malraux is engaged in two parallel and closely related pursuits, one of which is so divergent in its aims and the second so different in its form from the traditional concerns of literary memorialists that both deserve to be designated as "anti"—as countergeneric. These basic pursuits are what I shall call (1) Malraux's "quest for man," a metaphysical undertaking not generally considered an essential ingredient of literary memoirs, and (2) his "quest for Malraux," an endeavour not unusual in an autobiography but one that Malraux pursues in a typically distinctive and unexpected fashion.

Malraux's quest for man constitutes the thematic thread that runs through the whole of *Antimémoires* and helps to unify what is, structurally, a rather disjointed and rambling work. Malraux's highly metaphysical quest in the memoirs is probably the crucial justification for the designation "anti" in the book's title. For, as he ex-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

plains, the basic inadequacy of memoirs, as they are generally written, is that they ignore the central intellectual concerns of their author.

Il est rare [Malraux writes] que des mémoires nous apportent la rencontre entre l'auteur et les idées qui vont envahir, ou conduire sa vie. Gide nous explique comment il s'est découvert pédéraste, mais c'est son biographe qui tente de nous expliquer comment il s'est découvert artiste. Or, dans mon esprit—dans l'esprit de la plupart des intellectuels—il est des idées dont la rencontre est aussi présente que celles des êtres.

In other words, what Malraux sees as central to his life and to his life's work are not the secrets of his private life or the hidden flaws of his personality or even the political actions he has performed or the movements he has participated in (his political activities as we have seen are deliberately soft-pedaled), but rather the ideas he has been concerned with, the questions he has asked, the answers he has attempted to offer. And above all the questions; for "il est possible que dans le domaine du destin, l'homme vaille plus par l'approfondissement de ses questions que par ses réponses . . . L'homme que l'on trouvera ici, c'est lui qui s'accorde aux questions que la mort pose à la signification du monde."

And so Malraux proceeds to reexamine the fundamental questions about the human condition, the absurdity of death, the anguish of solitude, the possibility and validity of human action, the spiritual and psychological significance of art, the continuity of human civilization—all those excruciating metaphysical questions that have imbued his work since he framed for the first time in *La Tentation de l'Occident* (1926) the basic problem of the identity of man: "La réalité absolue a été pour vous [he has Ling tell A.D., the archetype of Western man] Dieu, puis l'homme; mais l'homme est mort, après Dieu, et vous cherchez avec angoisse celui à qui vous pourriez confier son étrange héritage."

The entire body of Malraux's works prior to 1967 may be seen as a series of attempts, at various levels and with varying degrees of success, to solve the problem of the "death of man"; indeed they may be viewed, to borrow from another context one of Malraux's most attractive phrases, as a "sequence of provisional responses to a problem that remains intact." Malraux's quest for man reached perhaps its most intense and sophisticated level in *Les Noyers de l'Altenburg* where the case against "Man" as a constant, identifiable entity is phrased in powerful anthropological terms by Professor Möllberg who denies the continuity of human civilization, refusing to recognize any common ground between prehistoric man with his moon kings and modern man, and answering with an emphatic and authoritative "no" the question posed to the Altenburg colloquy, "Is there any factor on which we can base the notion of man?" Unable and unwilling to refute this damning analysis at its own level, Vincent Berger remains satisfied with the inspiration imparted to him by the sight of two huge walnut trees framing Strasbourg Cathedral and the revelation of the mysterious power of life experienced upon returning to Europe from Asia as a proof of the continuity of mankind as a meaningful fact.

In *Antimémoires,* Malraux searches for man in nearly all the assorted nooks and crannies where he has sought him before. He searches for man in violent action and adventure through a fascinating examination of the legendary adventurer, David de Mayrena, much as he had sought man in such "heroes without a cause" in his early novels, *Les Conquérants* (1928) and especially *La Voie royale* (1930). Similarly, as he did in *Les Voix du silence* (1951) and *La Métamorphose des dieux* (1957), he seeks the essence of man in his art, in the element of "the eternal" that man attempts to wrest from hostile, fleeting reality by creating artistic masterpieces that defy the absurdity of destiny; the Egyptian Sphinx and the Shiva of Elephanta are treated as powerful forms of "anti-destin" that speak the "langage de l'éternel et du sacré" and that are accordingly capable of conquering fate.

Malraux in *Antimémoires* seeks man most frequently in death—by studying the various attitudes that different civilizations

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have toward the meaning of death (the entire first chapter of the "Noyers de l'Altenburg" section can perhaps best be read as commentary on the approaches of various human cultures to their dead). Malraux's obsession with death ("Le mot mort me gêne, avec son battement de gong") derives from his conviction that it is the irremediability of death that renders life absurd and against which man must constantly struggle to assert his identity. Malraux in *Antimémoires* also seeks man in his myths, in his dreams. Civilizations are seen as the embodiments of their most powerful myths: the meaning of Red China, for example, is sought in the myth of Mao, of the Long March, of the heroic crossing of the Tatu River, "le plus célèbre image de la Chine rouge," and India is sought in its religious ceremonies, its sacred poetry, and the myth of Gandhi and nonviolence: it is "la plus grande usine de rêves du monde."

In *Antimémoires,* as in many of Malraux's previous works, each of the central metaphysical questions, issues and answers is distilled into a single haunting visual symbol—the two huge Alsatian walnut trees; the chaplain of Vercors with his arms outstretched proclaiming, "Il n'y a pas de grandes personnes"; the huge Shiva of Elephanta; Möllberg's abandoned manuscript strewn across the African desert; the Queen of Casamance and her majestic tree; Nehru's funeral pyre—all highly evocative symbols that are repeated, interwoven, balanced against one another in resonance patterns whose total effect suggests the final philosophical message of the book. And in *Antimémoires* the constant repetition of the walnut tree symbol, the resonance established between that symbol and the images of the Queen of Casamance and the chaplain of Vercors, as well as the heavy emphasis placed upon the quasi-mystical experience of epiphany denoted by the phrase "retour sur la terre"—all these factors indicate that Malraux regards these intimations of the fundamental unity of man and the ineffable mystery of human life as developed in his earlier novel, *Les Noyers de l'Altenburg,* as his present resting-point in his quest for the essence of man. So confident is Malraux in the intimation of human grandeur provided by the inspiration of the walnut trees and the experience of the "retour sur la terre" as a guarantor of the meaningfulness of human life that, in the concluding chapter of *Antimémoires,* he pits it against the vigorous challenge of the Nazi concentration camps and finds it still a more or less adequate ground for faith in human dignity.

The primacy of the themes and symbols of *Les Noyers de l'Altenburg* in the metaphysical and artistic scheme of *Antimémoires* suggests the possibility that *Antimémoires* is, in fact, the long-promised rewritten version of *La Lutte avec l'ange* of which *Les Noyers* was purportedly the only part not destroyed by the Gestapo. And this tantalizing possibility is rendered even more plausible by the fact that *Les Noyers* does not appear in the list of works *"du même auteur"* at the back of *Antimémoires,* suggesting (if this is not merely an oversight) that Malraux now considers his latest work to have superseded *Les Noyers.*

Even if this is not the case, it seems that the term "encounters with man"—which the narrator of *Les Noyers* applied to his father's sheaf of unedited notes—could serve as an exceedingly apt subtitle to *Antimémoires.* For as I have tried to show, much of this work's apparent thematic chaos resolves itself, and the various episodes of fiction, recollection, myth and history fall rather neatly and meaningfully into place if they are considered as Malraux's assorted "encounters with man." The Resistance woman defiantly slapping her S.S. tormentor, the Russian and Chinese border guards moving the boundary markers back and forth behind one another's backs, the Chinese peasant woman tearing out the eyes of her husband's murderer, the Hong Kong merchants with their back-to-back pictures of Mao Tse-tung and Chiang Kai-shek which they flip over *"quand il le faudra,"* the quiet, dedicated valor of the Annamese nationalist workers who stole the type needed for the revolutionary presses, the frantic screaming of Bonneau in the helplessly trapped tank, the French soldiers

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

passing pictures of their wives around in the dark before a battle, the toothless smile of a peasant woman—all these scenes can perhaps best be viewed as Malraux's various encounters with man, his assorted efforts at, in his own words, "establishing the notion of man," at trying "to make men conscious of some of the grandeur they ignore in themselves."

Similarly, the long interviews with de Gaulle, Nehru and Mao, which occupy such central positions in the structure of *Antimémoires* and which stand out as some of the most powerful and fascinating writing in the entire volume, should, in my opinion, be read not (as several critics have assumed) either as exercises in political theory or political polemics, but rather as major examples of "encounters with man," as part of Malraux's passionate quest for humanity and human grandeur.

Whereas Samuel Hux in the May, 1969, issue of *Commentary* insists that "emphasis on *Anti-Memoirs* as literature can be misleading" and that the book must be treated as a high-class political tract, it is my contention that, very much to the contrary, emphasis on *Antimémoires* as a political program can be terribly misleading. Instead, as one of Malraux's best known commentators, W. M. Frohock, asserts in the October, 1968, *Yale Review,* it should be "read . . . as Malraux clearly intended it—as the first draft of a literary and philosophical, rather than political, last will and testament."

It is, of course, true that Malraux's political convictions and activities have always informed the spirit and content of his fiction and have, therefore, always been of great interest both to the general reading public fascinated by the myth of *Malraux le témoin* and to academic historians and literary critics. Prior to the publication of *Antimémoires,* our picture of the course of Malraux's political attachments and beliefs had approximately this outline. Before his Cambodian expedition, the young Malraux seems to have been essentially apolitical, as the content of his surrealistic fantasies, *Lunes en papier* (1921) and *Royaume farfelu* (published in 1928 but apparently written much earlier), suggests. Malraux's humiliating arrest and conviction for allegedly stealing some ancient Cambodian statues seem, according to Denis Boak, to have politicized and radicalized him considerably and to have led him to agitational and revolutionary activities of various sorts in both Indochina and China. Certainly indicative of Malraux's developing political awareness is the shift from the essentially apolitical environment of *La Voie royale* to the highly political context of *Les Conquérants* (the former was, in fact, published in 1930, two years after the latter, but, as Boak very convincingly argues, *La Voie royale* was almost certainly written much earlier). Throughout the 1930s Malraux called himself a Communist and participated in a number of party-related activities including the World Committee Against Fascism, which he served as president. His Communist sympathies at an intellectual level are clearly revealed in *La Condition humaine* (1933), probably his finest novel, in which Kyo and Katov, the two characters most endowed with the author's sympathies, are party members. Malraux's own communism was always of a rather bizarre variety: he denied the right of party officials to tell him the meaning of communism, never refrained from publicly attacking the official party line, as he did in his famous critique of "Socialist realism" at the Soviet Writers' Congress in Moscow in 1934, and described his attachment to communism in heterodox terms most aptly described by Nicola Chiaramonte as "a poet's reasons."

Malraux appears to have finally broken with the party in 1939 immediately upon the signing of the Nazi-Soviet Pact, but his growing uncertainty about both the ideology and the party was already evident in *L'Espoir* (1937) in which many of the most sympathetic characters, such as Scali, the Negus and especially Garcia are non-Communists, and in which the party and the ideology are subjected to frequent serious criticism, although never definitively rejected. In 1945 Malraux surprised the public and outraged many of the younger enthusiasts of the Malraux myth by joining

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

de Gaulle's first government as Minister of Information. In a rather strange pamphlet entitled *The Case for De Gaulle: a Dialogue between André Malraux and James Burnham* (1948), Malraux glorified de Gaulle as the savior of France from anarchic, stagnant party politics and from the desperate threat of Stalinism, and took turns with Burnham, another disillusioned former intellectual fellow-traveler, in vilifying Stalinist Russia as a totalitarian betrayal of the revolutionary ideal and the most vicious opponent of world peace. In this contest, Burnham certainly wins the highest points for sheer bitterness of invective, but Malraux scores very high on witty insight: "Kicking over the checkerboard," he points out, "is not just a peculiar way of playing checkers." Malraux's more recent political activities as an organizer of the short-lived R. P. F. (*Rassemblement du Peuple Français*) in 1947 and then as Minister of Information and later Minister of Culture following de Gaulle's return to power in 1958 are matters of public record. Between the publication of *The Case for De Gaulle* and 1967, however, we received no major written declarations of political position from Malraux, no explanations of his political conversion, no reconsiderations of his radical years, no analysis of de Gaulle and Gaullism. His works on the philosophy of art contain, as does *Les Noyers de l'Altenburg*, no political comment whatever, as is, of course, quite appropriate to such a genre.

Now, in *Antimémoires*, Malraux provides us with a number of significant indications of his present and past attitudes to politics. With regard to communism, we are presented with an analysis that is considerably less bitter than that expressed in the dialogue with Burnham. Describing the dilemmas of the non-Communist Resistance, Malraux still has nothing but contempt for Stalinism and Russian totalitarianism ("aux yeux de ces hommes, le Stalinisme signifiait le contraire de tout ce pour quoi ils avaient combattu") but he also betrays a certain mellow ambiguity toward the party of his earlier years, a certain reflective fascination with the dynamism of a powerful dream. Recalling his speech to the Congress of the Mouvement de Libération Nationale, opposing a fusion with the Communists and the subsequent vote against such a fusion, Malraux writes:

> Le parti communiste ne disposerait pas de la Résistance contre le général de Gaulle. Mais pendant mon retour au front, à travers la Champagne couverte de neige, je pensais à mes camarades communistes d'Espagne, à l'épopée de la création soviétique, malgré le Guépéou; à l'armée rouge, aux fermiers communistes de Corrèze toujours prêts à nous accueillir malgré la milice, pour ce Parti qui semblait ne plus croire à d'autre victoires que celles du camouflage. Je pensais à la main sur mon épaule dans la rue de la Gare où les ardoises brillaient sous la pluie.

In the interview that Malraux records between himself and de Gaulle we find not only a very revealing picture of de Gaulle in 1945 (his insistence that the time for "revolution" was past can be seen to isolate him from the almost universal desire for social and political reconstruction common to both the Communist and the non-Communist Resistance), but also some important indications of Malraux's own political feelings. We see his discontent with party politics, and his deep nationalism, which after 1940 seems to have displaced his socialism and dictated his transition from the Communist to the Gaullist camp through the way station of the Resistance: "Enfin est arrivée la défaite, et comme beaucoup d'autres, j'ai épousé la France." Above all, we quickly come to realize that Malraux's Gaullism is now much more than what David Wilkinson, in *Malraux: An Essay in Political Criticism*, identified as a tactical allegiance, the choosing from among existing alternatives of the least objectionable means for achieving the desired ends. Whereas in 1948 Malraux seems to have regarded Gaullism, as he had communism before it, as a mere means to an end, by 1967 it is clear that he has come to look upon *le général* not as a mere instrument, but as highly valuable in himself. What the interview with de Gaulle introduces is the cult of the great man in which Malraux as high priest celebrates the grandeur of three of this century's most striking

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

public figures—de Gaulle, Nehru and Mao Tse-tung.

That de Gaulle, Nehru and Mao are all treated as examples of a single ideal type—"the great man," *"l'homme de l'histoire"*—is clear both from the basic identity of the moods that dominate each of the momentous interviews shoring up the structure of *Antimémoires* and from the fundamentally identical terms in which all three men are described. The mood that emanates from all three great interview-scenes is one of awe-inspiring significance. We are meant to feel that time has stopped, that the very gods are watching from their celestial perches as the revelation of a great historical personality takes place before our privileged eyes. Before us sits the great man, the suprahistorical personality described less as a human being than as a statue, or more accurately as an icon: Mao, for example, is "un empereur de bronze." They are less politicians than religious figures, high priests (de Gaulle's presence suggests the "distance intérieure" of the great religious mystics; Nehru is "le gouru de la nation"), or prophets (like the prophet they are all seen as obsessed by a great dream, a profound idea that they must impart to the people). Like the prophet, too, they are lonely figures, isolated, preaching from a high mountaintop, alone with the masses of India, France, China. They are all entirely public people, defined by their public acts, far above the mundanity of family and home: Nehru appears more comfortable at the halls of government than at home "car il appartient trop à l'Histoire pour ne pas sembler chez lui au Capitole, et non dans cette villa"; Mao is better described by the Long March than by any personal trait; and the private General de Gaulle is merely a man who does not talk about affairs of state. They are all "hommes de vocation," men called by history, public figures whose task it is to give shape to the dreams of an entire nation, to symbolize the travails and aspirations of a whole nation (of Nehru, Malraux writes, "il était l'Inde," and of Mao, "derrière toute notre conversation se tenait aux aguets l'espoir du crépuscule d'un monde"). Yet, although this position as the incarnation of a nation's highest aspirations gives the great men an enormous authority and "une relation profonde avec les masses," it also makes them scapegoats for millions, isolated tragic figures, struggling with vain determination against a reluctant nation, against themselves, above all against time, to capture the human greatness that is constantly slipping away: we hear de Gaulle's "Si, avant de mourir, j'ai la chance de revoir une jeunesse française," and Nehru's touching "Je ne reverrai pas le Kailasa."

It should be quite evident by now that what we have here is not just a set of political interviews, not merely something as mundane as "hero politics," but rather a presentation that, although beginning with politics, rapidly transcends it into the realm of *destin,* of the general human condition, of the quest for man. For the cult of the great man in *Antimémoires* is not something to be read, as Professor Hux would have us do, as a political program. Rather it represents the final stage of Malraux's quest for man, his search for human greatness. These interviews are "encounters with man" in his highest manifestation; here is man as Absolute, man as a work of art. Here is man as an "antidestin" in himself, what Malraux described in his essay on T. E. Lawrence as "une veritée incarnée, devenue vivante: Nietzsche devenu Zarathustra." Malraux's investigation of the great man in *Antimémoires* can be seen as a final and logical step in his lifelong search for the image of man. As François Bondy writes in the *Hudson Review* (Spring, 1968), "After Action, Revolution, Meditation, and Art, the Great Leaders are the latest avatar in Malraux's search for a metaphysical answer to man's quest." When viewed as an elevated form of "encounter with man," the lengthy sections of *Antimémoires* devoted to these encounters can be seen to fit neatly into the general thematic scheme of the book rather than standing out as interesting but unrelated insertions. Finally, viewed in this way, the sections on the "great men" enable us to grasp the real significance of the cryptic remark by the chaplain of Vercors, echoed

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

over and over again throughout *Antimémoires,* that "il n'y a pas de grandes personnes." What Malraux appears to be saying in his own arcane manner is that while there is a true grandeur about human life, a grandeur embodied particularly in the great public figures of history, this greatness is elusive. The lives of the great are tinged with tragedy. "Greatness," to quote Professor Shattuck, "may escape even the great."

Like most of Malraux's other writings, *Antimémoires* is to a large extent a philosophical document. Yet we must not allow our tracing of Malraux's metaphysical pursuits to obscure the fact that *Antimémoires* is not only *anti* but also *mémoires,* although, to be sure, memoirs of a rather unusual, almost perverse, sort. For, unlike his novels, *Antimémoires* involves, at a much more conscious level and to a much greater extent, Malraux's search for himself, his attempt to reconsider his various past lives and his assorted presentations of self, and to select the Malraux he wished, in 1967, to be remembered as.

This quest for himself Malraux undertakes with the help of a slow ocean voyage to the Far East whose ports of call provide convenient pigeonholes in which to file and sort his various past lives. And what indeed could be more appropriate? For it was in the East that Malraux became both politician and novelist, and it is the East that has, one might say, palpably colored everything he has ever done and written. Furthermore, the drastic transformation that the East has undergone since the 1920s, when Malraux first encountered it, forces him to consider how his own personality has changed since that time. Cairo has grown from two hundred thousand inhabitants to four million; India has been liberated; the Indochina of the *Jeune-Annam* movement and the courageous revolutionary printers is at this writing watched over by the motionless American battlefleet. And Malraux must ask himself: "Que répond donc ma vie à ces dieux qui se couchent et ces villes qui se lèvent, à ce fracas d'action qui vient battre le paquebot commes s'il était le bruit éternel de la mer, à tant d'espoirs vains et d'amis tués?"

In *Antimémoires* Malraux declares that the self he considers most valuable, indeed the only self he thinks worthy of remembering, is his public self: Malraux as political actor, Malraux as writer. Malraux's rejection of his personal life is announced in the introductory chapter and constitutes, as I have said, one of the main "anti" elements in this work of countergeneric writing. It is not quite so obvious that in *Antimémoires* Malraux also makes a further choice about himself. Of the two components of Malraux as public man, *Antimémoires* clearly chooses to soft-pedal Malraux as political organizer and actor (although the temptation to depict Malraux as eloquent public orator is, on several occasions, entirely too strong to be resisted) and to emphasize Malraux as writer, the creator of lasting works of art, the most ineradicably public Malraux of all. If, at the thematic level, *Antimémoires* constitutes a multifaceted search for the image of man, at the structural level the work represents a serious attempt by Malraux to find an image of himself, a quest for Malraux undertaken through a courageous reexamination of his various writings, a search for himself through, and in, his own art. In *Les Voix du silence* Malraux wrote that "the only biography of an artist that matters is his life story as an artist." *Antimémoires* is just such a biography of Malraux as an artist, a direct confrontation of his own writings, which Malraux clearly feels represent him most accurately just as the Long March most fully depicts Mao.

Over and over again in *Antimémoires* we are offered samples of Malraux's novels and essays—long excerpts interjected without explanation; brief snippets tossed in as seems appropriate; whole chapters that Malraux says he is rereading from his own works. The result, suggested by the fact that four of the five main sections are given titles of previous novels, is that *Antimémoires* is something of a Malraux anthology. In it we can find samples of almost every kind of writing Malraux has ever done:

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from travelogue to military epic, from exotic Asian adventure to speculation on the philosophy of art. Some of Malraux's greatest scenes are reproduced here: the epiphany of the walnut trees and the truly magnificent picture of the insane Nietzsche singing aloud in the darkened train, both taken from *Les Noyers,* as well as the moving "last incarnation of Christ" told by the Spanish Republican priest from *L'Espoir.* But *Antimémoires* is not simply a "portable Malraux." With the help of his voyage of rediscovery to the East, Malraux carefully reshuffles his collected works, removes some from the shelf entirely, elevates others previously considered of minor importance to major status, and redistributes the emphasis that he would now, in mature retrospect, like to have placed upon his various writings. The early surrealistic fantasies are scarcely mentioned, but the studies on the philosophy of art, which many readers have regarded as bizarre detours from the main novelistic path, are affirmed as having, at least for their author, an integral role and a dignified status in the ranks of his works, as the central concerns and major themes of *Les Voix du silence* and *La Métamorphose des dieux*—art as *"anti-destin,"* the interest in the *"sacré,"* the precariousness of artistic survival, the curious and profound relationship between art and death in different civilizations—all occupy a prominent place in the thematic scheme of *Antimémoires.* As I have already mentioned, Malraux's last novel, *Les Noyers de l'Altenburg,* is assigned foremost retrospective status, as two lengthy excerpts from it are given extreme prominence, and the entire literary mood and philosophical scheme of *Antimémoires* are dominated by the questions posed by Möllberg and the symbolic answers provided by the constantly repeated vision of the huge Alsatian walnut trees.

The sections of previous works reproduced in *Antimémoires* are not merely copied verbatim. Malraux has very carefully struggled with many of his earlier writings to put them into shape for reproduction here. The first chapter of the section entitled "Les Noyers de l'Altenburg," which appears at first glance to have been lifted almost verbatim from the novel, has, as closer scrutiny reveals, been considerably reworked. Not only are two long chapters compressed into one and several passages refined stylistically, but certain passages are inserted in a different order, particularly Vincent's enlightening experience of a "retour sur la terre" upon returning to Europe from Turkey, which is removed from the lengthy deleted section describing his escapades in the service of Enver Pasha and inserted immediately before the crucial passage on the walnut trees, clearly in order to reinforce the significance of that experience and to indicate the close thematic relationship between these two key ideas. Similarly, in drastically telescoping the Altenburg colloquy, Malraux has significantly altered its import as well. He deletes a major discussion between Rabaud, Thirard and Walter Berger on the problem of what is meant by "knowing" a specific man, man in general, and oneself. It would seem that Malraux feels that the introductory chapter, as well as many subsequent passages, of *Antimémoires* has taken over the analysis of these questions. Similarly, it seems to me that Malraux has softened the impact of Möllberg's argument by deleting several of the latter's strongest statements. Perhaps Malraux was disconcerted by the fact that several critics had misunderstood the entire point of *Les Noyers* and assumed that the extremely forceful arguments of Möllberg represented the author's final position as well. In addition to these changes, Malraux, as we have already observed, makes a courageous attempt to incorporate new experiences into his literary field of vision as, for example, in the concluding chapter of *Antimémoires* where he tries to incorporate the Nazi concentration camp into the conception of human nature based on the inspiration of the walnut trees and the experience of the "retour sur la terre" taken over from *Les Noyers.* Similarly, the section entitled "La Tentation de l'Occident" can be regarded as involving a total rewriting of that rather intellectually derivative and artistically mediocre epistolary novel, a rewriting in which East and West are now compared

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at a much higher level of intellectual sophistication with a new concern for the religious spirit of the two cultures together with a more complex analysis of Eastern religious art and a considerable softening of the youthful nihilism of the earlier version.

This rewriting suggests that Malraux in *Antimémoires* is engaged quite consciously in what he called a "lutte avec l'ange," a desperate struggle with his creations in an effort to wrest from them his "name," his ultimate identity. Ever since the 1920s Malraux has been obsessed by the question of the relationship between the artist and his works. In *La Tentation de l'Occident* he referred to "un conflit sans espoir . . . celui de l'homme et ce qu'il a créé" as one of the basic contradictions at the rotten core of European civilization; and in *La Voie royale* he put the following eloquent restatement of the Romantic dilemma into the mouth of Perken: "L'imagination, quelle chose extraordinaire! En soi-même, étrangère à soi-même . . . L'imagination elle compense toujours." It is in *Antimémoires* that Malraux attempts to come to grips with his own creation, combing his life's work and evaluating himself as embodied in this work.

Whereas in parts of *Antimémoires* what I have called Malraux's struggle with his own creation seems less a struggle than a complacent indulgence in self-celebration, in the fourth section entitled "La Voie royale" this struggle reaches what seems to me a remarkable intensity and, concomitantly, Malraux's complex and involuted art attains a very high level. It is in this section that Malraux, temporarily stranded in Singapore, claims to meet the Baron de Clappique, that fascinating mythomaniac from *La Condition humaine,* who is perhaps the only truly memorable character Malraux has ever created and who purportedly reads to him, with appropriate theatrics, the long scenario of a film he claims to be in the process of making about David de Mayrena, a legendary adventurer who Malraux admits was the model for Perken in his early novel, *La Voie royale.* The critics, it seems, have generally been somewhat baffled by the inclusion of this weird and apparently extraneous movie scenario in *Antimémoires* and François Bondy has gone so far as to claim that "this scenario must have been written years ago, and has no real function in the book; it just happened to be available and unpublished."

In my opinion, this perhaps overly lengthy section, far from being extraneous, plays a crucial role in that aspect of the scheme of *Antimémoires* that I have called, somewhat pretentiously no doubt, Malraux's quest for Malraux. For here we find Malraux, in 1965, consciously and deliberately redoing what he did in 1928, critically rewriting *La Voie royale.* The plot is remarkably similar, Mayrena is identified as the prototype of Perken, and Malraux himself admits the duplication: "en 1965, au-dessus du Pacifique, je pense au jeune homme de 1928 qui se rendait à Batoum, et arpentait le pont d'un cargo dans le détroit de Messine . . . en inventant ce personnage." This rewriting involves an intense self-analysis on Malraux's part at two major levels. First, it involves a critical reassessment of his own literary prowess at this early stage of his career: by replacing the transparent Claude as narrator by Clappique, whom he has already described as an incurable mythomaniac, an inveterate performer with a minimal grasp of reality, ("De quelque façon qu'il fût habillé le baron de Clappique avait l'air déguisé"), Malraux is clearly distancing himself somewhat (but only somewhat) from the wildly romantic and exceedingly serious style in which the original novel was written. (Various comments by Clappique on romanticism and exoticism, as well as the reference to the scenario as "un reportage insolite" and the touches of farcical humor he injects into the narrative, point toward the same conclusion.)

At this first level, then, Malraux seems to be asking himself: "What was I as an artist in 1928? In what ways have I changed since then? Could I write that kind of wild-eyed adventure story again today?" Few other great writers have, as far as I know, dared to ask themselves these kinds of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

artistically intimate questions in public. At a second, and even more interesting, level, Malraux in "rewriting" *La Voie royale* is subjecting to a renewed and critical scrutiny the human type of the "adventurer," who (of this Malraux is quite aware today if not in 1928) embodied much of Malraux's own personality or at least one element of it—the romantic irresponsible, crazy, *farfelu* adventurer that Malraux was himself, and that he admired in T. E. Lawrence, in the early 1920s. Whereas in the 1930 version of *La Voie royale* Perken was treated very much as an ideal hero and subjected by the narrator, and the author, to almost no critical evaluation, in the revised version narrated by Clappique the *farfelu* adventurer is regarded with a less naïve eye. Mayrena is now seen as an inveterate liar, a vain mythomaniac and a failure, more pathetic than tragic, subjected in his later years to a series of painful humiliations, and reduced to telling extravagant stories to crowds of Bohemians in bars and selling his medals to pay for their drinks. Clearly, Malraux has realized the limitations of such a *farfelu* "hero without a cause" as a symbol of human greatness and consequently of his own limitations in that period. But it is not entirely correct to speak, therefore, of *Antimémoires* as Malraux's "triumph over the *farfelu*" as Professor Frohock would have us do. For the quixotic adventure is not entirely rejected. Mayrena, pictured in Paris as a pathetic *bavard,* is, in the scene of his suicide, reendowed with a kind of tragic grandeur. And the *farfelu* "hero without a cause" that he represents is not denied all value but is accorded a sort of provisional validity, well below that of *"l'homme de l'histoire,"* to be sure, but still quite high in Malraux's overall scheme of human types:

> Le livre et le personnage sont nés d'une méditation sur ce que l'homme peut faire contre la mort. . . . Celui qui accepte le risque de la torture, fût-ce *seulement* pour l'idée arbitraire qu'il croit de lui-même et, plus profondement, pour un enjeu qui n'est pas la défense des siens mais la condition humaine n'engage par seulement lui-même comme Kirilov ou les siens, comme le héros traditionel—mais la condition humaine, comme Prométhée—ou l'illusion suprême.

The *farfelu* is not rejected or triumphed over but recognized for what he really is, and put into proper perspective. And Malraux does not claim to have rid his character of the element of the *farfelu,* of that "présence irréfutable et glissante comme celle du chat qui passe dans l'ombre"; the whole import of this section of *Antimémoires* is to reveal to us—both in Malraux's residual sympathy for, and resemblance to, Mayrena ("car tout ce que j'ai fait, je l'ai fait pour permettre aux gens comme vous de rêver . . . qui me chassera du rêve des hommes?") and in his powerful fascination with, and similarity to Clappique—that Malraux is quite aware of the irreducible elements of both the *farfelu* and the mythomaniac (the *farfelu*'s less dangerous, more humane cousin) in his own personality.

Artistically, as well as thematically, the "Voie royale" section stands out. The blurring of the line between fact and fiction typical of the entire book is nowhere more pronounced: Clappique, obviously a fictional character, is introduced as a real person and credited with having sent Malraux some real stamps that the latter acknowledges having received; David de Mayrena is discussed by Clappique as a historical figure who served as the model for Malraux's fictional character, Perken, but it is obvious to us that Mayrena is no more real than Clappique. The only "real" person in this entire lengthy episode is Malraux and after a while we begin to have doubts about his reality as well. As Malraux himself put it earlier in *Antimémoires,* "Cet irréel agissait contagieusement." It is also in this section that we find perhaps the only truly funny scene in all of Malraux's writings. I am referring to the scene in which the general, intending to promote Mercurol, Mayrena's old sidekick, for his courageous capture of the Dé-Tham, summons Mercurol to his office to hear the details of his exploit. However, Mercurol, completely "stoned" on hashish, can do nothing but glare in rapt fascination at the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

buttons on the general's uniform. It is the fourth one in particular that he finds irresistible ("Ah! c'est que j'l'aime moi, m'Général, le p'tit bouton, que quand j'avais huit ans j'en avais un comme ça, tout pareil, à ma petite culotte") and that he tries unsuccessfully to lick as the general stands by flabbergasted.

Above all, there is the brilliant complexity of narrative structure, the rapid shifts in point of view and the multiple narration: Malraux describes Clappique describing Mayrena telling a story about Mercurol—a tale within a tale within a tale, mirrors within mirrors. And, embodied in these multiple, involuted perspectives, there is a powerful irony, even more effective because Malraux is directing much of it at himself. For he has one mythomaniac (Malraux, now, at last, conscious of his mixed blessing and malady) portray a second mythomaniac (Clappique, at best half-conscious of his mythomania) describing a third (Mayrena, totally beyond help) holding forth at great length before a crowd of gullible, dream-hungry listeners. And to crown this edifice of irony, the episode ends with the magnificently subtle: " 'Qu'en pensez-vous?' dit Clappique" the irony of which derives not merely from the fact that Clappique (who we know does not exist except as a charming part of Malraux's creative mind) is asking Malraux's opinion of a film script Malraux himself has written but also from Malraux's just having finished performing a careful dissection of a character-type many of whose flaws he knows himself to share. Here is Clappique (who also bears marked family resemblances to certain aspects of Mayrena) asking Malraux, both surgeon and patient, how he enjoyed the operation.

What are we to think of this bizarre "lutte avec l'ange," this fascinating attempt at the creation of a new literary genre or at least the demolition of an old one? To me, one of the most salient characteristics of *Antimémoires* is the remarkable number of continuities, despite its originality of conception, with the whole body of Malraux's previous works. André Vandegans' claim made in 1967 that "il n'y a qu'un seul Malraux" is still as true today as it was then.

Antimémoires, to begin with, makes its most powerful impact with precisely those weapons that have established themselves for years as the standard weapons in Malraux's arsenal. The spare, stark, staccato prose, the elliptical disconnected passages, the cinematic vision that make the tank trap episode or the description of Malraux's imprisonment by the Nazis so successful are precisely the techniques that made *La Condition humaine* so stunningly effective. Similarly, the trick of compressing abstract, complex metaphysical concepts into evocative, haunting, visual symbols (such as the elusive cat who embodies the idea of the *farfelu* or the majestic sacred tree of the Queen of Casamance) is a favorite of Malraux's, which he used effectively as far back as *La Condition humaine,* where the phonograph recording of Kyo's voice that he himself could not recognize made concrete Malraux's notion of the metaphysical isolation of the individual and the impossibility of real self-knowledge. And the most central technique of *Antimémoires,* which Anthony Hartley, in *Encounter* (June, 1968), calls "the mythopoeic transmutation of reality"—the elevation of commonplace scenes to a level of universal significance and the raising of historical reality to the intensity of myth by means of complex, evocative cross-references, especially across long spans of time, the repetition of haunting symbols and the setting up of deep resonances between them, and, especially, the use of the device of "pathetic fallacy" in which the universe is seen in profound accord with the experiences of man—this technique is standard Malraux fare, particularly reminiscent of *L'Espoir* and *Les Noyers.*

Not only does Malraux in *Antimémoires* score most of his points with the same effective shots he has always employed, but, to transfer the metaphor to another sport, he stumbles on most of the same hurdles as have generally tripped him up in the past. Like many of his previous works, especially *La Tentation de l'Occident* and the various excursions into the philosophy

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of art, *Antimémoires* tends in spots towards an excessively pedantic parading of knowledge; parts of the Nehru section also drag somewhat for this reason, I believe. Excessive pedantry in *Antimémoires* is accompanied sometimes, although not enough to mar the work seriously, by a pretentious tendency, especially typical of Malraux's writings on art, to mistake vagueness for profundity and to present highly contentious theses as indisputable laws that he asserts, à la Nietzsche, rather than argues. The various sections on Egyptian art and Indian sculpture in *Antimémoires* are less annoying in their pretentiousness and in their perversely intellectualized, expressionistic treatment of art than *Les Voix du silence* only because they are much briefer.

A further failing of Malraux's that can be seen to carry over to *Antimémoires* from his earlier works is his excessive seriousness, especially concerning himself. Real humor is hard to find in Malraux, as is any sustained ironic detachment from his characters or from his narrators. Although the "Voie royale" section of *Antimémoires* offers, as I have argued, a pleasant exception to this generalization, this type of self-irony, this capacity to laugh at himself is rather rare in the other parts of that book. Malraux displays a rather disconcerting fondness for quoting his own speeches at great length and seems to attach a somewhat excessive significance to his tour of the French Antilles in 1958 to drum up support for General de Gaulle. Similarly, one of the lengthy dialogues with Nehru reprinted in *Antimémoires* seems less a case of Malraux interviewing Nehru than of Nehru interviewing Malraux.

Furthermore, parts of *Antimémoires* carry over one of the least attractive traits of Malraux's earlier novels, especially of *La Voie royale,* a trait that recurs in *Les Noyers de l'Altenburg*—that is, a tendency toward melodrama and mannerism. Malraux's use of pathetic fallacy, of transhistorical references, and of tableaux bordering on the *précieux* is quite effective when properly controlled. But such romantic techniques can sometimes get away from even the most skillful craftsmen. Such tableaux as the picture of the rain trickling drop by drop into a puddle from the bunch of grapes perched on a statue of Virgin and Child in Beaulieu are a little too mannered for my taste, and some of the attempts to convey a mythical, transhistorical significance to a less than earthshaking act or picture leave me unmoved. Malraux's attempt, for example, to endow his drive back from the French embassy to his hotel in New Delhi with suprahistorical relevance seems for some reason to fail completely, although elsewhere the same technique works admirably.

A major failing of Malraux that many critics have pointed out and that reappears in *Antimémoires* is the strangely incomplete character of Malraux's world. From *La Tentation de l'Occident* to *Antimémoires,* Malraux's view has included almost no women (Thalie in the "Voie royale" section is a welcome although unsatisfying addition), no children, and no convincing treatments of ordinary, nonintellectual men. Malraux's perception of life in *Antimémoires* remains, as before, restricted to elevated, dramatic moments of extreme historical significance; the simple details of daily life, the basic actions and emotions common to all men remain of no interest to him. It is only when death intervenes that ordinary men's emotions begin to interest Malraux. The question of whether or not Malraux can justly be called a "humanist" remains as problematic as ever. That he shares the central quest of the humanist is beyond dispute, amply demonstrated by the "search for man" that runs through the pages of *Antimémoires.* Malraux eloquently described this quest many years ago in a letter to Armand Hoog in which he wrote of "the problem that underlies everything I write: how to make man aware that he can build his greatness, without religion, on the nothingness that crushes him." The incompleteness of Malraux's world, the starkness of his view of life, his taste for violence, his elitism, his inability to take seriously the daily lives of ordinary men—all this has raised doubts in many minds about Malraux's qualifications as a "humanist." François Mauriac accused Mal-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

raux of harboring a fundamental "mépris de l'homme," and Denis Boak, unsympathetic as usual, finds Malraux so devoid of "humaneness" that to call Malraux a "humanist" is, he insists, to deprive the word of all meaningful content. It is indeed true that constant reiteration in *Antimémoires* of the inspired faith in man first proclaimed in *Les Noyers de l'Altenburg* and the retention of this faith even in the face of the inhumanity of Dachau do suggest a growing mellow humanism in Malraux. Still, it is somewhat disconcerting that the most appropriate symbol that Malraux can find in *Antimémoires* to embody the continuity and grandeur of human life is not a *human* phenomenon at all but two *trees* in Alsace. Malraux's "humanism" remains, I fear, somewhat suspect.

A final and related failing, which seems to me as salient in *Antimémoires* as in many of Malraux's previous works, is that while this work, as *literature,* is extremely exciting, as *philosophy* it seems somewhat less than totally satisfactory. The problem seems to be that the questions Malraux asks in *Antimémoires,* as in *La Condition humaine, Les Conquérants* or *Les Noyers de l'Altenburg,* generally overpower the answers he suggests for them. Malraux poses the existential questions of human solitude, the anguish of contingency, the absurdity of death, the meaninglessness of life in a godless universe, in compelling terms, and while we may commend his ambitiousness, in attempting a global ethical synthesis, we need not accept his combination of art, action, the reassurance derived from contemplating walnut trees and peasant women's smiles, and the mystical union of alienated men achieved through adherence to a great political leader as anything more than a poet's visions. They certainly do not amount to a complete system of political or moral philosophy.

The continuities, in both content and style therefore, between *Antimémories* and the rest of Malraux's works are quite prominent, especially given the anthological aspect of the present volume. But the acknowledgement of such continuities must not obscure the fact that *Antimémoires* is not a mere summing up, not a simple recapitulation by a tired, ailing old man, but rather, as Malraux intended, an independent work of art with a rhythm, a structure, a personality all its own. As such it will certainly come to occupy a central place in Malraux's work, so central in fact that, as is the case with Marcel Proust's *A la Recherche du temps perdu,* all Malraux's previous writings may come to be regarded as mere practice runs for this ultimate *lutte avec l'ange.* Similarly, despite the extravagances and failings that I have noted, *Antimémoires* will, I am confident, be acknowledged as one of the truly significant pieces of twentieth-century Western literature.

Announcing a new column by

Jerzy Kosinski

coming in autumn

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Revolving Bookstand

Growth of a Great Critic

UNCOLLECTED PROSE BY W. B. YEATS. Vol. I: First Reviews and Articles, 1886-1896. *Collected and edited by John P. Frayne. Columbia University Press. $17.50.*

Reviewed by ROBERT LANGBAUM

Yeats's father, the painter John Butler Yeats, indoctrinated him into the religion of art and warned him against serving Mammon by taking a steady job. The result was that young Willie did all kinds of literary odd jobs to make a living. He used his prose to support his poetry, tried his hand at fiction and book-reviewing, and took the fiction more seriously. It was to spare him reviewing that Lady Gregory began subsidizing him around 1897; in looking back that year upon his decade of reviewing, he wrote: "One has to give something of one's self to the devil that one may live. I have given my [journalistic] criticism." Yet through reviewing he developed, as one sees in this volume, the prose style and critical concepts that distinguish the serious criticism which he first collected in *Ideas of Good and Evil* (1896-1903), and which he continued writing until his death in 1939 both in critical essays and as incidental to other concerns (some of his best criticism is in *Autobiographies* and *A Vision).* Yeats ranks as a critic with, and perhaps even above, Eliot. Although Eliot's taste was better, Yeats's insights seem already the more enduring.

The best of Yeats's critical essays have been reissued in *Essays and Introductions* (1961), the next best in *Explorations* (1962). Now Professor Frayne is collecting, in a two-volume work of which this is the first, all the prose—reviews, articles, letters to newspapers, stories—which has never been, or is no longer, available in prose collections of his work. This volume covers the early period, which has the most uncollected prose; the second will cover 1897-1939. Is it worthwhile to reprint ephemera that the author himself wished to bury? The only justification is that a giant like Yeats lends significance to any scrap of paper connected with him, and that it is not certain Yeats wished anything he had ever written buried. He took the trouble to correct in his own handwriting the printed versions of even unsigned reviews; that is how many of the unsigned reviews have got identified.

Certainly this book is for readers who bring a fairly specialized interest to Yeats or the Irish Renaissance, and even those readers may want to skip a good deal. But as historical and biographical documents, these pot-boiling reviews bring us closer than the more carefully considered essays to the young man of the moment; they illuminate a period of Yeats's life not covered by the hitherto collected prose and distorted by the hindsight of the memoirs. This historical interest is admirably served by Professor Frayne's long, comprehensive introduction and his notes, which give coherence to the volume and give us the background we need to understand it.

What then do we learn about the young Yeats? We learn that he had to teach himself how to write criticism. We move from the first wooden article on Sir Samuel Ferguson's poetry—in which Yeats can only alternate praise with quotation—to the last pieces, where in scattered paragraphs, some

ROBERT LANGBAUM teaches English at the University of Virginia. His latest book is *The Modern Spirit.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Indispensable.

The Chronicle of Higher Education. Week in and week out, *the* authoritative source of news about U. S. colleges and universities—and the forces that affect them.

Virtually every college and university president is a subscriber. So are other top administrators—some 25,000 in all.

> ***And so are growing numbers of faculty members,*** who have learned that keeping up with the news affecting them and their colleagues is simply too important to leave to chance.

The Chronicle simplifies and systematizes the task for them.

Every week, with newspaper speed and painstaking accuracy, **The Chronicle** keeps its readers informed. About faculty salaries. About threats to academic freedom and about court cases pertaining to them. About growing trends in collective bargaining for faculty members, and the counter-trends against it. About major conferences of scholarly and educational associations.

There's a weekly list, and one-sentence reviews, of new books. A compendium of academic appointments, promotions, and transfers. A calendar of coming events. Texts of major speeches, documents, rulings.

The colorful and the gray: **The Chronicle** keeps its readers informed about it all.

The Chronicle is "now the most informative and widely read publication in the field of higher education at large," a major foundation's independent study revealed.

Reader after reader puts it even more succinctly:
"**The Chronicle** is indispensable."

Put it to work for *you.*

Try The Chronicle for 12 issues: $7. Or for a full year: $20. *Simply drop us a card with your name, address, and title; we'll start your subscription and bill you later.*

THE CHRONICLE OF HIGHER EDUCATION

1717 Massachusetts Avenue, N.W. Washington, D. C. 20036

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of them taken over for *Ideas of Good and Evil,* we detect already that chanting movement of the best essays into insights based on feats of analytic power that seem more revelation than analysis. Hence the opening paragraph of 1895, reprinted as "The Moods," which begins: "Literature differs from explanatory and scientific writing in being wrought about a mood, or a community of moods, as the body is wrought about an invisible soul." This excursion into symbolist theory is hardly borne out by the discussion that follows of some mainly indifferent Irish prose writers. Nor, except for A.E., do the Irish poets discussed in the next article bear out the opening paragraph, which has been reprinted as "The Body of the Father Christian Rosencrux" and is also the subject of a poem, "The Mountain Tomb." The paragraph looks toward the historical dialectics of *A Vision*: "It seems to me that the imagination has had no very different history [from Father Rosencrux's miraculously preserved corpse] during the last two hundred years, but has been laid in a great tomb of criticism." However, "this age of criticism is about to pass, and an age of imagination, of emotion, of moods, of revelation, about to come in its place." We see the great critic growing through and despite the particular books under review.

What else do we learn about the young Yeats? We learn that far from being the timid young dreamer of his own retrospective accounts, he was already in his twenties an organizer, who solicited and manipulated reviews and stage-managed the reception of his friends' books. So much so that he was accused of literary logrolling and did not, in the controversy aired here, get the editorship he wanted of the New Irish Library—a venture he had conceived to publish out-of-print Irish classics and new books on Irish subjects—because the conservatives feared he would make the New Irish Library an instrument of his coterie. He undoubtedly would have; but since his coterie was in touch with the times, this surely would have been to everyone's advantage.

We learn with surprise, if we know only his more complex later views, how fiercely nationalist the young Yeats was in his literary judgments—praising books if they were on Irish subjects, damning them if they were not. He compares Sir Samuel Ferguson to Homer because he deals with Irish myth; and he scolds his father's old friend, Professor Dowden, Ireland's most eminent critic, because Dowden said that Irish nineteenth-century poetry was inferior to English, which it was, and because Dowden wrote about celebrated English authors instead of pushing the reputations of Irish poets like Ferguson. "If Sir Samuel Ferguson had written to the glory of that, from a moral point of view, more than dubious achievement, British civilization, the critics, probably including Professor Dowden, would have taken care of his reputation," says Yeats quite unfairly. "If Ireland has produced no great poet, it is not that her poetic impulse has run dry, but because her critics have failed her." Later he would say that poetry must be national and criticism international. But the Yeats who was to help found and manage the Irish National Theater was from the start an impresario—"the impresario," as Professor Frayne calls him, "of the Irish Renaissance."

He remains that at the end of this volume where a decade later he can, while still admiring Ferguson, speak of his failures and say: "almost every story-writer or poet who had taken the popular side in Ireland had ruined a part of his work by didactic writing." He now sees as enemies both the ignorant patriots, who praise any work that is nationalist, and the educated "West Britons," like Dowden, who despise all things Irish. Irish literature needs both sympathy and rigorous criticism.

It is to Yeats's credit that even when he praised writers because they were friends or good nationalists, he almost always praised them for the right reasons, simply sidestepping their faults. Only Lady Gregory and Maud Gonne made him lose his head. His notorious paeans to Lady Gregory's books are reprinted in *Explorations.* Here there is the pathetic attempt to say some-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Literature in Revolution

TriQuarterly 23/24 • 512 pages • double issue

Noam Chomsky on *Language and Freedom* • Frederick Crews on *Literary Study and The Movement* • Marge Piercy and Dick Lourie on the *Political Economy of Poetry* • Carl Oglesby on *Melville* • Harry Levin on *Shakespearean Revolution* • Raymond Williams on *Solzhenitsyn* • Sol Yurick on the *Politics of Imagination* • Leo Marx on *Susan Sontag* • G. A. White on *F. O. Matthiessen* •

Also . . . Truman Nelson, Carlos Fuentes, Conor Cruise O'Brien, Tony Stoneburner, Allen Grossman, Krystyna Devert, Aileen Ward
on
Going Out of Print, Latin American Revolutionary Literature, Yeats, Apocalypse, Milton, Hesse, Blake

Also . . . Todd Gitlin, Paul Buhle, Hugh Fox, John Seelye
on
Pop Culture, TV and the Movement, The New Comics, Media, Revolutionary Pastoralism.

TriQuarterly, an international journal of arts, letters and opinion, has been called by the *London Times* "the best of the new little magazines in America." To begin your subscription or to order copies of the special "Literature in Revolution" issue, return the coupon below.

TriQuarterly Northwestern University
101 University Hall Evanston, Illinois 60201

Please send me _____ copy(ies) of TQ 23/24 at $3.50 each.
Enter my subscription for the term checked:

☐ One year $7.00 ☐ Two years $12.00 ☐ Three years $17.00
☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Please bill me

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thing favorable about a wretched hymn to the coming Irish revolution written by a Frenchman in response to Maud Gonne's nationalist agitation in Paris and dedicated to her.

This volume also covers the period in which Yeats began his explorations of the occult. The most interesting occultist piece is "Invoking the Irish Fairies," published in the *Irish Theosophist* for October, 1892, and signed with the initials Yeats assumed when he entered the Order of the Golden Dawn—D.E.D.I., *Demon Est Deus Inversus*. He describes a trance shared with a lady whose occultist initials are D.D. (probably the actress Florence Farr), in which he invoked and she saw a vision of fairies that illustrated a mystic system he had been studying. This is like the telepathic process by which Mrs. Yeats was through her automatic writing to give back to her husband the ideas already on his mind that were to develop into *A Vision*.

Most interesting of all, we can trace through these pages the dialectical process by which Yeats in the nineties compounded his own world-view through the opposite poles of London's disengaged aestheticism and Dublin's political engagement. In London, his friends were the Decadent poets of the Rhymers' Club, through whom he learned about the French symbolists. In defending Symons' immoral poems and Verlaine's immoral life, Yeats shows his sympathy for the Decadence. Symons' "honesty and sincerity" make his poems "even when about immoral things . . . better for the world than hectic and insincere writing about moral things." And of Verlaine: "To remember him is to understand the futility of writing and thinking, as we commonly do, as if the ideal world were the perfection of ours, a blossom rooted in our clay." "The ideal world," Yeats continues in a sentence that displays already in 1896 the cadences of his achieved prose style, "when it opens its fountains, dissolves by its mysterious excitement in this man sanity, which is but the art of understanding the mechanical world, and in this man morality, which is but the art of living there with comfort; and, seeing this, we grow angry and forget that the Incarnation has none the less need of our reverence because it has taken place in a manger of the dim passions [i.e. among beasts], or perhaps bring our frankincense and myrrh in secret, lest a little truth madden our world."

The Decadence, with its principle that life should serve art, is right for England, which is in its late or lyrical phase of culture. But Ireland, which is in its first, its epic and ballad phase, feels that literature must serve life, "must be the expression of conviction . . . and not an end in itself." "With this robustness and rough energy of ours there goes most utter indifference to art," and Irish writers have still to learn (as the young Joyce was to learn a few years later) that art requires a priestlike dedication. "We have the limitations of dawn," says Yeats, coming out already with the dialectical solution of *A Vision*. The English "have the limitations of sunset." The Celtic twilight was for Yeats a dawn not an evening twilight. As for *A Vision*, that unclassifiable masterpiece employs both sides of Yeats's prose effort—the fiction and the criticism.

Yeats came to see folklore and myth as the way to combine the magical, nondiscursive quality sought by his London friends with Irish robustness and objectivity. "For lack of those great typical personages" of folklore, we have turned to the Decadent poetry of sensations—"of cigarettes and black coffee, of absinthe, and the skirt dance"—or else we are, like the mid-Victorians, "trying to persuade the lecture and the scientific book to look, at least to the eye, like the old poems and dramas and stories that were in the ages of faith long ago." Shelley, who tried to restore the old magic, seems abstract and extravagant "because he lacked the true symbols and types and stories to express his intense subjective inspiration." "The great change of our time," says Yeats in the last piece, a review of the Decadent poetess Fiona Macleod, "is believed to be a return to the subjective." This necessitates a return to myth, because "emotions which seem vague and extrava-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Oxford University Press

No Peace Beyond the Line

The English in the Caribbean, 1624-1690

By CARL *and* ROBERTA BRIDENBAUGH. "Adds a new dimension to our knowledge of the British West Indies in the seventeenth century."—JOHN E. POMFRET, Huntington Library and Art Gallery. "A volume of a breadth and authority unrivalled in recent scholarship concerned with this period."—PETER MARSHALL, McGill University. *16 pages of halftones, maps.* $12.50

Moorfield Storey and the Abolitionist Tradition

By WILLIAM B. HIXSON, JR., *Michigan State University*. "In this fine biography [Storey's] eloquent voice rings consistently and clearly against imperialism, war, political oppression, and above all, racism. . . . A nation still wrestling with these evils has much to learn from Moorfield Storey."—ARTHUR S. LINK. *Frontispiece.* $8.75

The Urbane View

Life and Politics in Metropolitan America

By SCOTT GREER, *Northwestern University*. "He combines the sensitive eye of the poet with the skilled hand of the sociologist. . . . A new vision of the possible that is steeped both in the realities of modern urban life . . . and in a first-hand understanding of the mechanisms of social control. . . . A great book."—WENDELL BELL, Yale University. *29 tables.* $9.50

American Popular Song

The Great Innovators, 1900-1950

By ALEC WILDER; *edited and with an Introduction by* JAMES T. MAHER. "A 700-page conversation with one of the most well-read, erudite musicians I have ever known. . . . A book that is necessary, a book that is definitive—a book whose time has come." —DR. FREDERICK FENNELL. "Remarkable. It is like no other book I've seen on the subject. . . . will be a joy to anyone who really cares about American popular music."—MAX MORATH. *Over 700 musical examples.* $15.00

Blindness and Insight

Essays in the Rhetoric of Contemporary Criticism

By PAUL DE MAN, *Yale University*. "The volume is rich, dense, profound and courageous in its independence of mind and its philosophical . . . artistic and sensitive treatment of modern criticism."—HENRI PEYRE. "Likely to go down as one of the most influential critical books of our time."—ROBERT MARTIN ADAMS, *Hudson Review* $6.95

Hero and Saint

Shakespeare and the Graeco-Roman Heroic Tradition

By REUBEN A. BROWER, *Harvard University*. "Reuben Brower has drawn on his extensive knowledge of the classics to write a remarkable book which should help to redirect our thinking about several of [Shakespeare's] greatest plays. . . . 'Perhaps the main theme of this book is simply the recognition of greatness, a feat more difficult for the twentieth-century reader . . . than for the Elizabethan.' "—EUGENE M. WAITH, *Yale Review* $10.50

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
200 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gant when expressed under the influence of modern literature, cease to be vague and extravagant when associated with ancient legend and mythology, for legend and mythology were born out of man's longing for the mysterious and the infinite." Such passages as these from the later pages show Yeats at his best, and we may expect more writing of this quality in Professor Frayne's second volume.

A Celebration

IMAGES OF WALLACE STEVENS. *By Edward Kessler. Rutgers University Press. $10.*

Reviewed by GEORGE P. GARRETT

It has been ever so much easier to enjoy (and sometimes even to appreciate) the poetry of Wallace Stevens than to talk sensibly about it. Which might well be taken as strong evidence for the value of his art, especially in contrast to the work of so many of his contemporaries, among them peers and acknowledged masters, whose work at least gains some added dimension from the explorations of scholars and the exploitations of critical ingenuity. One cannot claim that Stevens has been ignored. The basic scholarship of people like Samuel French Morse and of Stevens' daughter, Holly Stevenson, has been important. Babette Deutsch's precise and subtle observations in the context of *Poetry in Our Time* (1952) are extremely valuable. Paul Ramsey's strategy and treatment, in a chapter of *The Lively and The Just* (1962), result in criticism at once original and significant, placing Stevens within the boundaries of the great tradition. But, in general, it has apparently been difficult for contemporary critics to deal with Stevens' work with their habitual ways and means, the ordinary bag of tricks. The common habits of our critics have failed them, and thus they have failed to do justice to the subject. Faced with a serious challenge, they have, characteristically, wished away confrontation, ignoring all but those parts of the Stevens canon that can be safely stretched out on the rack and expected to confess and confirm the prior assumptions of the interrogators.

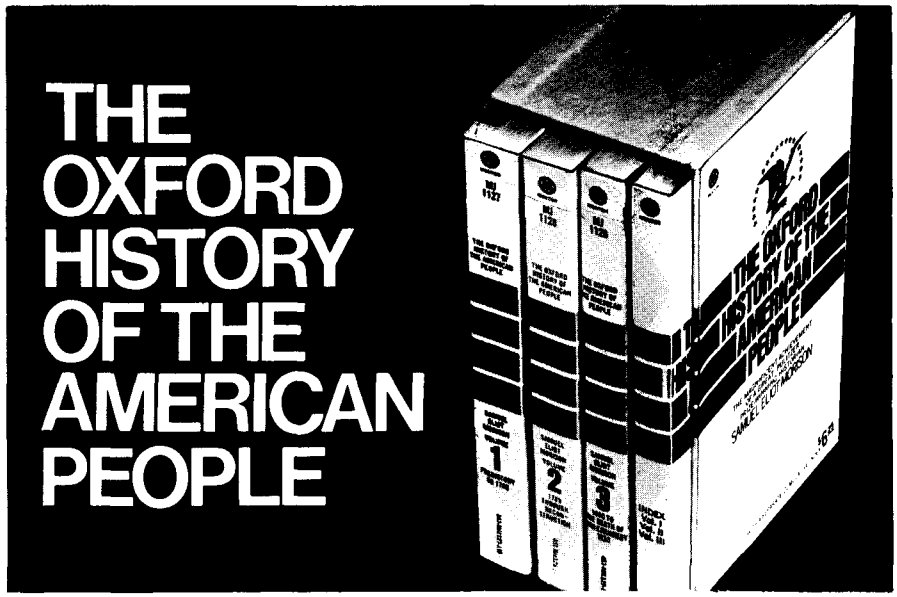
Comes now an appropriately modest study, one of clear and limited goals, beginning and ending with the poetry itself, richly threaded with quotations and examples (indeed almost, in that sense, an anthology), nicely illuminating the poetry, and neither distorting Stevens' words nor using them in any other way than as the proper *exempla* of the poet's work rather than the critic's arguments. It will be unfortunate if the unassertive quality of scholarly and critical appreciation—one wants to say the rare and wise *humility*—of this study should mislead those who have somehow managed to accustom themselves to the critical pollution of strident overemphasis, of academic hard sell. This book is very valuable and, it seems to me, very important.

Edward Kessler begins simply by accepting Stevens' poetry as it is—a lifetime series of variations on certain recurring and unsystematic images, not characterized by clearcut stages or radical outward changes, not so much a development as an exploration, constant, then, yet constantly changing. In partial abstraction he examines closely some of Stevens' most basic and persistent image complexes—north and south, sun and moon, music and the sea, the statue and the wilderness, and the rainbow of colors—as they appear in the individual poems and cumulatively. Nothing startling about this method; it is almost old-fashioned; yet it has not, prior to this, been applied to Stevens' poetry. Because Edward Kessler is a gifted, working poet himself, his graceful perceptions are never imposed upon the poetry, and at no point, even by tacit indirection, does he deny the essential mysterious being of poem, line or image. The study of images, so often in heavy hands a crude process of dismantling beyond repair, becomes instead a clear occa-

✪ GEORGE P. GARRETT is professor of English at the University of South Carolina. His most recent work is a novel, *Death of the Fox*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What is an American?



Samuel Eliot Morison provides much of the answer in his classic study of the development of the United States, Canada and the Indian nations. His *Oxford History* ranges from prehistory to recent times, searching out those aspects of the European and native American experience that have molded the specifically American character. And it does so with what *Book Week* called "a literary grace and fluency unexcelled among contemporary American historians."

The Mentor edition of THE OXFORD HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE is now ready in three volumes, slipcased with a separate, cumulative index. Each volume is also available individually and includes illustrations, maps and index.

Volume I: Prehistory to 1789 MJ1127 $1.95; Volume II: 1789 through Reconstruction MJ1128 $1.95; Volume III: 1889-1963 MJ1129 $1.95. Three volume set with cumulative index, slipcased PR321 $6.25.

NEW AMERICAN LIBRARY
Education Division
120 Woodbine St.
Bergenfield, N. J.
07621

Publishers of Signet, Mentor, Signet Classic, Plume and Signette paperbacks

NAL
TIMES MIRROR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sion of celebration and leaves us with a deeper appreciation of Stevens' whole achievement and a desire to know his poems better. Once having read *Images of Wallace Stevens,* one sees that this is what has been called for all along. One can only be grateful that Edward Kessler has demonstrated the courage, skill and dedication to answer that call.

The Case Against a Genius

COLERIDGE, THE DAMAGED ARCHANGEL. *By Norman Fruman. Braziller. $12.50.*

Reviewed by HUGH ORMSBY-LENNON

In a discussion of Coleridge, his contemporary Crabb Robinson pointed to the romantic's "infinite ability to riot and run wild on a variety of moral and religious themes." He noted how Coleridge's startling capacity for tangential association asserted itself clearly, during a lecture on Shakespeare, when his mind sprang off upon subjects as diverse as "a defence of boarding school flogging" and "an account of the different languages in Europe." This seemingly infinite fertility is perhaps displayed preeminently in that almost Swiftian gallimaufry, the *Biographia Literaria.* In *Coleridge, The Damaged Archangel,* Norman Fruman emphasizes the dangers critics run when attempting to come to grips with Coleridge's work: ". . . a work so diffuse in itself is the occasion of a certain degree of formlessness in others." By adopting several simple but consistent premises, however, Professor Fruman is successful in raveling out the tangled skeins of Coleridge's poetry, criticism and emotional life.

Unfortunately, the earlier chapters do not invariably catch fire. Fruman concedes that his treatment of the first forays into plagiarism perhaps matters "only to scholars," but he argues that "they are of considerable psychological interest in providing insights into Coleridge's poetic [and, as the analysis of *The Watchman* shows, critical] mind." Since Fruman stresses the continuity of the "artistic process, however dimly we may trace its workings" within "the total personality, training and experience of a given human being," these initial steps in his argument are essential to its later development.

His central contention is that the "one aspect of Coleridge's intellectual style which remained constant was his repeated dependence in his lectures and publications upon unstated or misleadingly acknowledged sources." That this is as true of much of his poetry as of his prose is exhaustively demonstrated. Although this proposition is not in itself novel (as Fruman shows, charges of plagiarism have been leveled at Coleridge from the time he was writing), this study represents the most thorough and detailed attempt to marshal all the relevant evidence, and Fruman's knowledge of secondary criticism is no less extensive and intimate than his familiarity with Coleridge's own vast and scattered corpus. Fruman does not limit himself to mere literary detection —"the parallel hunter inhabits one of the dreariest domains in the republic of letters" —but links the discovery of unacknowledged sources to Coleridge's own psychological inadequacies. Hence a theory of *what* and *how* the romantic poet and critic borrowed and cribbed is supported by an account of *why* he did so. Fruman argues that it was Coleridge's own painful need to sustain a self-image of *Wunderkind* and polyhistor, and to elicit admiration from friends and public alike that propelled him into the constant display of seemingly boundless abilities and apparently infinite recherché knowledge.

Professor Fruman supports his brief with a wealth of extensive quotation and careful chronological analysis. The scrupulously forensic style with which he weighs the evidence in the earlier chapters has the virtue of sobriety, when one con-

HUGH ORMSBY-LENNON, formerly Senior Scholar of King's College, Cambridge, is currently a Thuron Scholar at the University of Pennsylvania.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from Princeton

Presidents, Bureaucrats, and Foreign Policy

The Politics of Organizational Reform

By I. M. DESTLER

"Mr. Destler's book provides us with a closely reasoned proposal for a basic reorganization of our foreign policy-making mechanisms, and it should be seriously considered by whoever is the next president."—Zbigniew Brzezinski

$10.00

Forecast for Japan

Security in the 1970's

Edited by JAMES WILLIAM MORLEY

Japan in 1972, no longer poor, timid, or "defeated," has the third largest gross national product in the world. If, as seems likely, its 1975 GNP more than doubles the rest of Asia's, will it seek to build armed forces to match? Six policy specialists make a reliable forecast. $9.50

Détente in Europe: Real or Imaginary?

By JOSEF KORBEL

Josef Korbel presents a crisp, up-to-date survey of postwar relations between East and West. Seeking analytic, reasoned answers to the question of *détente*, he discusses in detail the changes in mood, policy, and practice that have occurred, and are occurring. $10.00

Hitler and the Beer Hall Putsch

By HAROLD J. GORDON, JR.

The rudimentary facts of the Beer Hall Putsch are well known. The myth and conjecture they have generated are now replaced by detailed evidence in Harold Gordon's thorough analysis of the events leading up to the Putsch, the ideologies and people struggling for power in Bavaria in 1923, the Putsch itself, and its aftermath. Cloth, $19.50. Limited paperback, $8.95

Princeton University Press

Princeton, New Jersey 08540

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

siders the import of the revelations, yet it can become daunting as the inexorable indictment proceeds. But the consideration of the three great poems and of the underlying patterns of symbolic significance in the dreams (those "Horrors of my Sleep and Night-screams," as Coleridge described them) avoids the prosiness that had occasionally obtruded earlier. Indeed, for all its bold and ingenious speculation, it runs the risk of being condemned for quite different shortcomings.

Fruman introduces the legal metaphor several times in his introduction, although disclaiming any ambition to "become a remorseless prosecutor intent upon diminishing a literary giant." Notwithstanding, although Coleridge is accorded due recognition for his intellectual achievements, this acknowledgment does not occupy as much space or carry as much weight as the hunting down of disguised sources. Fruman admits that Coleridge's work on Shakespeare is far more valuable and authoritative than that of Schlegel, and concedes that Coleridge's literary knowledge far surpassed that of Kant, but this is hardly the overall impression conveyed by the extensive patchwork of plagiarism that he uncovers and so impressively arranges. For example, in Chapter XVI, "Coleridge as Critic and Aesthetician," which is essentially an examination of the second volume of *Biographia Literaria,* earlier identified as "by far the best of Coleridge's works," he asserts that "taken in themselves, Coleridge's writings comprise the most far-ranging, complex and suggestive body of practical criticism and aesthetic speculation in English." Yet under the brunt of that chapter alone, Coleridge's criticism seems to disintegrate as generally derivative and variously obscurantist, commonplace, absurd and inconsistent. Nonetheless, in its refusal to submit to "oracular pronouncements regularly treated with the respect accorded to revealed truth," Fruman's discussion displays welcome insights and a very refreshing combative vigor, not to say iconoclasm; it makes stimulating reading.

The discussion of Coleridge's poetry written prior to the extraordinary *annus mirabilis*—which also charts the course of his earlier years—is chiefly devoted to an examination of his reworkings of and purloinings from contemporary English and European poets. This sets up a useful framework for the treatment of the great imaginative achievements of 1797-98, seen as all the more striking in the light of Coleridge's "previous eddying and drifting in the sluggish tides of fashion" and of the absence of "any bedrock commitment to the life of the poet." Fruman explains this creative development by discounting the primary influences of opium and of Coleridge's short-lived period of happiness, in order to lay well-documented stress upon the friendship with Wordsworth, the benefits of which have generally been seen to work the other way. Wordsworth's influence on Coleridge's poetry is shown to range from "the general terracings and contours" to "the minute texture and grain."

Fruman's approach is notable for the way in which it significantly modifies that of J. L. Lowes; Coleridge's successes are seen as far more the result of conscious manipulation of existing material than they are of some alchemical transmutation of half-remembered fragments of works formerly read. As Fruman says, those readers "who misconceive the nature of Coleridge's genius may find this a chilling glimpse into his poetic workshop."

The work is drawn to an extended conclusion by a more sympathetic examination of Coleridge's night thoughts and fears that were jotted hastily down in the Notebooks and discussed in his correspondence with close friends. His "divided and destructive self-image" is shown as riven by a wide spread of "deep unresolved conflicts," most notably his own fears that he had "no real Genius, no real depth." But it is Fruman's contention that incestuous longings, sexual nausea, and fears of impotence and psychic deformation, culminating in actual impotence during the early 1800s, were taking their toll at a far deeper level. Coleridge seems to have reexamined his childhood closely before the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CITY SCHOOLS / SUBURBAN SCHOOLS

A History of Fiscal Conflict

Seymour Sacks
with David Ranney and Ralph Andrew
Foreword by Alan K. Campbell

> "The conflict between large city school systems and their suburban counterparts continues. . . . The forces set in motion many years ago when cities occupied a position of relative affluence and great power have not been reversed, even though the realities no longer conform to that image. This study attempts to bring all these factors to bear in an analysis which focuses on the educational finances of 37 of the largest cities and their suburbs."
>
> —from the author's Preface

This comprehensive study, the first to examine the large city/suburban crisis in education on a national scale, provides a systematic analysis of the many factors—political, economic, and social—that have contributed to that crisis.

The forces that impinge on educational finance are identified and their historical development is traced, to make clear the source of long-held public assumptions and policies regarding public school financing and the reasons why they are no longer workable. The fiscal and educational dimensions of large city school finance, the jurisdictional and financial problems inherent in the conflict between the tradition of rigid boundaries—city, county, school district—and the reality of metropolitan area expansion, the role of the state in school finance at the local level and in state aid based on out-of-date premises, the relationship of non-educational public expenditures to educational finance, the political context of school governance at local and state levels especially in the city/suburban conflict—all of these areas are analyzed in depth, discussed in detail, and demonstrated in 39 clear statistical tables.

The momentous court decisions on the schools in California, Minnesota, Texas and Virginia have brought the city/suburban school conflict into sharp focus and have made a nation-wide re-examination of present policies on school finance inevitable. This study speaks directly to those policies and provides essential material for that re-examination.

Education in Large Cities Series, 4 Cloth, $9.95; paper, $3.95

from your bookseller, or
SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY PRESS Syracuse, New York 13210

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Charles Frankel

"blazes a new path"
in

The Pleasures of Philosophy

"The material in it selected from the writings of major figures in the history of philosophy testifies to his discriminating sense of what is of abiding importance in that history, to the breadth of his intellectual sympathies, and to his impeccable literary taste. . . . The special value of the book is to be found in the penetrating and deeply engrossing commentaries he offers. . . ."
— ERNEST NAGEL,
University Professor,
Columbia University

"It blazes a new path into philosophy. Instead of concentrating on the theory of knowledge and metaphysics, it works its way into philosophy by means of problems about religion, politics, and the difficulties of being rational. . . ." — BRAND BLANSHARD,
Sterling Professor Emeritus,
Yale University

At all bookstores, $8.95

Norton
55 Fifth Ave. / N.Y. 10003

composition of the great poems of 1797-98; it was then that these problems became especially demanding. Fruman again breaks with Lowes's precedent (widely followed) of only dealing with the works' manifest content, arguing that "it is perfectly normal to ask what connections may exist with the artist's own experience." Hence he embarks upon imaginative readings of the poems, fascinating accounts, which he admits to be speculative, in which he links their form and content to Coleridge's spiritual needs and fears as interpreted from his often exceedingly gnomic personal writings.

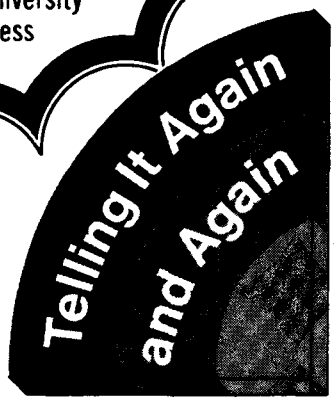
Fruman concedes that attempting to pin down Coleridge is like "trying to catch a whale in a net." One is not sure that he has been entirely successful in making this extraordinary catch. Certainly his own image for Coleridge's mind—"a vast card catalogue of images and metaphors"—suggests Coleridge's own analysis of the fancy's play with "fixities and definites" rather than the achievement of a fully integrated emblem of the imagination. Despite the wealth of material with which we are presented, the work does not seem to "recreate" for us those generative impulses that unify and give depth to Coleridge's mercurial sensibility. Fruman paints a coherent picture of the man in the last section of his book, but is the intellect represented in its full synthesizing activity throughout? In short, does Professor Fruman survey the damage but allow the archangel to elude him? Or has he succeeded in showing how Lamb's "Logician, Metaphysician, Bard!" will never be quite the same again?

BENJAMIN HENRY LATROBE

Persons knowing the whereabouts of Latrobe correspondence, manuscript writings, published works, watercolors, sketches, architectural drawings and plans are requested to write to: Edward C. Carter II, Maryland Historical Society, 201 West Monument St., Baltimore, Md. 21201.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cornell University Press



Telling It Again and Again

Repetition in Literature and Film

By BRUCE F. KAWIN

How do writers and film-makers use repetition? In a new and provocative approach to this question, Mr. Kawin shows how repetition has an important function as a manipulator of our sense of time—and of the timeless. He explores the use of this technique in a remarkable variety of works, including plays by Shakespeare, Yeats, and Genêt; prose works by Hemingway, Agee, Robbe-Grillet, and Proust; films by Eisenstein, Bergman, Buñuel, and Resnais; and disparate but relevant works of pornography, metaphysics, psychology, and religion. The author is particularly interested in the literature of the continuous present, and devotes a great part of his study to the work of Samuel Beckett and Gertrude Stein. $6.95

In Search of Literary Theory

Edited by MORTON W. BLOOMFIELD

Six outstanding critics here explore the diverse views represented in the process of studying literature. In these essays, M. H. Abrams, Morton W. Bloomfield, Northrop Frye, Geoffrey Hartman, E. D. Hirsch, and Paul de Man offer stimulating examinations of the axioms and basic assumptions involved in this humanistic discipline, and raise provocative questions for further discussion. Five of the essays originally appeared in *Daedalus*; this is the first publication of "What's the Use of Theorizing about the Arts?" by M. H. Abrams. *(Studies in the Humanities)* $9.75

CUBA 1933

Prologue to Revolution

By LUIS E. AGUILAR. Focusing on a crucial episode in Cuban history—the Revolution of 1933—Professor Aguilar analyzes the Revolution in terms of its accomplishments, frustrations, and effects on the entire Cuban national structure, and shows that the ideas, attitudes, and programs that seemed to originate with Fidel Castro's revolution actually began in 1933. He explores the early influence of the Communist party, and sheds new light on the interventionist role of the United States government, seriously questioning the actions of American diplomats in Havana. $9.50

Cornell University Press ITHACA AND LONDON

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Recommended Summer Reading . . . . .

by Members of the Editorial Board

THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR asks what book or books I have recently read that made me think, or that answered pending questions. I can name two such books. One is Staffan B. Linder's study, *The Harried Leisure Class* (Columbia University Press, $2.75). Dr. Linder, a member of parliament in Sweden, explains why people who use the best labor-saving technology and do the world's work in management and the professions are more and more hard-pressed, till life itself loses its savor. It is a short, lucid essay solidly grounded in economics and common sense, yet surprising in its discoveries. No sentiment, much light.

The other book is C. S. Lewis' *God in the Dock & Other Essays on Theology & Ethics* (Eerdmans, $6.95). It brings together some fifty very short essays on manners, morals and religion. One need not be a believer in Lewis' church to profit from his candor and powers of reasoning on common predicaments. One of his most telling pieces is on National Repentance. Apply its teaching to any of the fashionable emotions and see how many survive. Then, the mind cleared of easy sophistication, start afresh to find out what you do think with your whole being about the subjects he proposes to uncluttered mother wit.

JACQUES BARZUN

❧

Biography and autobiography, Wilhelm Dilthey has told us, provide the models for, as well as the stepping stones to, history proper. Since I have a passion for history, its patterns and its meanings—which, for me, is the stuff of sociology; the distinction between the two is the effort by sociology to assimilate the regularities of these patterns of history to identify their idiosyncrasies—I like to read biography. Especially in the summer. Summer rhythms, especially for an academic, are different from those of winter. One is more responsive to the weather and its elements, even when one tries to keep a work schedule. Time is perceived differently when it is sunny or rainy, when it is a beach day or a cloudy day—in short, there is a stop-and-go pattern that is different from that of the rest of the year. And since one wants to read (I need not justify that!), one wants a kind of reading adaptive to the stop-and-go life. Novels are a trap. They seem like the perfect fare, but once started they pull us into a different world; the pace drives us along and we cannot escape by putting the book down.

Scholarly work requires a more orderly procedure. This kind of reading is a dialogue with the text. One has to maintain one's distance, yet keep a consistent record of the debate in order to assimilate the material. This, too, is immersion, but of a different sort from that of reading a serious novel. Biography stands between the two. We know the life and how it ended, so there can be few surprises. The details can be absorbing, but they are notched for us by the events or turning points in a life; we can read to a point, stop, and pick up the thread again when we return. A perfect match for the rhythms of summer life.

What to read? Let me suggest, first, Lacey Baldwin Smith's *Henry VIII: The Mask of Royalty* (Houghton Mifflin, $8.95). I first met Lacey Baldwin Smith (figuratively, since I do not know him personally) in a remarkable essay entitled "English

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New from St. Martin's Press

Growth and Inequality in Pakistan

edited by KEITH GRIFFIN and AZIZUR RAHMAN KHAN

"This book explains the economic origins of the Free Bengal movement and the policies which have culminated in civil war. It is a sobering story, and one which should be of interest not only to students of Asia, but to everyone engaged in the struggle against poverty and inequality, wherever it is found."—*from the Preface*

Just published 278 pages $11.95

Ulster: A Case Study in Conflict Theory

by R. S. P. ELLIOT and JOHN HICKIE

This book combines an examination of conflict in Ulster with a clear presentation of the major elements of the relatively new discipline of conflict research.

Just published 192 pages $6.95

The Secret Vysocany Congress

edited by JIRI PELIKAN

This is the first English translation of the proceedings of the Extraordinary Fourteenth Congress of the Communist Party of Czechoslovakia, held secretly, and illegally, in a factory in the industrial district of Vysocany, Prague during the invasion of Czechoslovakia by the five Warsaw Pact countries in 1968.

Just published 304 pages $11.95

The Age of the Vikings, Second Edition

by P. H. SAWYER

This is the standard history of Viking activity in England and Western Europe from the eighth to the eleventh centuries, now extensively revised on the basis of archaeological research. The book integrates written sources about the Vikings with archaeological evidence, focusing discussion on Viking ships and treasure, raids, Danish settlements, and Viking towns and trade.

Just published 286 pages $10.95

Arthur's Britain: History and Archaeology A.D. 367-634

by LESLIE ALCOCK

This fully documented account of Britain's attempt to retain her integrity in the centuries of Roman collapse and barbarian invasion synthesizes recent archaeological findings with all available literary evidence: narrative histories, ecclesiastical records, inscriptions, place names, genealogies, laws, and early poetry.

Just published 434 pages $12.95

A History of Western Education
Volume I: The Ancient World: Orient and Mediterranean

by JAMES BOWEN

This is the first volume of a three-volume study of the history of western education. In it Dr. Bowen traces the development of education from the first scribal cultures of Mesopotamia and Egypt to the early Christian period.

Just published 416 pages $15.00

Please address orders to Robert Caldwell at:

ST. MARTIN'S PRESS

College Department, 175 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Treason Trials and Confessions in the Sixteenth Century" (in the *Journal of the History of Ideas,* October, 1954). Tantalized by the Moscow Trials, Professor Smith pointed out that during the age of the Tudor despots, particularly that of Henry VIII, the technique of treason trials—with long periods of incarceration, long hours of interrogation—was used regularly. Although "innocence was no safeguard," the men and women who went under the ax confessed to treason they had not committed in tones that anticipate the remarks of Bukharin (who invoked Hegel's "contrite consciousness" almost four hundred years later). These individuals confessed less because of torture than because they thought it was their duty. The Crown was sacrosanct, and sixteenth-century Englishmen ultimately accepted the necessity of acknowledging the royal will as a public act. Lacey Baldwin Smith's artistry consisted in a deft selection of quotation and illustration to make that belief believable to our more skeptical minds.

The most difficult aim in writing history is to make real to us a period that is just a shade different, but that shade is the edge of color that separates the different hues. Something that is wholly foreign (for example, the Byzantine world of Leo the Isaurian) can be presented as exotic; something that is of our world (the autobiography of Harold Wilson) can be absorbed very quickly. But a world in transition (that slippery phrase) carries the attractions and deceptions of both moods. The Tudor world bridges two times. It was fluid and open, and adventurers could transform their lives by their own wit and skill. It was medieval in its conceptions of divine ordinations and corporate communities. Henry VIII ruled, he knew, by divine right. But he also faced death—its terrors and that final negativity of self—which modern man had begun to perceive was his fate; the theme makes *Hamlet* the first modern poem. For Lacey Baldwin Smith, that new sense of death becomes the leitmotif of his book. It opens with a superb death scene and ends, again, with the vivid portrayal of the funeral march and its hearse, nine stories tall, going from Westminster to Windsor. We know Henry VIII through his appetites and wives, but he was a political man through and through who delighted in exercising the passions of power. One might think that, given the numerous B.B.C. presentations of Tudor and Elizabethan England, one would be surfeited. Yet the magic of Smith's book is that it makes a myth substantial for us without destroying its mythic quality.

A very different *actualité: Nietzsche: A Self-Portrait from His Letters,* edited and translated by Peter Fuss and Henry Shapiro (Harvard University Press, $8). Letters are the raw stuff of biography—direct, unmediated, responsive to some other person, brimming with news, expressive of mood. Professors Fuss and Shapiro have had the happy idea of presenting a selection of one hundred and sixty-three letters of Nietzsche that add up to a life, from an 1866 note to his friend Carl von Gersdorff, to an 1889 letter to the historian Jakob Burckhardt. The book has a detailed chronology of Nietzsche's life, and incisive short biographies of the twenty-three correspondents, including August Strindberg, Hippolyte Taine, Richard Wagner, Gottfried Keller and Erwin Rhode.

A particular delight of letters is the chance incongruity of items, like raisins in a cake. In the first letter we find Nietzsche writing to Gersdorff of the "hours of quiet contemplation . . . like those lovely summer days . . . as Emerson describes them so well." Emerson! The man who wrote (as William James tells us) of evil and sin as only the "soul's mumps, and measles and whooping-coughs," being appreciated by that most "twice-born" of men. Or to Franz Overbeck, Nietzsche's most trusted friend: "I'm amazed and delighted. I have a predecessor, and what a predecessor! I hardly knew Spinoza; sheer instinct led me to him now . . . . In five essentials of his teaching I recognize myself! This most singular and solitary thinker is closest to me on just these points: he denies freedom of the will; ends;

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New books from Wayne . . .

READING AND WRITING IN THE ARTS
A Handbook
By Bernard Goldman

An annotated guide to the literature on art and art history, this handbook is indexed by subject and designed to guide scholars to sources for answers to virtually any question on the visual arts. The volume also includes suggestions and guidelines for research and writing papers in this field. It will be an indispensable aid to both beginning and advanced scholars of art history.
170 pages *paperbound, $4.50*

STUDIES ON THE HISTORY OF MUSICAL STYLE
By Arnold Salop

In a series of essays, Arnold Salop analyzes the techniques of Machaut, of harmonic polyphony, of Josquin des Prez, Bach, and the classical and romantic sonata allegro. His interest is in piecing together some of the assumptions and basic attitudes the composers brought to their art. He has not set out to write a history, but rather to provide a way of thinking about music.
345 pages, illustrated *$19.50*

AKUTAGAWA
An Introduction
By Beongcheon Yu

Because of Kurosawa's widely acclaimed film *Rashomon* and several volumes of translations, Akutagawa has achieved wide popularity with the English reading public. This study, the first full-scale introduction to his art to appear in English, aspires to give a solid critical base to the writer's recent popularity in this country.
148 pages *$9.95*

THE CHRISTIAN HUMANISM OF FLANNERY O'CONNOR
By David Eggenschwiler

A study of the writings of Flannery O'Connor relates her work to important contemporary movements in theology, psychology, and sociology, and offers some new, close readings of individual works.
156 pages *$8.95*

WAYNE STATE UNIVERSITY PRESS
Detroit, Michigan 48202

To: Wayne State University Press/*Detroit, Michigan 48202*

Please send_____ copy/ies of_____

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Please enclose payment with order.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a moral world order; non-egoism; evil . . . my lonesomeness . . . is now at least a two-someness." The mind boggles. The first pages of *The Birth of Tragedy,* after all, are a paean to intuition and an attack on reason, a "doubt of the cognitive modes of experience," while for Spinoza the theory of knowledge based on right reasoning *(ratiocini nostri fundamenta),* of which mathematics in general and geometry in particular is the science, is the necessary means to salvation. Nietzsche had proclaimed the death of God through the mouth of a madman. The first part of Spinoza's *Ethics* opens with definitions, axioms and propositions concerning the proof of God's existence. And yet, it was more likely the fate of Spinoza that provided the elective affinity. As Nietzsche writes to Overbeck in another letter: "My models are Dante and Spinoza: they knew better how to come to terms with their solitary lot. To be sure, their way of thought, unlike mine, made solitude bearable. Indeed, nobody who had any sort of 'God' to keep him company ever reached my level of loneliness."

For those interested in Nietzsche's relation with Lou Salomé, that extraordinary woman who later became mistress to Rilke and friend to Freud, the emotions bared in these letters run an extraordinary gamut in two years. A letter to Paul Rée, the philosopher and physician, in March, 1882: "Do greet that Russian girl for me. . . . I have a passion for this kind of soul. So much so, that I shall very soon go on the prowl for one." In July, to Peter Gast: "She is a Russian general's daughter, twenty years old, keen as an eagle, brave as a lion, and yet a very girlish child. . . ." To Overbeck in September: "The most profitable of all my activities this summer were my conversations with Lou. Our minds and tastes are profoundly alike, and yet there are so many sharp contrasts that we are the most instructive subjects of study for each other. I've never met anyone else who was able to glean so many objective insights from personal experience." A year later, in August, 1883, he writes to Malwida von Meysenbug: ". . . those two persons Rée and Lou aren't fit to lick the soles of my boots." What had happened? We do not wholly know. The three had lived a chaste *ménage à trois* which Lou insisted on keeping platonic. In one of his aphorisms, Nietzsche had written: When you go to a woman you have to go to her with a whip. Yet there is also printed the famous picture of the three of them in a photographer's studio, Rée and Nietzsche in tandem pulling a cart, with Lou sitting there as the driver, holding a whip! (For anyone interested in her career, there is the extraordinary clotted biography by Rudolph Binion, *Frau Lou,* published four years ago by Princeton University Press ($15).

The *nostalgie de la boue,* the taste for mud, is a taste that tempts all of us at some time. For me this taste arises in connection with politics, and this is why I found Goronwy Rees's *A Chapter of Accidents* (Library Press, $8.95) so fascinating. A one-time fellow of All Soul's and now a monthly columnist for *Encounter,* Rees has written a memoir whose centerpiece is the career of Guy Burgess, the British diplomat who, with Donald Maclean, defected to Moscow after they had been tipped off by Kim Philby that they were under suspicion. Like the Hiss case in the United States, the defection shook upper-class English society. Rees had been Burgess' close friend, and at one time Burgess had boasted to him of being a Comintern agent. Yet Rees never knew whether this was truth or fancy. Burgess was charming yet gross, cultured yet sleazy, a roaring drunk and a cruising homosexual; yet in the end what drove him to betray his country? A latent idealistic passion that stemmed from his schoolboy days? The secret fantasies of the *nostalgie* that one could act out in dumping mud on one's country? Perhaps the temptations of both; these are the mainsprings of orgiastic chiliasm.

George Orwell was a cranky man in all senses of the term. He was most testy, however, about the modish enthusiasms of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New from Columbia

THE UNITED STATES AND THE ORIGINS OF THE COLD WAR, 1941-1947
JOHN LEWIS GADDIS
A full-scale reassessment of Soviet-American relations during and after World War II, this volume goes beyond recent revisionist interpretations to argue that many other forces—bureaucratic inertia, personality quirks, and both accurate and inaccurate perceptions of Soviet intentions—affected Washington officials. Contemporary American History Series, 3 $12.50 cloth, $3.95 paper

20TH CENTURY CHINA: SECOND EDITION
O. EDMUND CLUBB
This new edition has chapters on the great proletarian cultural revolution and its impact on China internally, on Chinese foreign affairs during the period, and on the wide range of other domestic and external developments which affected China during these years.
$12.00 cloth $3.95 paper

KIRBY-SMITH'S CONFEDERACY: The Trans-Mississippi South, 1863-1865
ROBERT L. KERBY
The first comprehensive history of the Trans-Mississippi after Vicksburg, this book offers an extreme case-study of a segment of American society which consumed itself by surrendering everything in its commitment to the pursuit of an unattainable military victory. $12.95

NEW COLUMBIA ESSAYS ON MODERN WRITERS:
No. 59 **Ramón del Valle-Inclán,** by Robert Lima
No. 60 **Ivan Turgenev,** by Charles A. Moser
No. 61 **Eugenio Montale,** by Glauco Cambon
No. 62 **Nikos Kazantzakis,** by Peter Bien
No. 63 **Ford Madox Ford,** by Grover Smith
No. 64 **Oscar Wilde,** by Kevin Sullivan $1.00 each

BLACK DRAMA ANTHOLOGY
WOODIE KING AND RON MILNER, EDITORS
An anthology of twenty-three plays by twenty-two of the best Black playwrights, including Langston Hughes and LeRoi Jones. The plays range widely in subject matter, from the historical past to the present, but are all rooted in the Black experience. $12.50

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS
Address for orders: 136 South Broadway, Irvington, New York 10533

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

those intellectuals who, in another generation, had been called "parlor pinks." The term was most often used by an angry Right, but Orwell would not have flinched from the phrase, if he felt it was right, just because the term was used by the Right. Orwell insisted on the exact appropriateness of judgment, no matter what its origin. And this is what later made him seem like a wintry conscience for those who had been modishly left and later were abashed. In his writing, too, he eschewed artifice. He once said that he wanted his writing to be as clear as a window pane, and his prose was spare and direct and exact. The irony is that Orwell has almost been canonized, yet there is always that edge of crankiness which reduces the enlargement and makes him life-size, and appropriately so. Miriam Gross has edited *The World of George Orwell* (Simon & Schuster, $12.95). It is a collection of nineteen essays, many written by Orwell's friends and contemporaries such as T. R. Fyvel, William Empson and Malcolm Muggeridge, others by younger, discerning critics such as Matthew Hodgart, John Wain and John Gross, which add up to a biography of the man, from his days in Burma, his slum life in Paris, his years at the *Tribune,* to his last days as a satirist of totalitarianism. There are also ninety-eight pictures, many of Orwell, many simply illustrations of the worlds he described. It adds up to an engrossing memoir of the thirties and of an intellectual world that has now all but vanished.

So, four stepping stones to history. A varied bag for the summer, I trust, especially for those rainy days.

DANIEL BELL

I go back every summer to certain books that have meant a lot to me, and I can only mention them here. Georges Bernanos' *Diary of a Country Priest* (Macmillan, $1.95) is one. Bernanos can handle philosophical and theological matters in a disarmingly concrete way; his novels bring alive abstractions one otherwise runs from or gets all too caught up in. Along similar lines, I recommend Walker Percy's novels, all three of them (Farrar, Straus & Giroux): *The Moviegoer* ($1.95), *The Last Gentleman* ($2.95) and *Love in the Ruins* ($7.95). Percy has a wonderful sense of humor, a sharp eye, an alert ear; and he is a storyteller who at the same time explores with great subtlety man's psychological and spiritual life. More unnerving and at times more hilarious than Percy is Flannery O'Connor. Her *Complete Stories* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $10) has just been issued, and more than one summer night might well be given over to it and it alone. Another woman whose writing I keep going back to is Simone Weil; *The Need for Roots* (Harper & Row, $2.25) and *Gravity and Grace* (Humanities Press, $2.25) radiate with her idiosyncratic form of Christian humanism. A moral philosopher, a passionate pilgrim, a doubter and believer both, she requires effort and care from her readers, but offers much in return. Finally, I recommend what my brother for years has been pressing on me, the novels of George Eliot—*Middlemarch* (Penguin, $1.45), for instance. George Eliot is a novelist who understood the complexities of human character and emotion, and portrayed what she knew in a sensitive and sensible manner—no showy or hysterical self-consciousness, no clever psychological "interpretations," no arrogant insistence that now, and only now, can we "really" fathom the mind. She took it for granted that both she and her readers could tolerate life's ironies and contradictions without feeling the need to pin them down with all sorts of handy phrases. Summers can sometimes be wistful, nostalgic; George Eliot will help along that kind of possibility.

ROBERT COLES

As T. S. Eliot and Ezra Pound recede from the contemporary scene, an interest in their lives becomes at least as intense as that in their writings. The first biog-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THREE PRIZE WINNERS

These fine books are winners of the second annual McKnight Awards of the University of Minnesota Press given for the most distinguished books published by the Press in the preceding year.

The Sugar Hacienda of the Marqueses del Valle

by **Ward J. Barrett**

Winner of a first-place McKnight Award and $1,000, this is a detailed history of the Mexican sugar plantation established by Hernán Cortés in 1535 and continuously operated by his descendants for nearly 400 years. With 20 illustrations and maps. "A major contribution to the field of hacienda studies."—*Business History Review.* $10.00

Samuel Johnson

A Survey and Bibliography of Critical Studies

by **James L. Clifford** and **Donald J. Greene**

Winner of a second-place McKnight Award and $750, this volume provides a bibliography of nearly 4,000 entries, covering the entire period from Samuel Johnson's own lifetime to the present, and a critical essay on Johnsonian studies. "A masterpiece of organization, easy to use and impeccably accurate."—*Saturday Review.* $12.75

Nuclear Power and the Public

edited by **Harry Foreman, M.D.**

Winner of a second-place McKnight Award and $750. Fifteen contributors discuss scientific, social, and political issues central to the controversy over the use of nuclear energy for power-generating plants. "The book is authoritative and sensible; it sheds light rather than heat, reason rather than passion."—*New York Times Book Review.* $9.00

University of Minnesota Press

Minneapolis 55455

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

raphy of Eliot, by Robert Sencourt (*T. S. Eliot: A Memoir,* Dodd, Mead, $8.95), is meager and wrongheaded, but has at least some curious photographs of Eliot and his first wife. A better book is Noel Stock's biography of Pound (*Life of Ezra Pound,* Pantheon, $10); Stock, unlike Sencourt, has had access to correspondence, and while his narrative is pedestrian, it is also informative.

But there are two books that are of greater interest. One is *Discretions* (Little, Brown, $8.50), by Mary de Rachewiltz, which tells—not so discreetly after all—of her childhood as Pound's illegitimate daughter living in the Tyrol, and of the subsequent events in the lives of her parents. The brief glimpses of Pound as distant and then affectionate father, as poet, as politician, as refugee, prisoner, inmate, give a tender, candid picture of him.

The other book is the new edition of the manuscript of Eliot's *The Waste Land,* excellently edited by Eliot's second wife, Valerie Eliot (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $50). Whatever Pound's shortcomings as an expert on foreign affairs, he could tell a good line or passage from a bad one, and Eliot, recovering from a collapse, obviously relied upon his friend's judgment in major matters. The century's best known poem was gathered together from fragments, and put into astonishing coherence by Pound, who in his own work was less concerned with this kind of form. Mrs. Eliot's quotations from her husband's letters and conversation indicate that he regarded it less as a portrait of the decline of the west than as "a personal and wholly insignificant grouse against life, . . . a piece of rhythmical grumbling." It can perhaps be read like Pound's *Mauberley* as a lament for lost youth; and also for a sterile first marriage, for time wasted in clerking at Lloyd's Bank, for a father's death. But while the manuscript shows that Eliot depended heavily upon Pound, much as Flaubert in writing *Madame Bovary* depended upon his friend, Louis Bouilhet, the poem remains a splendid feat.

RICHARD ELLMANN

I think that for a busy academic the idea of "summer reading" is only the substitution of reading for next year's courses instead of this year's courses. As for me, this is what I think I will in fact be doing this summer. If I can recommend some of my choices to others, that is clearly because I live under the illusion that what interests me must interest others as well.

What I think will be good summer reading for me this June through August will be a series of books on art history that are either recent like Linda Nochlin's *Realism* (Penguin, $3.95), or other books on nineteenth-century art that I have missed, notably such specialized monographs as J. C. Sloane's *French Painting between the Past and the Present: Artists, Critics and Traditions from 1848 to 1870* (Princeton University Press, 1951) and C. A. White and C. Harrison's *Canvases and Careers: Institutional Change in the French Painting World* (Wiley, $8.95). As for other volumes, I would like to leave that open since the books I've mentioned will doubtless send me to them. What will come out of it? At least pleasure and at best a new course.

PETER GAY

I can't recall that I have missed a writing assignment in more than thirty years, and so I am all the more contrite in saying that I have not written the little essay recommending certain books for summer reading to THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR subscribers. I think that my delinquency may be based on good principle rather than on bad character.

The fact is that I seem never to have done anybody the least bit of good by urging him to read particular books. Probably everybody but scholars and technicians ought to read aimlessly and thus be, to use C. S. Lewis's phrase, surprised by joy.

What is one to make of my own reading, I wonder. Lately I have been reading William Hazlitt and Mari Sandoz, who have practically nothing in common, as well as

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I learned from it and believe others will also. It is a worthy successor to J. B. Bury."

—Franklin L. Baumer

GOOD TIDINGS

The Belief in Progress from Darwin to Marcuse

by W. Warren Wagar

Mr. Wagar traces the idea of progress from its origins in the eighteenth century through its periods of reversal in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries and down to revivals of the idea among recent and contemporary thinkers. An invaluable study of an enduring theme in Western thought. 432 pages $11.50

Indiana University Press *Bloomington, Indiana 47401*

RUTGERS UNIVERSITY PRESS

THE ENVIRONMENT AND THE CITY

PATRICK GEDDES
Spokesman for Man and the Environment
Edited by Marshall Stalley. "We have long been waiting for a comprehensive introduction to the work and thought of Patrick Geddes – if only to give substance to his growing reputation as one of the seminal minds of the present age.This new anthology comes closer to filling this need than any book so far published." – *Lewis Mumford.* 476 pages, 16 illustrations, notes, index. ISBN: 0-8135-0697-2 $15.00

THE SUSQUEHANNA COMPACT
Guardian of the River's Future
William Voigt, Jr. The history of a unique achievement in intergovernmental relations: the compact among Pennsylvania, New York, Maryland and the federal government to supervise and preserve the water resources of a vast watershed. 384 pages, end paper map, 3 charts, 24 photographs, appendixes, notes, index. ISBN: 0-8135-0722-7 $15.00

By Blake McKelvey
THE URBANIZATION OF AMERICA: 1860-1915
"A valuable source book of hitherto scattered data." – *Journal of the American Institute of Planners.* 370 pages, maps, charts, photos, notes, bibliog., index. ISBN: 0-8135-0421-X $10.00

THE EMERGENCE OF METROPOLITAN AMERICA: 1915-1966
"Merits the attention of all scholars of city life." –*American Sociological Review.* 324 pages, maps, charts, photos, notes, bibliog., index. ISBN: 0-8135-1571-2 $10.00

RUTGERS UNIVERSITY PRESS
30 College Avenue,
New Brunswick, New Jersey 08903

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

certain diverting but, in the eye of eternity, probably inconsequential works like *The Producer* (Christopher Davis, Harper & Row, $6.95) and *The Arnheiter Affair* (Neil Sheehan, Random House, $7.95). I would surmise that one ought not to infer too much from what people happen to be reading currently. I once knew a man who had on his desk the damnedest collection of books. He was reading, for example, an early work on artificial insemination as well as a biography of Calvin Coolidge. It turned out that he was momentarily mad, but who is to say whether the books he was reading were the cause or the effect of his aberration?

WILLIAM JOVANOVICH

Although I read all sorts of books during the course of a year, obviously my central interest is modern art. The first book I would recommend is possibly the most extraordinary that has appeared on a twentieth-century artist (who, moreover, in the opinion of most painters, is the greatest artist of the century). I refer to Louis Aragon's *Henri Matisse: Roman* recently published in two magnificently produced volumes by Gallimard in Paris (330F.) which, I understand, is in the process of being translated into English. The book is filled with letters from Matisse to Aragon, innumerable photographs, many by Matisse himself, forty years of reflections by Aragon on the life and work of Matisse, super color plates.

The second book that I would recommend I came upon while doing research on German expressionism. It is the autobiography of the popular liberal playwright Carl Zuckmayer called *A Part of Myself* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $7.95), which, more than any single book, has made it possible for me to have empathy with twentieth-century Germany and to be deeply moved by the history of a profoundly humanistic German.

The third book, *Ecstatic Religion: An Anthropological Study of Spirit, Possession and Shamanism* by I. M. Lewis (Penguin, $1.65), I came upon in preparing an eulogy for my friend Mark Rothko, whose suicide deeply depressed the art world, and whose aesthetic, according to him, included only the category "ecstasy."

The fourth book appears in a series that I myself am editing for Viking, called *The Documents of 20th Century Art* (so perhaps I should not mention it, but I will, since I essentially had nothing to do with it, except choosing it for inclusion and selecting its superlative translator Joachim Neugroschel). The book is by Jean Arp, one of the great sculptors and collagists of the twentieth century, who is also one of its great poets in both French and German—a poet, in my eyes, on a level with and of a higher consistency than Apollinaire. The translation is a miracle and the book is called *Arp on Arp: Poems, Essays and Memories* (Viking, $10), and shows, once again, to those who regard artists as essentially workers, the verbal brilliance that many artists are capable of. It may seem incredible that a great sculptor was also a great poet, but so was Michelangelo.

I would also like to recommend a striking meditation in the form of *Three Poems* (Viking, $1.95) by the poet John Ashbery, who is also an editor of *Art News*. He has an equally beautiful eye and ear.

But the most moving of all is not an art book, but Nadezhda Mandelstam's *Hope Against Hope* (Atheneum, $10).

ROBERT MOTHERWELL

A year ago this spring I was preparing the first formal lecture I was to give after serving two years in a Republican administration. The subject was to be the social responsibility of business, an issue on which I had kept a watching brief of sorts since becoming involved with the problem of automobile safety in the 1950s. As with much else, the 1960s had rather chastened my views on the subject. I had tended to see corporate actors in the American political economy as insensitive and obtuse, and had taken this to be a reflection of great

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

power. I assumed that only immensely secure organizations could afford to ignore their self-interests on the margin of things, as, for example, the assumption of the automobile companies that no harm could come to them as a result of their continued indifference to the safety design of their products in the face of increasingly elaborate epidemiological demonstration that a great many persons were needlessly being killed or injured. In the event, relationships turned out to be rather different. In one instance after another the corporate economy proved singularly vulnerable to public regulation and control, not least, or so I came to feel, because business was utterly incapable of making a persuasive case for itself even where its activities were perfectly legitimate. The insensitivity and obtuseness were not that of arrogance, but of dullness. The business brain had gone soft.

Really? I resisted the thought. Nothing I had been reading or hearing suggested anything of the kind. And yet God gave me eyes to see with. What was one to make of an unmistakable condition?

Then, of a sudden, it came to me. Or, most probably, some slow process of stirring long dormant and recessive memories worked its way to the point where there flashed into mind Joseph A. Schumpeter's great work *Capitalism, Socialism, and Democracy* (Torchbooks, $3.25) published in 1942. Schumpeter foretold the decline of the capitalist social order resulting not, as Marx would have had it, from the failures of the system, but rather from its success. That success would diminish (or seemingly diminish) the importance of the entrepreneurial class that had brought it about, and would simultaneously create an ever-burgeoning class of persons in permanent opposition. Not the workers. Oh, no! Schumpeter was not some precious product of an upper middle-class American suburb enraptured by the rude virility of the proletariat. He was a Viennese, a man whose business was knowing, a man telling all at the end of his career. No. The class in permanent opposition would be the intellec-

For Election Year 1972

3 provocative books on the media and how they affect the way we vote . . .

THE POLITICAL IMAGE MERCHANTS, Strategies in the New Politics, by David Broder, Joseph Napolitan, Richard Scammon, and others. Examines how public relations and advertising firms affect our opinion of the political candidates they represent—and we vote for.
312 pages **$7.95** cloth

POLITICS AND THE PRESS, by Elmer E. Cornwell, Jr., William L. Rivers, David Broder, and others. Explores the question of how much the public has a right to know.
191 pages **$6.95** cloth

WHY AREN'T WE GETTING THROUGH? The Urban Communication Crisis, by William Monroe Jr., Wolf von Eckardt, James W. Rouse, and others. Looks at the failure of the news media to reach the inner city.
191 pages **$6.95** cloth

and

". . . the first in a promising new series of paperbacks . . ."
—NEW REPUBLIC, March 18, 1972

The Bankruptcy of Academic Policy
by Peter Caws, S. Dillon Ripley, Philip C. Ritterbush
Essays on our institutions of learning—why they have failed and how they can be saved!
128 pages **$3.95** paper

Mail to: **ACROPOLIS BOOKS,** 2400 17th St., N.W., Wash., D.C. 20009

Please send me:
_____ copies of **THE POLITICAL IMAGE MERCHANTS** at $7.95 each.
_____ copies of **POLITICS AND THE PRESS** at $6.95 each.
_____ copies of **WHY AREN'T WE GETTING THROUGH?** at $6.95 each.
_____ copies of **THE BANKRUPTCY OF ACADEMIC POLICY** at $3.95 each.
My check for $_____ is enclosed or charge to my American Express No. _____
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Publisher will pay shipping costs on all paid orders!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tuals, and the curious fact, he explained, was that capitalism, alone of social systems, would subsidize and reward its opposition. Why? Because the processes of free and open inquiry necessary to the success of intellectual life were equally necessary to the success of capitalism. The system would be accused of being ruthless and repressive of dissent, but it alone (in contrast to Fascist, and what he termed "socialist," meaning Communist, societies) would *not* repress its intellectuals.

And so the process of rationality, which the bourgeois had used with such devastating effect to strip authority from the feudal institutions that preceded capitalism, would now turn on capitalism itself. And so it would decline by an inexorable process of delegitimation, *in which it would participate.* It would forget the central political fact about capitalism, which is that, historically, political freedom has only come into being in connection with this peculiar system of production, distribution and exchange. It would find itself incapable of explaining this fact in persuasive and relevant terms. I am not sure Schumpeter said just that: I will say it for him.

At the risk of too much projecting my own experience into a general one, I would speculate that the book faded from my mind in the context of a seeming ebullience, even triumph of postwar American capitalism, and the comparatively sad fate of democratic socialism in nations such as Britain. Yet the Schumpeterian process continued at work: the more the system succeeded, the more it created the conditions of its ultimate decline.

I must not reconstruct the book: I am not sure I could. It is in any event too great a joy to read to diminish anyone's pleasure by attempting a précis. Thirty years ago one of the best minds of the century, at the end of his work, projected the course of things to come. It is altogether a delight, thirty years later, to plot events, to measure them against his curve, and to see how closely they fit. Some small adjustments for vocabulary must be made. The term capitalism has itself rather faded, but this only further suggests that the process is at work. One paragraph will perhaps evoke the surprise and pleasure of *recognition* that is to be encountered on every page. He writes:

> The atmosphere of hostility to capitalism which we shall have to explain presently makes it much more difficult than it otherwise would be to form a rational opinion about its economic and cultural performance. The public mind has by now so thoroughly grown out of humor with it as to make condemnation of capitalism and all its works a foregone conclusion—almost a requirement of the etiquette of discussion. Whatever his political preference, every writer or speaker hastens to conform to this code and to emphasize his critical attitude, his freedom from "complacency," his belief in the inadequacies of capitalist achievement, his aversion to capitalist and his sympathy with anti-capitalist interests. Any other attitude is voted not only foolish but anti-social and is looked upon as an indication of immoral servitude. This is of course perfectly natural. New social religions will always have that effect. Only it does not make it easier to fulfill the analyst's task: in 300 A.D. it would not have been easy to expound the achievements of ancient civilization to a fervent believer in Christianity. On the one hand, the most obvious truths are simply put out of court *a limine,* on the other hand, the most obvious misstatements are borne with or applauded.

He appends a footnote to this paragraph intended, surely, for those of us who in the 1970s would be arguing that America's is not the worst of all known societies, that some things do get done, that we are not beyond redemption.

> There is however another method of dealing with obvious though uncomfortable truth, viz., the method of sneering at its triviality. Such a sneer will serve as well as a refutation would, for the average audience is as a rule perfectly unaware of the fact that it often covers the impossibility of denial—a pretty specimen of social psychology.

DANIEL P. MOYNIHAN

❧

John Ehle's latest novel, *Time of Drums* (Harper & Row, $6.95), reminds me once again that one of the most talented of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American regional novelists—and I do not use "regional" in a restrictive sense, but simply to indicate the author's concern with a particular region, which happens to be the South—has been shamefully and inexcusably neglected. I was introduced to the rewards of Ehle's talent first when I read *Move Over, Mountain* (Morrow, 1957), which I quickly followed with *Lion on the Hearth* (Harper, 1961). I have not missed an Ehle novel since. I know that this sounds exaggerated, but no living southern writer of whom I am aware has Mr. Ehle's sympathetic understanding of the "southern way of life" nor his deep and loving involvement in the people who live that life on either side of both the "color line" and the doctrinal line. His talents overwhelmingly support his emotional and intellectual commitment. His narrative skill, his projection of character, his sense of the dramatic and of the living realities are something more than first rate.

And these talents serve him also in his nonfiction works and somewhat surprisingly in one of these that is not "regional" but deals with the social mission of a priest on New York City's West Side. It is entitled *Shepherd of the Streets* (Sloane, 1960).

I can think of no more rewarding course of reading, summer or winter, than the eight books of John Ehle which, in addition to those already named, include *The Road* (Harper & Row, $5.95), *The Land Breakers* (Harper & Row, $6.95), *Kingstree Island* (Morrow, 1959)—works of fiction; and *The Free Men* (Harper, 1965) and *The Survivor* (Holt, 1958)—nonfiction.

SAUNDERS REDDING

❧

Neil Sheehan's *The Arnheiter Affair* (Random House, $7.95) is a lively and thoroughly fascinating account of one of the most important controversies in modern American military history. The central figure of this true story, Lieutenant Commander Marcus Aurelius Arnheiter, was a naval officer of questionable ability in all departments when he was somehow given command of the destroyer escort *Vance* in

Bretton Woods Revisited

A. L. KEITH ACHESON, JOHN F. CHANT, and MARTIN F. J. PRACHOWNY, editors

This collection of timely essays examines the economic and political background of the Bretton Woods Conference, analyses the role of the International Monetary Fund and the World Bank in peacetime reconstruction and aid to underdeveloped countries, and offers some speculative thoughts on the future of the international monetary system. $7.50

The Political Calculus: essays on Machiavelli's philosophy

ANTHONY PAREL, editor

Machiavelli's thoughts on what is desirable and proper in civic or political life continue to have a constant and contemporary influence on all those concerned with the moral dimensions of politics. These nine essays, which analyse the key terms and relationships in his political theory, draw on the vast body of literature written about Machiavelli in the last hundred years to uncover the most original and lasting aspects of his thought. $8.50

David Jones: Artist and Writer

DAVID BLAMIRES

In the first full-length study of the author and artist, David Jones, Dr. Blamires gives a vivid sense of Jones' dual literary role: both as a literary innovator and as a cultural conservationist with an intense attachment to the many layers of the national past. $10.00

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO PRESS
33 East Tupper Street, Buffalo NY 14203

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW HARPER PAPERBACKS

REVOLUTION THROUGH PEACE

DOM HELDER CAMARA. "The most substantial gathering in English of the speeches, sermons, lectures and colloquies of this galvanic little man." —WALTER ARNOLD, The New York Times. A volume in World Perspectives, edited by Ruth Nanda Anshen.

CN/275 $1.95

MOMENTS OF INSIGHT

The Emergence of Great Ideas in the Lives of Creative Men

MARIA SHRADY. "The author has gone far and wide in her striking selection of creative moments. . . . Many will find the book fascinating. It is good reading, a broad document on a notable feature of the human mind, a repository of great moments in great lives."—BERNARD LONERGAN, from the Foreword.

August CN/273 $1.95t

For complete catalog, write:

Harper & Row

Paperback Dept. 49 E. 33rd St., New York 10016

the latter part of 1965. An Annapolis graduate, a fatuous worshiper of Lord Nelson, an ambitious, overbearing, thick-skinned man, he appeared to have almost none of the lambent human qualities that even the most zealous military officer must possess if he is effectively to command men, and his behavior from the outset was something less than auspicious. He made it plain that he knew little and cared less about the mechanics of running a ship, and soon established aboard a regime that Sheehan aptly describes as one of "whimsical tyranny." This extended from his insistence on saluting and upon immaculately clean daily dress—items of routine usually dispensed with on a small ship at sea—to the humiliating impromptu lectures he required of his officers after dinner, on such recherché subjects as how to use a finger bowl. A Protestant himself, he enforced (against regulations) strict attendance at his Protestant-oriented religious lectures, to the chagrin and outrage of the many Catholics among the crew. Sedulous in regard to his own creature comforts, he smoked cigars bought with money paid to a "Boner Box" by officers guilty of small infractions of the rules, and enjoyed twenty-minute showers with preciously hoarded water while the rest of the crew, bathless, sweated in the dreadful heat of the Gulf of Siam.

Arnheiter's lack of sensitivity about the nuances, the proprieties inherent in rank and privilege was almost boundless, but his official behavior as commanding officer of the *Vance* while patrolling the Vietnamese coast was even more bizarre. In a zone of the sea relatively far removed from any important enemy activity Arnheiter was forced to resort to ever more quixotic maneuvers in order to satisfy his bellicose fantasies. He once nearly ran his ship aground as he invented targets and emplacements on shore which he claimed were "demolished" by his three-inch guns. He "annihilated" detachments of Viet Cong guerrillas (they turned out to be a flock of chickens), and dangerously set out to stalk a Red Chinese submarine. Also, in a desperate spasm of *machismo,* he radioed a series of false position reports in order to give the impression of intrepid seamanship. Finally to cap it all, the relentless skipper fabricated an engagement with the enemy in which he claimed to have performed personally with conspicuous gallantry, and dictated a totally spurious commendation, the intent of which was to award himself the Silver Star. At this point, mercifully, the *Vance* and its by now despairing and morally bedraggled crew were spared further misery. The cumulative effect of Arnheiter's conduct could not go disregarded for long even in a navy that tends to insist that its officers can do little wrong. Arnheiter was relieved of his command at Manila Bay, some four months after the excruciating, hair-raising, sometimes wrenchingly comic odyssey began.

On the level of a nautical adventure alone, Sheehan's book makes an engrossing tale. The parallels with Captain Queeg in *The Caine Mutiny* are, of course, obvious. Like Queeg—indeed, like all fanatics—Arnheiter seemed cursed with a fatal humorlessness. Whimsy yes, but no humor. One feels that even a vestige of a real sense

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of humor might have allowed the bedeviled captain some insight into the more ludicrous consequences of his own monomania; and his dire self-obsession and its tragicomic effects are unfolded by Sheehan with the skill and subtlety of a first-rate novelist. But examined on another level, *The Arnheiter Affair* tells us some important and disturbing things about the American people and their relationship to the military establishment. The Arnheiter affair did not end with the captain's relief from his command in the Philippines: it only began there. For with the single-minded self-righteousness of his breed, Arnheiter disclaimed the accusations against him and mounted a vociferous campaign to exonerate himself, protesting that he had been victimized by his subordinate officers who had slandered him with trumped-up charges. For a brief but agreeable period it must have seemed to Arnheiter that his efforts in his own behalf would bear fruit. Valiant support chugged up to his side from the left and right, from the middle, from every hand. Americans have never fully understood the role of the military in their own society, and perhaps it is their native egalitarianism that has caused the citizenry to harbor an inane and nearly indefatigable passion for whoever appears to be the underdog—witness the example of Lieutenant William Laws Calley.

Initially, Arnheiter was made to look like a martyr by the press and the other media. (Sheehan covered the story for the *New York Times* and one of his winning points is a gentlemanly admission of his own knee-jerk liberal reaction to what then seemed Arnheiter's beleagured plight.) Yet the captain also found some of his most ardent defenders among the high navy brass, including an illustriously placed officer who risked and ultimately ruined his career by campaigning in Arnheiter's defense. As usual it was a case of feverish wish fulfillment—the captain as symbol satisfying every immediate and shoddy fantasy while failing to instill in anyone the desire to inspect the hard moral and legal facts of the issue at hand. "To the liberals," Sheehan writes, "he was a little man

Milton R. Konvitz, Editor
The Recognition of Ralph Waldo Emerson
Selected Criticism since 1837
This latest addition to the "Recognition" series is a multi-faceted collection, reflecting the light from a wide spectrum of brilliant minds — from 1837 to the present. Essays by Carlyle, Theodore Parker, Whitman, Arnold, and Henry James, as well as by D. H. Lawrence, Lewis Mumford, Robert Spiller, Theodore L. Gross, and numerous other writers, provide an essential introduction to Emerson's thought and spirit. June **$8.50**

ROBERT H. McNEAL
Bride of the Revolution
Krupskaya and Lenin
Based on extensive research, *Bride of the Revolution* recreates for the first time the full biography of the devoted and determined woman who married the greatest among European revolutionary leaders. Krupskaya comes alive in these pages — as a youthful Tolstoyan; as an advocate of progressive education and the liberation of women; as chief cryptologist, secretary, and paymaster for the tiny network of revolutionaries; and as an ultimately tragic and great modern figure, struggling to defend her husband's legacy against the machinations of Joseph Stalin. With eight pages of photographs.
June **$10.00**

HARVEY GROSS
The Contrived Corridor
History and Fatality in Modern Literature
Taking his title from T. S. Eliot's "Gerontion," Harvey Gross offers a brilliant investigation of the centrality of historical awareness in the works of Pound, Yeats, Mann, Malraux, Eliot, and Henry Adams.
$6.95

From your local bookseller or order direct

The University of Michigan Press
ANN ARBOR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who was victimized by an impersonal military institution. To the conservatives, the mutinous behavior of Arnheiter's subordinates was a manifestation of the general disorder and mockery of authority that was polluting the qualities of national life." But an official review of Arnheiter's case and Sheehan's own careful investigation amply demonstrated that neither of these situations was the case. To put it in the simplest terms, the captain was exposed as a fraud and a menace.

Unlike the actions of Lieutenant Calley, Arnheiter's conduct did not result in injury or the loss of any human lives (although it clearly contributed to the mental breakdown of a crewman and helped wreck the career of at least one of the ship's officers), and consequently the case lacked some of the sensational aspects of the more recent scandal. Yet just as one of the revelations of Calley's court-martial lay in the shocking fact that a man of the lieutenant's wretched caliber and qualifications should never have been made an officer in the first place, so the Arnheiter affair demonstrated that the navy likewise had much to answer for in justifying the promotion of an Arnheiter to such a delicate position of command. Arnheiter often appeared to be a simple clown, and the story as Sheehan has put it down does contain much comic flavor of the *Mr. Roberts* variety—this is what helps make the book so consistently entertaining—but the narrative is also filled with somber and sobering overtones. The author is not being at all facetious when he speculates upon how Arnheiter's imbecilic game of hide-and-seek with the Chinese submarine might easily have helped precipitate another world war. On this plane, the Arnheiter affair no less than that of Calley demonstrates the potential for disaster that exists for us when at any level of authority there is a crucial abdication of personal responsibility, and shows the danger that is always present when even one small device in the grotesque, precariously balanced supermechanism of war we have fashioned for ourselves is handed over to cranks and fanatics.

WILLIAM STYRON

ROLAND BARTHES
CRITICAL ESSAYS
Translated by RICHARD HOWARD

In his translator's note, Richard Howard writes, "I claim the stature of a great critic for Roland Barthes on the basis of three achievements, all registered many times over in this book: he recognizes the distinction of the work of his own time; he refreshes the terms by which we come to the work of the past; and he recovers for literature new relations . . . with what is not literature: our lives." $10.00

HERBERT SPIEGELBERG
PHENOMENOLOGY IN PSYCHOLOGY AND PSYCHIATRY

Herbert Spiegelberg presents and evaluates the complex relationships between phenomenological philosophy and psychology and psychiatry with studies in depth of the phenomenological aspects in the work of Jaspers, Frankl, Binswanger, Minkowski, and others. As a sequel to his two-volume **The Phenomenological Movement,** this will be an important contribution to the history of ideas in the twentieth century. $13.50

NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY PRESS
1735 Benson Avenue, Evanston, Illinois 60201

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Reader Replies

THE READER REPLIES *carries miscellaneous comments by readers and authors on various articles that have appeared in the magazine. All communications should be addressed to: Editor,* THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, *1811 Q Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. 20009. Because of space limitations we cannot guarantee to print all letters received.*

—EDITOR

I want to thank Douglas Bush warmly for his essay, "Polluting Our Language," in the Spring issue. I shall commend it particularly to a nephew of mine, a Ph.D., who teaches journalism at Michigan State. But does he teach English?

I am lonesome for the era when a man could demean himself either well or badly. Lately I have talked with otherwise cultivated men who have never known that "demean" could mean anything but "degrade"—something it never did mean at all.

And so on. Mr. Bush's examples include some of the ones that stir me constantly.

HENRY BEETLE HOUGH
Edgartown, Massachusetts

* * *

Readers of "Polluting Our Language" may be interested to learn that the editors of *Webster's Third New International Dictionary* found Professor Bush's writings a valuable source of information on the English vocabulary of the twentieth century. His *English Literature in the Earlier Seventeenth Century* yielded more than 1000 citations, and *Webster's Third* contains 70 illustrative quotations from his writings.

It is, perhaps, not generally known that Shakespeare and Milton are the two most frequently quoted writers in *Webster's Third:* Shakespeare 2143 times and Milton 446.

H. B. WOOLF
Editorial Director, Dictionaries
G. & C. Merriam Company

* * *

It was Lord Falkland, not Churchill, who said, "When it is not necessary to change, it is necessary not to change." It is in that difference of three centuries that lies the major fault in Professor Douglas Bush's otherwise helpful article, "Polluting Our Language."

There can be little quarrel (from me at least) with his disparagement of the growth of jargon, rhetoric, and simple misuse of words. Nor will I disagree with his conclusion that the debasement of the language is symptomatic of the debasement of our thinking and our style of life.

But language evolves, as does man who speaks it and as does culture within which it has, and to which it helps give, meaning. Most of us can no longer read Chaucer, except in translation. Someday, the same may be true of Shakespeare. Someday thereafter the same may be true of Bush. There is a sense of loss attached to the first example and the anticipation of loss attached to the anticipation of the latter ones. The loss is not void, however, for new forms replace the old. We have new media and new words and new languages which could not be foretold in Chaucer's time, nor in Shakespeare's. They are replete with promise and diversity, and I count those as good. It is true that there are few good letter-writers or journal-keepers or autobiographers in our day. But there are also fewer people totally unable to communicate. It is true that people in public life frequently use jargon and rhetoric in place of simple and adequate prose. But it is also true that the newer media make it possible to expose the sham by holding them accountable to more of us.

A sense of one's literary tradition is a valuable possession. So, too, is the ability to partake in that tradition by the proper use of the language, which comes from a sensitivity to it. The misuse of the language, as reflected in words poorly used, sentences improperly constructed, rhetoric administered for the sake of duplicity, is to be deplored. It is to be deplored both for its inherent insensitivity and for its potential to become an Orwellian Newspeak. Amidst the din, however, is a new creativity, perhaps as meaningful and (less certainly) cap-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

able of generating its own tradition as the cacophony of Elizabethan England.

ROBERT E. FEIR
Williamsport Area Community College
Williamsport, Pennsylvania

* * *

May I extend Douglas Bush's catalogue of language pollution to include blatant mispronunciations and errors in diction committed by men in positions of government power. Recently I have heard a secretary of defense and a presidential candidate pronounce "nuclear" as "nucular." Other supposedly literate men in public life insist that we "esculated" the bombing in Vietnam. (Perhaps this may be termed a "Freudian mispronunciation" based on an unconscious association with the image of a "helpless giant" being "emasculated.")

I wish that Mr. Bush had noted that the singular forms of "criteria" and "media" appear to be rapidly passing out of existence. Here the worst offenders are television commentators with statements like, "The only criteria should be quality education." and "The newspaper media needs to regulate itself." One wonders if any of these "communicators" ever reads a book let alone uses a dictionary. Perhaps what the television medium needs is a criterion for English usage.

BURLING LOWREY
Washington, D.C.

* * *

. . . Annoying to me is an expression frequently heard, especially in political interviews. When queried, speakers reply, "I would hope," or "We would expect." They are not saying that they do hope, but that they "would." Would—if what? Possibly they are trying to be more noncommittal by using the conditional "would," even less definite than simple hoping.

Of course the condition is never completed. If it were, it would negate the very idea they wish to establish!

CAROLYN S. NEWMAN
Knoxville, Tennessee

* * *

I have been a long-time admirer of Mr. Jacob Bronowski's views on science and human values that steer us away from the scientific wasteland of value neutrality. His article in the Spring issue, entitled "Technology and Science in Evolution," however, disappoints and dismays me because he fails to come to grips with the most urgent problem of our time: ecology. In this article Mr. Bronowski defends the *rationality* of the scientific and technological world view against the alleged *irrationality* of the philosophy of counterculture like that of Theodore Roszak. I do not wish to defend Roszak; I only wish to speak against the ultimate logic of collective suicide endemic to the view of modern science as a thaumaturgy and the ominous view of modern man as a technological conquistador, that is, against the view that pits man against nature.

Mr. Bronowski advises us to learn to live with an ethic of plenty and declares, "Pollution is not the cost of technology in itself, nor even of the abuse of technology: it is the result of a shift in technology from the privilege of a few to the right of all" [compare Barry Commoner's view in *The Closing Circle* (1971) that the careless management of technology since 1945 is the primary cause of the ecological crisis]. Only fools would attempt to speak against the equalization of technological benefits for all. Paradoxically, however, the very world view that has created numerous benefits for mankind is also the *cause célèbre* of the ecological havoc and of making the earth "an unfit home for its noblest inhabitant" (George Perkins Marsh's phrase). It appears to me that an ethic of plenty has already made us omnivorous "earth-eaters." Particularly the recent report of the Club of Rome at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, *The Limits to Growth* (1972), reinforces my view that we must choose *either* the ethic of plenty Mr. Bronowski speaks of *or* the ecological apocalypse. Mr. Bronowski unfortunately fails to address himself to this predicament: how to live with an ethic of plenty for all on the one hand and how to prevent the ecological collapse on the other. For we cannot eat the cake and have it too!

In Zen I find the message for ecology. Zen, I think, is the finest gift to the earth-eater from the East, for it is a unique synthesis of the great civilizations of India and China. I am speaking here of Zen not as a nature fad, as Mr. Bronowski seems to suggest, but as a world view alternate to the gospel of technology and plenty. As the late Zen scholar Daisetz Teitaro Suzuki once said, the problem of nature *is* the problem of human life itself. The Zen counterparts of a technological ethos and an ethic of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

plenty are an aesthetic ethos and an ethic of simplicity and frugality. "He who does his work like a machine," the Chinese Taoist sage Chuang Tzu warned long ago, "grows a heart like a machine, and he who carries the heart of a machine in his breast loses his simplicity." What Zen offers to us is not so much an ascetic "shamanism" or "occultism" as it is a practical ethos of reverence for and radical sensibility toward nature. From Zen we learn to *enjoy* nature as a "You" rather than to exploit "It" merely as a *use*ful object. Zen teaches us how to resacralize profaned nature and how to celebrate the sacrament of coexistence with nature. Unlike the scientific and technological world view that polarizes and alienates us from nature, Zen harmonizes us with nature and teaches us how to go along with the grain of nature. In order to survive we must learn to live *with* rather than *against* nature. Indeed when nature perishes, so we too have to perish.

HWA YOL JUNG
Moravian College
Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

* * *

Occasionally you publish something which surpasses mere excellence. An example of this is J. Bronowski's article. I don't think I have ever read a more intelligent appraisal of the subject.

Dr. Bronowski was kind enough to send me a reprint and I don't like to ask him for more. If reprints are available from you, I need six copies for acquaintances who should read it and who would be appreciative . . .

W. BRUCE LEFFINGWELL
Sharpsville, Pennsylvania

* * *

As I write this, in my library with a few thousand science fiction books, Dr. Bronowski's initial paragraph gives me great pain. Obviously, his own pain with the bad name that technology has been getting in recent years has been equated by him with the dystopian aspect of science fiction (perhaps better termed *extrapolative* fiction). This is unfortunate; one should not castigate apples generically, simply because one does not like Mackintoshes. Furthermore, even if every science fiction writer were to present Science as an evil god, to describe the field as "whimsy [without] genuine imagination and humanity" is grossly unfair; finally, to remove its time-honored mantle of prophetic potential is a downright heartbreaking insult!

One can hardly consider "minor" such prophecy (not necessarily invented by s-f writers, but certainly explored and exploited in their infancy) as nuclear fission, space flight, cybernetics, cryogenics, et cetera; but, more urgently, these once-imaginary subjects are employed to relate technology to sociology—to seek to find man's place in a world wherein these wonders are commonplace. This is the continuing importance of the very books Dr. Bronowski derides as products of a fading British insularity. Indeed, Huxley and Orwell remain very much alive as warning beacons. Genetic discoveries lead us ever closer to the ability to create life itself; is the world poorer for knowing it *may* follow the robotic pathways Huxley described? Is Orwell's tract of the control of the individual by a relentlessly technological state a nightmare of yesterday?

We cannot talk away dystopia as a science fiction nightmare; it is the shadow-brother of technology. If we ignore it, we become the slaves, not the masters of technology. Science fiction, aside from its entertainments (which

THE ORACLE OF THE COFFEE HOUSE

John Dunton's *Athenian Mercury*
by Gilbert D. McEwen

The history of a unique question-and-answer periodical published during the late seventeenth century. Copious quotations from the *Mercury* offer insight into the interests, beliefs, and prejudices of the day.

$8.50

HUNTINGTON LIBRARY PUBLICATIONS

San Marino, California 91108

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the world needs also), is particularly useful in being not merely a prophet of gimcrack inventions, but a speculative tool with which to examine current problems by postulating a situation in which these problems are the active realities. From *Gulliver's Travels* to *Bug Jack Barron,* science fiction does this. Technological progress must be accompanied by humanistic awareness if we are to avoid the nightmare-states Dr. Bronowski distains as books by "prophets of gloom." Jeremiah too was gloomy.

Otherwise, I would wish to congratulate the author for his fine article. The last sentence is a particularly felicitous definition of the meaning of Science.

BENJAMIN P. INDICK
Teaneck, New Jersey

* * *

I should like to add a few comments to Gerald Holton's very interesting and poignant article, "On Trying to Understand Scientific Genius" in the Winter issue of the SCHOLAR, also exemplifying with respect to Einstein.

It is said that underlying the creativity of scientific geniuses is ten percent inspiration and ninety percent perspiration. Of the perspirational portion, a fraction is due to the scientific activity of following the inspiration through to its final conclusions. But a fraction is also due to the frustrations encountered by the genius because of the *nonobjective* oppositions to his creative explorations, from others, including his professional colleagues.

It is indeed paradoxial that the reaction of the physics community to Einstein was, on the one hand, characterized by its highest respect for his creative ability and scientific intuition, and on the other hand, by its severe opposition to his actual approach to physics, including his conclusions regarding the relativity and quantum theories, as well as his intuitive feelings regarding future paths of inquiry.

Such a contrast in values was recently highlighted to me in a TV broadcast in which a quite prominent physicist was, on the one hand, praising Einstein's depth in viewing science and philosophy as a single enterprise toward understanding the universe. On the other hand, he asserted that we (physicists) have now learned Einstein's error and have "progressed" by realizing that the only *meaningful questions* are in regard to the *chances* that particular sequences of numbers will appear on the dials of our measuring devices! This seems to me a "regression," as it strongly suggests the pre-Copernican anthropocentric view of the universe.

While the view expressed in this broadcast has been taken by the majority of contemporary physicists since the Bohr-Einstein debates on what should constitute a complete theory of matter, it seems to me to be contrary to the method of science to flatly reject Einstein's approach, claiming it to be outdated—and therefore false!—especially without yet having proven that fully exploiting Bohr's epistemology actually resolves the logical and mathematical dichotomies that have persisted in the *necessary* attempts to unify the quantum and relativity theories.

I think that one of Einstein's outstanding characteristics was his (abnormally great) emotional stamina against the subtle and painful opposition to his scientific efforts by his peers, which effectively left him isolated in science. But I cannot help believing that a great many more individuals than we are aware of have the potential for the ten percent inspiration for scientific creativity, as well as the potential to follow through with the necessary derivations from their ideas—and that this would come forth if not for their (quite normal) emotional reactions to the opposition from their peers and leaders against truly free inquiry. Because I do not accept as an *a priori* truth that such past experiences in the history of science force us to accept this behavior as a law of nature, I wonder if it might not be possible to invent effective safeguards to protect potentially significant (though deviant) discoveries?

MENDEL SACHS
Department of Physics
State University of New York
Buffalo, New York

* * *

Evelyn Kossoff's "Evaluating College Professors by 'Scientific' Methods" [AS: Winter, 1971-72] is a singularly uninformed piece. From 1969 to 1971, I was on leave from my professional business of teaching English to direct a modest project called the Project to Improve College Teaching. The project was sponsored by the American Association of University Professors and the Association of American Colleges and funded by the Carnegie corporation. Evaluating professors was a major part of the project's efforts. Since Miss Kossoff writes on that subject and since she avows support for "the ultimate improvement of teachers and teaching," I am surprised that she is unac-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

quainted with the project's work, or with any other reliable sources of information.

Very careful investigations of evaluating college teaching have been going on at least since 1925. The University of Washington has maintained an office for that purpose for forty years; a solid body of continuing investigation supports its long use of a student opinion questionnaire. An admirable study, "Evaluating University Teaching," was completed at the University of California at Davis in 1969 and is currently available through the Center for Research and Development in Higher Education at Berkeley. Princeton employs a number of questionnaires in a university-wide effort to evaluate teaching, courses and program. Careful assessment of results during the first three years has led to continuance, with some modifications, of this effort. These are merely major sources of current information readily available to anyone willing to take the first act of inquiry seriously. The project's booklet, *The Recognition and Evaluation of Teaching,* has been available since November, 1970. It includes a bibliography of over two hundred sources and has gone to all college and university libraries and to over fifteen thousand individuals. It is currently available from national headquarters of the A.A.U.P.

It may be therapeutic for the nonscientist, the person uncharitably disposed to behavioral and social and educational "science," to scorn data collecting or to dwell upon the abuse of it. But there is a greater abuse in moving to judgment in disregard for or in ignorance of information and investigation. "As far as I know," Miss Kossoff writes [and that is not very far as regards evaluating teaching], "there is only one instrument capable of making evaluative judgments—the human brain." What, pray tell, are judgments of the human brain to be based upon? Casual impressions? Instinctive prejudices? Uninformed argument? Forebodings arising from vaguely identified sources of evil? If Miss Kossoff is going to pass judgment on—evaluate—ways of evaluating professors, then the human brain she prizes must try to find out about the subject, must collect and respect data, sift and weigh evidence, examine the complex and varied investigations and judgments of others. That may be threateningly scientific, but, to me, it seems to be a basic responsibility of the human brain.

KENNETH E. EBLE
University of Utah

In "Evaluating College Professors by 'Scientific' Methods," Miss Kossoff proceeds to agree with the overall objectives of evaluating teaching as a preliminary step toward improving instruction. At this point, however, the author goes on to criticise severely the methodology of measuring human behavioral characteristics presumably related to effective instruction.

No educational researcher who values his reputation among his colleagues would claim to have the *perfect* instrument for measuring any behavioral characteristic. One of the more interesting challenges facing the educational researcher is the fact that the behavioral attributes surrounding the teaching-learning process are not as yet neatly pinned down in tight compartments. But to take the other extreme position that category scales are, *a priori,* invalid and to infer that the information obtained from them is not to be trusted, is stretching the argument beyond what the data reflect. It is unfortunate to see one attack an entire research enterprise without some evidence of familiarity with the most recent literature in the field.

In reading the article, one is immediately struck with the fact that the most recent related research on the evaluation of teaching was not cited: as if it didn't exist. One wonders about criticism based upon opinion rather than fact. Where were the references to such works as *The Recognition and Evaluation of Teaching* by Kenneth E. Eble (1971)? Or some mention of the Project to Improve College Teaching which was concerned directly with the topic of research on student evaluation of teaching? And what about the work of Dr. Milton Hildebrand and his associates at the University of

BOOKS FOR THE PEOPLE OF ASIA

The Asia Foundation's Books for Asian Students program has set a goal for the distribution of one million books and journals in 1972. Books in the sciences, technology, social sciences and humanities dated 1960 or later, in good condition, and professional and technical journals in runs of ten years or more are needed. Shipments should be addressed to: Books for Asian Students, 451 Sixth Street, San Francisco, California 94103.

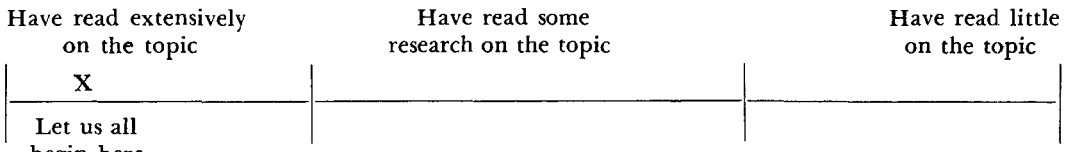
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

California at Davis, concerned with evaluating university teaching? The results of the California study present some compelling arguments based upon empirical data that are in direct opposition to the personal opinions stated in the Kossoff article.

There is little need to take up space here to cite the major results on validity and reliability as these concepts relate to the evaluation of teaching. Dr. Frank Costin and his colleagues at the University of Illinois have already collected and presented the recent data that relate directly to the typical criticism leveled by those who are unfamiliar with the research, but who hold strong emotional convictions that "it can't be done."

The topic is too critical to allow for personal opinion devoid of empirical evidence. Let us all familiarize ourselves with the data and then proceed to deal with the area of disagreement commencing from the same point on the knowledge scale.

Question: Please indicate on the scale below by marking the appropriate place which best describes your knowledge of research on the evaluation of teaching:



FRANK J. VATTANO
Assistant Academic Vice President
for Instructional Development
Colorado State University

MISS KOSSOFF replies: Dr. Vattano and Dr. Eble berate me for failure to cite in my article some of the recent works of professionals in the field of teacher evaluation. Apparently they choose to mention only those works that support their opinions and to dismiss those which disagree. I recommend for their perusal a paper entitled "Student Rating of Teaching: Some Questionable Assumptions," written by Dr. George L. Fahey, chairman of the Department of Higher Education, University of Pittsburgh, and published in the *Proceedings* of the Institute for Higher Education held at that university in December, 1970. Dr. Fahey, who surely must be cognizant of the work being done in his own field of specialization, does a very thorough job of examining the unwarranted assumptions that form the basis for rating questionnaires used in student evaluation of teaching.

Dr. Vattano and Dr. Eble seem to have glossed over the main point of my article. I am opposed to *pseudo*-science, not science. I do not object to the systematic collection of empirical data. I object very strenuously to careless research design that ignores even simple principles of scientific method (for example, in order to measure, it is necessary to establish a unit of measurement). I do not object categorically to the use of rating scales and statistics in scientific investigations. I merely point out that collection of statistical data provides no guarantee of "valid" scientific results. Counting the answers to meaningless questions will not magically produce "reliable" scientific information. Even when the statistical computations are perfectly sound, the results may be misleading if the investigation to begin with is based on false premises or the research problem is improperly designed. One of the keys to scientific success is the precise formulation of meaningful questions that can be answered by the data to be assembled. Statistical or not, the data must be relevant to the questions asked.

I have great respect for investigators who are attempting to develop a scientific approach to problems in the fields of education and the behavioral and social sciences. I am not suggesting that they abandon all such attempts and revert to prescientific methods of arriving at judgments haphazardly and without reliance on factual evidence. I am advocating rigorous re-examination of the premises on which studies in the human sciences are based. I am urging that investigators in the social and behavioral sciences divest themselves of vestigial mechanistic concepts borrowed from the physical sciences and initiate a search for new theoretical principles appropriate for the exploration of human phenomena.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books from Ohio State

The Escape Motif in the American Novel

Mark Twain to Richard Wright

By Sam Bluefarb

An examination and analysis of the sustained preoccupation of American novelists and their critics with the theme of escape—a theme that appears with astonishing frequency in our literature as a kind of obsessive accompaniment to the structure of narrative and that seems born of a desperation and confusion underlying our national life. $8.00

The American Notebooks

By Nathaniel Hawthorne

Edited by Claude M. Simpson. Volume VIII in the Centenary Edition of the Works of Nathaniel Hawthorne, edited by William Charvat (1905–1966), Roy Harvey Pearce, and Claude M. Simpson, and with Fredson Bowers as textual editor and L. Neal Smith as associate textual editor. $17.50

Fulgentius the Mythographer

By Leslie G. Whitbread

Translations, with introductions, of five treatises attributed to the writer of the fifth or sixth century whose work was to prove extremely popular, much admired, and widely imitated throughout the Middle Ages and well into the Renaissance, and that represent a major influence now made available for the first time in a modern language to historians of medieval and later art, literature, and intellectual life. $15.00

Ohio State University Press
2070 Neil Avenue
Columbus, Ohio 43210

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Recent Additions to

The Serif Series of Checklists and Bibliographies

No. 17. Edwin Arlington Robinson: A Supplemental Bibliography 1936-1970
by William White, *$7.00*

No. 18. Published Screenplays: A Checklist
by Clifford McCarty, *$6.50*

No. 19. Edward Taylor: An Annotated Bibliography, 1668-1970
by Constance J. Gefvert, *$4.75*

No. 20. Louis Adamic: A Checklist
by Henry A. Christian, *$6.50*

No. 21. Theodore Roethke: A Manuscript Checklist
by James Richard McLeod, *$7.50*

No. 22. James Gould Cozzens: An Annotated Checklist
by Pierre Michel, *$6.50*

No. 23. Science Fiction Criticism: An Annotated Checklist
by Thomas D. Clareson, *$7.00*

THE KENT STATE UNIVERSITY PRESS

KENT, OHIO 44242

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED